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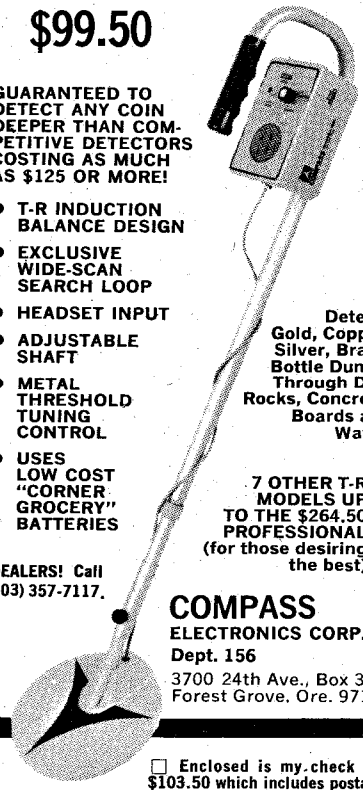

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True West

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Cover: Bob Gunning
Mount Index in the Washington Cascades

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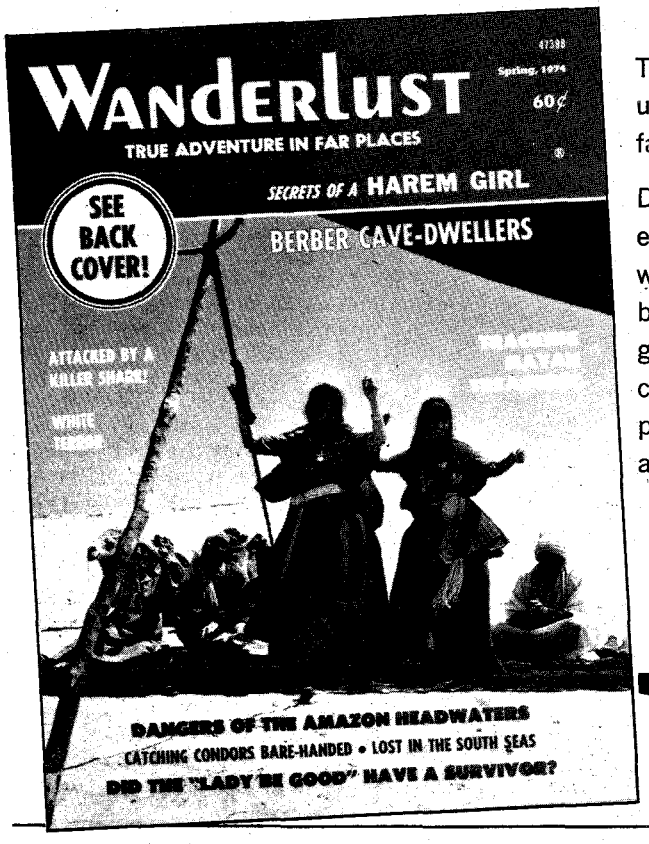

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Truly Western

Wheat Men

I'd like to compliment Earl Snipes on his "Wheat Harvest and Moonshine." It's great! I know—was on similar threshing crew around Larned, Kansas in 1920, as so well brought out by Snipes. He must have been there—no fictional imaginative "yarner" could write such. Even the rain he knew of . . . so do I. My crew stayed a week or ten days doing nothing but eating and trying to keep dry. I finally tired of it and went home to the hills of Taney County, Missouri where my *Ozark Men* was written—by living it.—Claud Napier, General Delivery, Forsyth, Missouri 65653

Dean Swimming Hole

I read your story in the April issue about the 180-pound garfish caught in 1896 in White River near Batesville, Arkansas. Some boys were swimming in or near the swimming hole where the big gar was caught. It was known as the Dean Swimming Hole. My father, Henry Hightower, was one of the white boys at that same place where the little Negro boy disappeared. He told me the story when I was a little girl. My grandfather and grandmother had raised this little Negro boy, Dean, from a baby as his parents were dead and he had no other family.—Walsie Hightower Turner, Star Route 2, Box 565, 29 Palms, California 92277

Bringing Home the Cook

I have every issue you ever printed of TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES, OLD WEST, BADMAN and GOLD except the first issue of TRUE WEST. If you cannot furnish me with it and you were to print this letter, I am sure someone would write and offer to make me a deal on that issue. Your magazines have put together a story history unequaled by any other publisher and no one should miss an issue.

In your June 1973 issue of TRUE WEST (the story "Bringing Home the Cook") the picture of the old log house is great and I have been in that house many times. I know every one of those old-timers as I was raised within twelve miles of that spot on a little cow ranch on the Missouri River. The story was by Walt Coburn, and he told it as no one else could have! The first man I ever saw on the Missouri River was none other than George L. Bickler. That was the winter of 1910-11.—Ben Garthofner, 1019 Laredo Circle, Boise, Idaho 83705

Haunstine Story

In the April 1973 issue, there is a letter from Wesley Curlile, Johnstown, Nebraska 69214 pertaining to the Haunstine tragedy. Years ago I recall my mother telling of the hanging of a Jake Haunstine and even pointed out the tree he was hanged on. This tree, all stripped of leaves and bark, was about a mile from our homestead. We homesteaded in Sand Valley which is about six miles west of Callaway and fifteen or twenty miles north of Cozad. Roten Valley is not too far from Sand Valley, maybe five or six miles south and west.

Mr. Curlile called Mr. Haunstine, Albert E.; was Jake just a nickname or was I too young to get all the story? I hope a back issue I have ordered (the February, 1972) will tell me more.—Guy Brabham, 584 Kopmeier Drive, Pewaukee, Wisconsin 53072

Below, Callaway, Nebraska, no date.

Vital Statistics

In reading the October '73 story, "The Lubbock Brothers Changed Texas" page 25, the very first line states "Both Tom and Francis were born in South Carolina; Francis on October 16, 1851 and Tom two years later."

Now, on page 26, paragraph three, it states, "On February 5, 1835 Francis married Adele Baron." Born 1851—married 1835—huh?—Jim LaBella, 194 Cambridge Drive, East Hartford, Connecticut 06118

Doesn't seem possible, does it? And, in fact, it isn't except under certain controlled circumstances. First you need the very latest in electric typewriters. Then you sit down, sort of foggy-minded (but resolute), and transpose the last two digits of the birthdate. By changing 1815 to 1851, you've lopped about thirty-six years off the groom's age and consequently can get him married sixteen years before he was born.

We like to print unusual material in our magazines, but not *this* unusual! Thanks, Jim, for pointing out the mistake; we'll try to watch it a little better in the future.

San Miguel

The article titled "Sheriffs of San Miguel" by Milton W. Callon in the August TRUE WEST is quite impressive. From what I have read and heard about New Mexico politics in the early days, it runs true to form. I was especially interested in the item on page 13 wherein Governor Hinkle granted an immediate pardon to Carl McGee, editor of the *New Mexico Tribune* who had been convicted and sentenced to a year in jail by a kangaroo court.

When I wrote *The Trail Boss*, the plot was laid on the old Concho Land and Cattle Company ranch. That ranch was established by the late R. L. Dunman. In honor and deference to Mrs. Dunman's French ancestry, he branded "Fleur de Lis." When the company bought the ranch, they changed the cattle brand to a small D on the left jaw and O H on the left hip. They branded their horses with a D with a bowl down on the left shoulder. When they closed out, they turned something like a thousand head of stock horses. When my father bought the last of the company's saddle horses for the British army, I recall that two or three of the older horses which were unacceptable to the British bore the Fleur de Lis brand. When I wrote *The Trail Boss*, for the sake of simplicity I called the brand "Tree Top" which was about as near to the Fleur de Lis as I could make it. Otherwise the description of the terrain, such as rivers and creeks and the Brady Mountain, was authentic.

After the book was published I got a letter from ex-Governor John Hinkle. He said that he knew the country and the livestock very well because he had worked on that ranch as a cowboy. He mentioned the names of some of the men he had worked with. The only one that I knew personally was the late John Henderson of Coleman. He stated that he had recently passed through Coleman and visited with John Henderson. At the time I got the letter, Mr. Hinkle was President of the First National Bank of Roswell. He also sent me a small booklet he had written entitled *Cowboys of the Pecos*. In some of the letters that passed back and forth between the late Milt Hinkle and myself, I asked him if he were related in any way to Governor Hinkle of New Mexico. He did not answer that question.—Walter Gann, 31662 Scenic Drive, South Laguna, California 92677

Jesse James in Texas

Mrs. Florence Dannelley sent me a clipping from your June 1972 issue of the article by Fred M. Truett, "A Stranger Rode With the Posse."

Your story in regard to Jesse James being in Grayson County, Texas is of interest. As you probably know, Quantrill was also there at one time. I am

(Continued on page 72)

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Conquered nations—and surrendered their souls—

Settled states—and unsettled hearts and minds—

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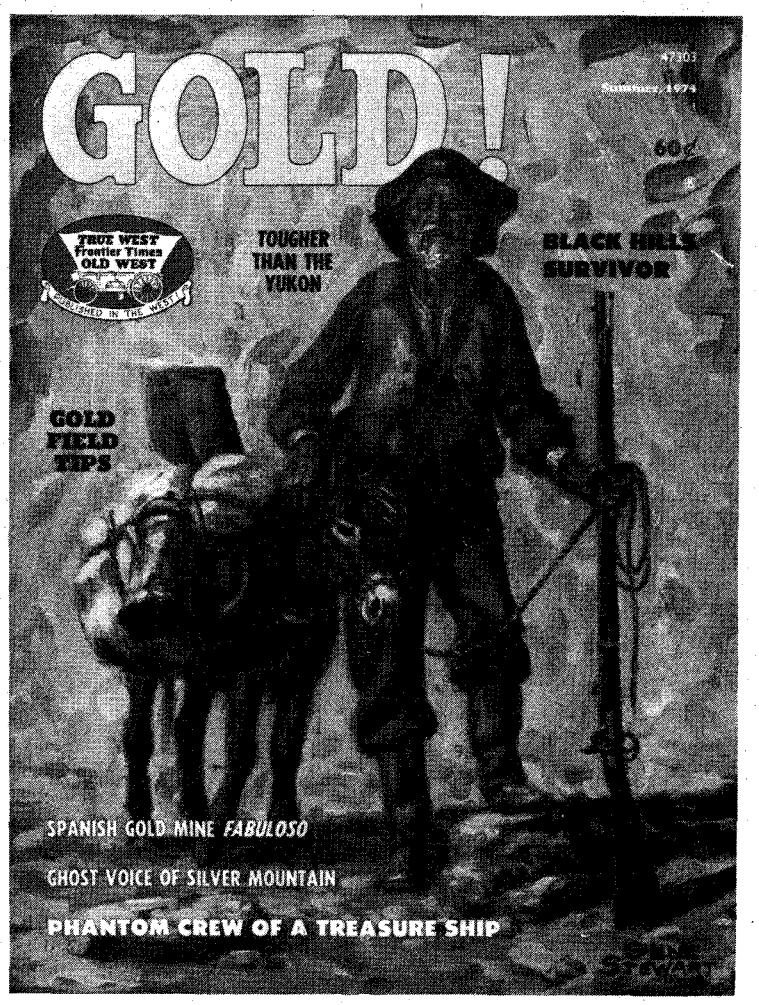

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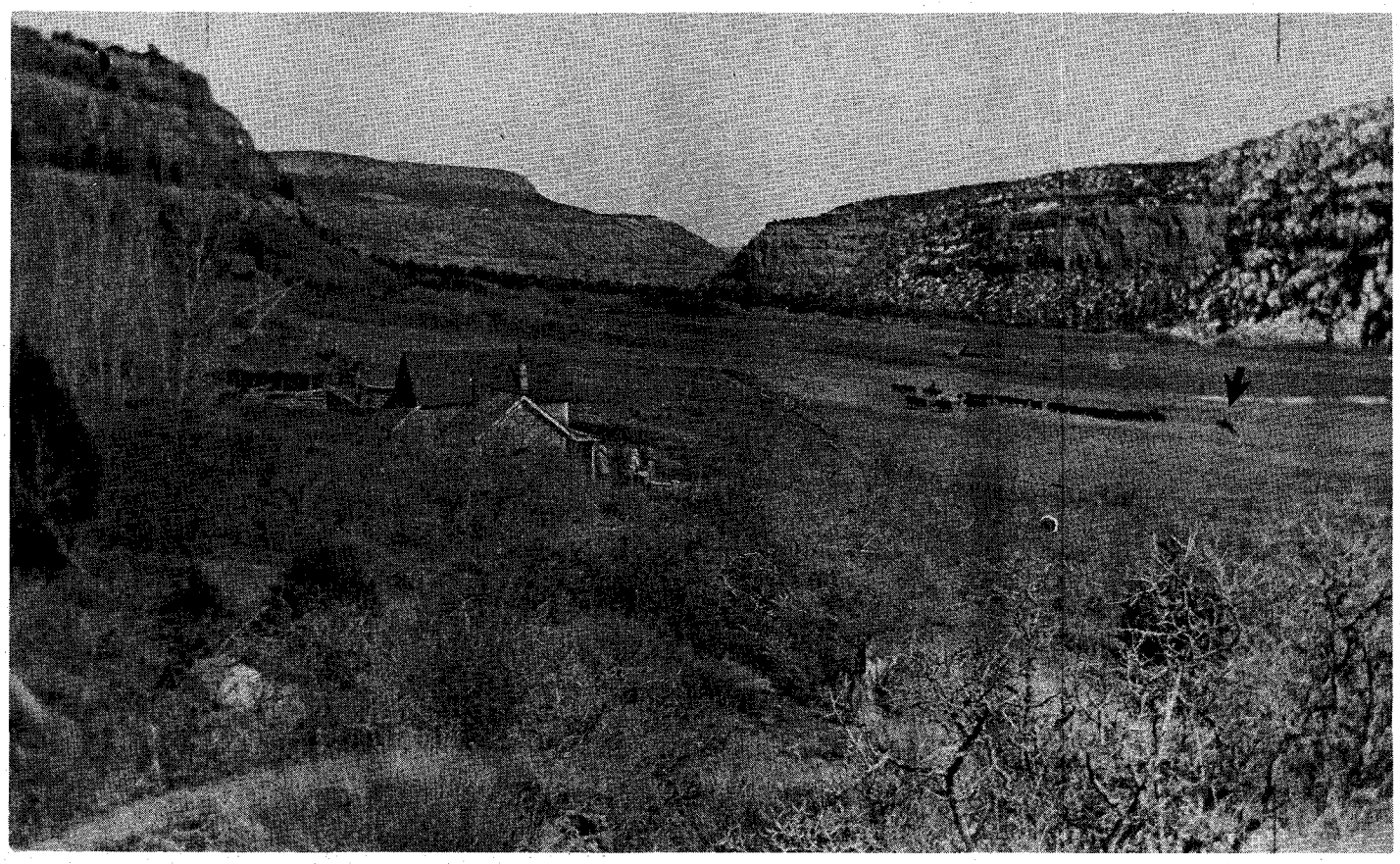

When men face each other to settle their differences, East and the other looking West. It's the same with stand? Here, a cattleman tries to

Merino ram (domestic)

DELTA COUNTY

AT THE TIME, it wasn't called the "Delta County Sheep War" because the whole affair didn't last long and only a few people were involved, but it may have contributed to a six-gun duel and, as a matter of fact, quite a few sheep were killed.

It was, probably, the closing episode in the historic open-range confrontations between sheepmen and cattlemen. Some people will be surprised that I've decided to tell the story; others will believe critically that I should have let sleeping dogs lie.

Still others, in this day of popularizing events of the "Old West," will suppose that I'm trying to gain a place in the past which I don't deserve or that what I say is the prattling of an old man.

None of these judgments, and I don't care what they are, will hit the mark. I'm not proud of what happened, but neither am I ashamed. At the time, it had to be done. Now, my only concern is to tell it as it was, for the first time.

Wilson Rockwell, in his books, *Uncompahgre Country* and *Sunset Slope*, other authors, and newspapers have devoted time and space to the killing of sheep by a mysterious band of "night riders" along Colorado's Delta-Mesa County Line during March 1916, and to the gun battle in the Escalante Canyon between Ben Lowe and Cash Sampson in June 9, 1917.

Those who told the stories were hampered because they didn't know who had done what. The commitments I owed to others in the past are over; I am the only survivor and the story can be told.

CATTLE came to Western Colorado first, some twenty years ahead of the sheep, and it wasn't until the late 1890s that the sheepmen began to shove into what had been traditionally cow country.

Over the years there had been sporadic shooting and blood-letting, threats, raids on sheep camps, and stampedes of herds over cliffs, executed by cowmen to keep the despised woollies off the range. But the sheepmen had persevered—like an army of white ants, they kept on streaming their sheep into the country, enduring the enmity and ill will of the cowboys—pushing, pushing.

Previously an uneasy, tacit practice

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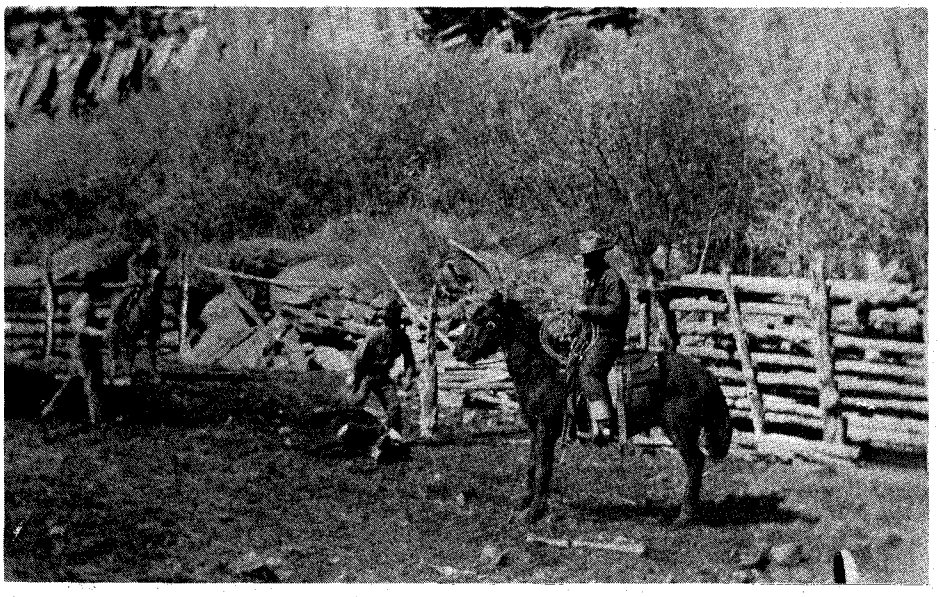
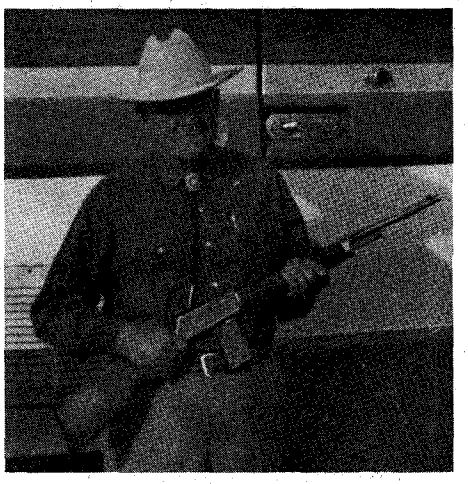


At left, view of a portion of the Escalante Ranch. Carl Gilbert in distance pushing cattle (arrow).



Above, Carl Gilbert holding the .351 Winchester semi-automatic rifle he used during the raid on the sheepmen's camp. At left, dehorning on the Escalante ranch around 1914. Left to right: Bill Gilbert, Zoe Gilbert, Leonard Wynn, and Carl Gilbert.

had established the north side of the Gunnison River, between Delta and Grand Junction, for winter sheep range, and the country to the south of the river was used exclusively for cows.

Most of the land on both sides of the river was open range, owned by the federal government but subject to no particular regulation or control at that time.

Ranchers, by custom, simply had grazed their cows on government land adjacent to their patented or homesteaded ranches, using whatever they needed and could control, regulated among themselves (not always without trouble!) according to the number of cattle they owned.

But in late February 1916, Howard Lathrop, a sheepman who lived in Montrose, looked south of the river and decided that the grass there was longer or better or greener—anyway, a place his sheep should go. And so he proceeded to put them there, sheep driven right into the heart of cow range!

My father, William T. (Bill) Gilbert, came to Colorado from Texas in 1903, moved his family, and worked for three years punching cows for the Club Ranch, located near what is now Uravan. We went back to Texas in 1906 but returned to the Delta area in 1909, when Dad went to work for the Utah-Colorado Cattle Company.

In 1911, he and a brother-in-law, Floyd Frost, bought a ranch in the Escalante Canyon, about thirty-five miles southwest of Delta, and began raising cattle. For three or four years, he and Uncle Floyd alternated by the year, one running the ranch and the other "working out" for either the Club or U-C outfits located on the other side of the Uncompahgre Plateau, south from the Escalante. In 1914 or 1915, Uncle Floyd sold out to Dad and went back to Texas.

I got my first job and punched cows for the U-C during 1910-11, worked on the Dick Blumberg ranch in the Escalante in 1912-13, and rode for the Club from 1914 until January 1916.

My brother, Zoe, had similar experiences but, being younger, he spent more time at home, working on the ranch for Dad who, by the winter of '16, was running more cows than other ranchers in the Escalante. He had added the Blumberg spread by that time and that was probably the reason that both Zoe and I were home then—to help with the additional cattle.

their views will never be the same. One will be looking trouble of any kind – how does it look from where you explain the

SHEEP WAR

By CARL M. GILBERT

Photos Courtesy Author

Reprinted with permission from **The Daily Sentinel;** From **Colorado West, Sunday, Dec. 31, 1972**

THE FIRST indication we had that Lathrop intended to put sheep on our side of the Gunnison was when his herders and hired hands built a "hanging bridge" (suspension by cables of a walkway, permitting single-file traffic) across the river, several miles downstream from the mouth of Escalante Creek.

On the day after it was finished, four cowboys, Ben Lowe, Don Musser, Tom Brent, and my brother Zoe, rode down to the bridge just as the first sheep were being put across. They were, of course, pretty hot about what was going on and told the herders that they'd better "turn

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those sheep around and get 'em back over where they belong."

Things milled around for a while and not wanting any more serious head-to-head action, and thinking that their advice would be heeded, the boys came home.

Instead, as soon as they were out of sight, the herders began drifting the sheep some ten to twelve miles to the southwest toward Dominguez Canyon, square into the middle of range where Escalante ranchers were wintering several hundred head of cattle.

That put the fat in the fire, as far as the cattlemen were concerned. Even had they been inclined, there was no place to go with the cattle. Up country, toward the Uncompahgre summer range, there was deep snow. Along the Gunnison, both east and west, other ranchers were wintering their herds. And for certain, the range could not sustain the cows and several thousand sheep. The sheep had to go!

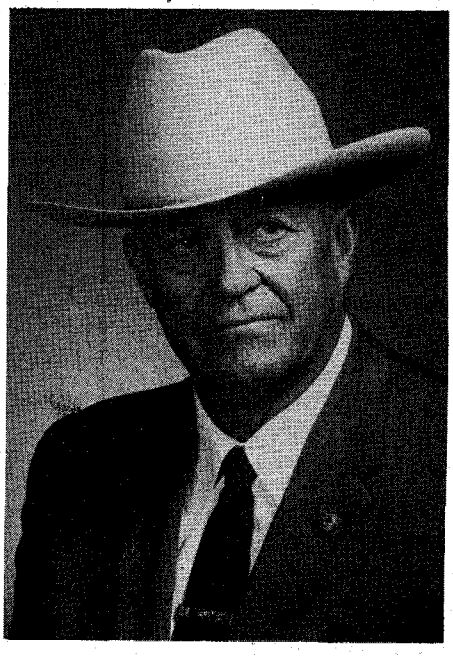
We had a meeting at the Musser place early in March. Not all of the ranchers in the canyon were at the first meeting but they all agreed with what happened then and later.

We knew that talking to Lathrop again would do no good—he was hard and determined. He'd proved that. There was no use going to the sheriff because Lathrop hadn't violated any written laws. He'd pretty badly fractured the old Code of the West, at least from the cattlemen's viewpoint, but that was not enforceable in a court of law and, besides, then as now legal suits took interminable time. In the meanwhile, the cattle would starve.

And so, as often happened in the range country, we decided to take our own action, not really concerned with whether it was legal or not, nor apprehensive of being caught.

We planned carefully to avoid doing physical harm to any human, but we intended to kill enough sheep to eternally convince Lathrop that the south side of the Gunnison was for cows.

Above, branding at Short Point Bunch Ground on the Uncompahgre. John Holland is the third man from left; Elmer Reil (forest ranger) is fourth (has back to camera). Man standing at far right is Dan Musser, and to his left is Bill Gilbert, Carl's father. Below, Carl Gilbert.



AT FIRST, some of the other ranchers were concerned about us Gilbert boys; they felt that we were too young to be involved. But Dad put the cap on that shortly, by saying simply, "Don't worry about those boys." At the time I was nineteen and Zoe was eighteen.

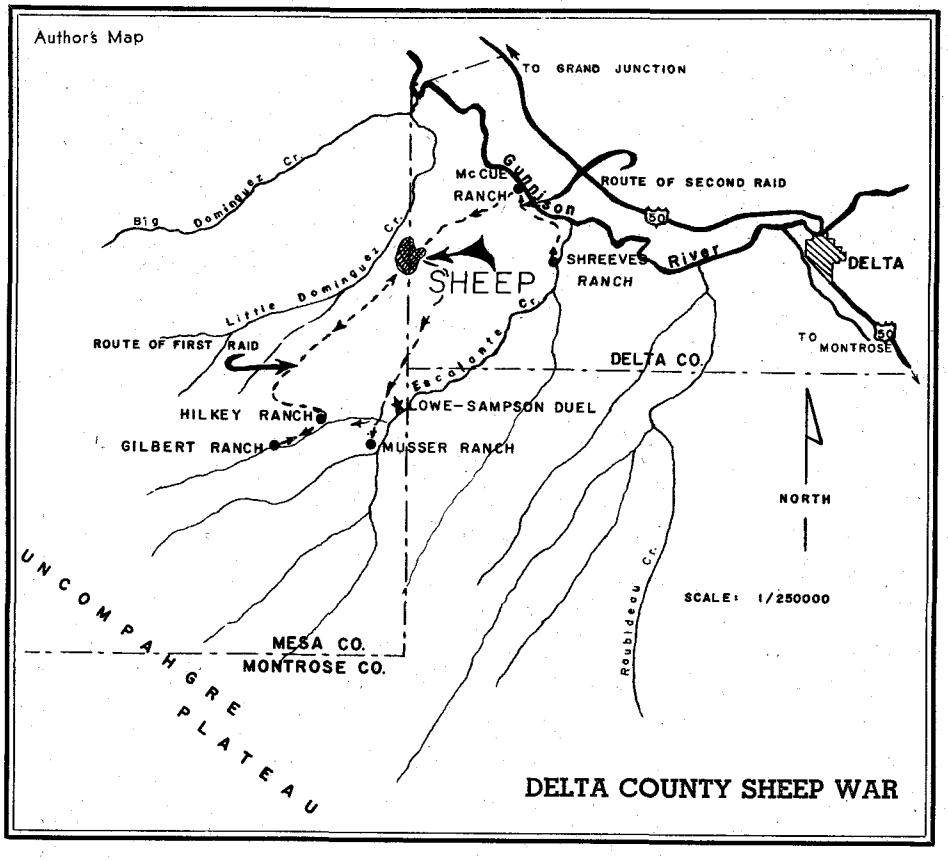
The upshot was that we were included in the party to raid the sheep, along with four others: Dad, then forty-three; Ben Lowe, who was forty-seven or forty-eight; Don Musser, thirty; and John Hilkey, who was in his thirties.

Dad, Zoe and I left our ranch late in the evening on March 7, 1916 and went by the Hilkey place to pick up John. Then we rode up the Escalante Grade, a trail to the Uncompahgre, planning to meet Ben Lowe and Don Musser at a trail-fork known as the Gunnison Trail.

When we got there, Ben and Don already had a fire going because there was snow on the ground and it was cold. We got warmed up and then all of us rode to the west, then north, coming down-country to the west of Camp Ridge, so that we could approach the sheep bedground from above.

It was a long, cold ride and we came out on a high rim overlooking the sheep, well before sunup. We waited until we could see well, located the herder's tent, and then began shooting into the sheep. Alarmed, they started milling and when a bunch would break from the herd, we'd shoot the leaders to turn them back.

Through it all, we saw no sign of activity around the tent, no evidence of the herder.



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I don't know how many sheep were in the herd and I don't know how many we shot. Articles in the Delta and Grand Junction newspapers reported the number killed at 200. I do know I fired so many rounds through my rifle that the barrel got so hot I could hardly hold it.

The Grand Junction *Sentinel* reported that officers who visited the scene picked up over 200 empty shells, fired from .30-30 rifles, and some shell-boxes which showed Delta cost marks. Most of the men were using .30-30 carbines, but my rifle was a .351 Winchester automatic, the only gun like it in the country. I still have it.

Certainly, if I'd been very worried about committing a crime or getting caught, I would not have used that .351!

Anyway, after we had killed sufficient sheep for Lathrop to get the message, we mounted up and rode home the way we'd come and got back to the ranch in late afternoon on March 8.

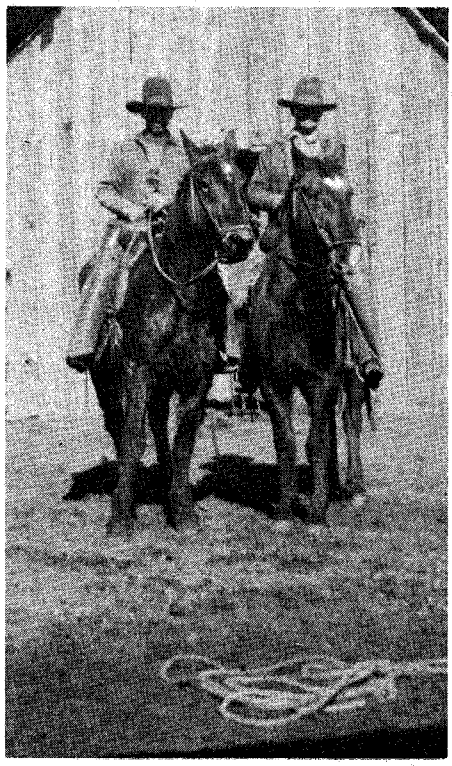
We were surprised, as the days passed, that the sheep were not moved. Nothing out of the ordinary happened. As we had expected, sentiment in the area seemed to support the action we had taken; no officers-of-the-law came into the Ecalante to investigate, not even Cash Sampson, who was a deputy sheriff in Delta County and had been a brands and livestock inspector and a deputy United States marshal for several years previously.

But the sheep stayed, eating more and more grass. So we decided it had to be done again.

ON THE second raid, all of the ranchers but one, Isaac Ward, were represented and I can't remember why he didn't go along.

Old-timers in the canyon, Bert Shreeves and Oscar Huffington, even prepared by going to Delta to buy new rifles and ammunition! And I doubt that Oscar had ever owned a gun before. I remember him saying that.

Tom Brent, a relative newcomer who had purchased the old McCue ranch a year or so earlier, was included and



Sid Pace (left) and Carl Gilbert.

Harry Stockham, a friend of Don Musser, had decided to go along. Harry, the son of the president of the only bank in Delta, owned a cattle spread on the Roubideau, about twenty miles to the east, and he was intent on preventing encroachment by the sheepmen, too.

Nine of us met at the Shreeves ranch in the evening of March 24, planned and prepared for the second raid. Later, we all rode to the McCue place where Tom Brent was expecting us and had coffee ready.

About midnight we mounted up and rode out, this time down the canyon so that we could approach the sheep from below. In all there were ten men, the original six: three Gilberts, Dad, Zoe, and I; Don Musser; John Hilkey; Ben Lowe, and four additional: Tom Brent, Oscar Huffington, Bert Shreeves, and Harry Stockham.

The sheep were bedded on the same grounds as before and again we arrived well before daybreak. Don Musser and I worked our way carefully into some rocks above the herders' camp so that we could discourage any interference with the proceedings, and the other men positioned themselves around the herd. When it was light enough, someone signaled and the shooting began.

When the shooting stopped, a man ran out of the herders' tent and began saddling a white horse, evidently to go for help. After he had the horse saddled, but before he could mount, Don and I shot and killed the horse and, I think, a pack mule tied in the brush behind the camp. The man disappeared back into the tent and stayed there.

Don Musser and I kept watch over the camp until all the other fellows got to their horses and gave us a signal, then we made our way to our horses which were tied in another location. Don and I were to stay for a few minutes and fire a few more shots so the herders would not rush out until the other eight men were out of reach.

This time we rode up and over Camp Ridge to the southeast, avoiding the possibility of meeting anyone on the Escalante Road.

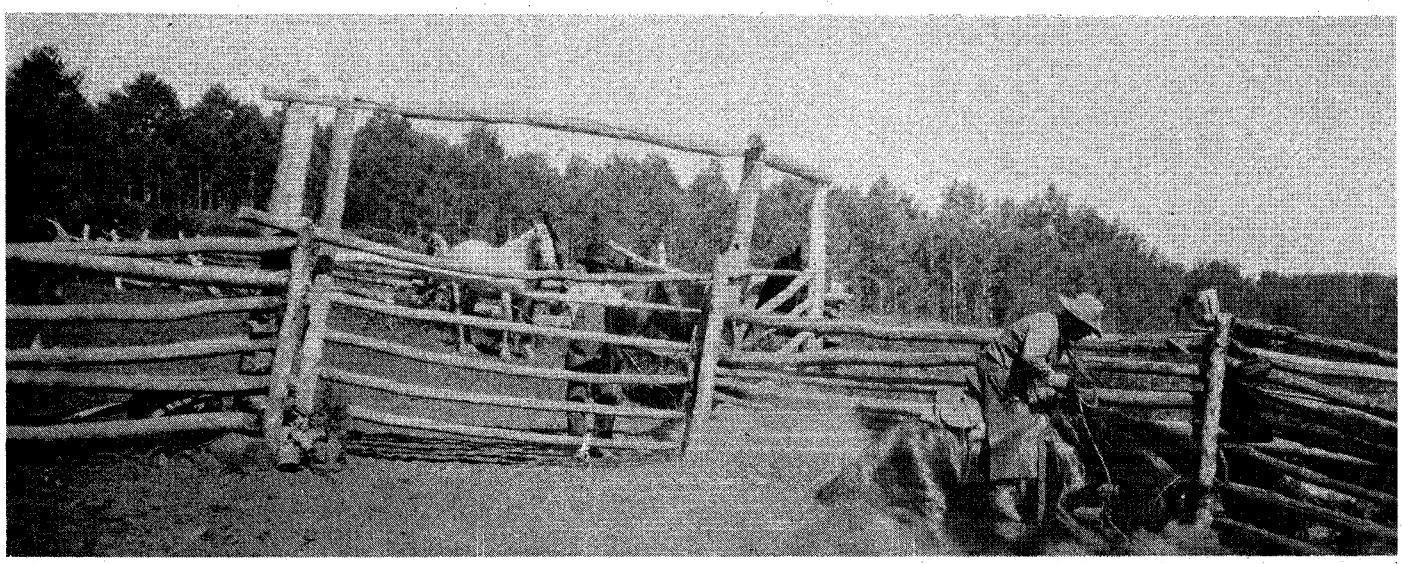
I don't know how many sheep were killed in the second raid either. The Grand Junction paper reported 150; the Delta *Independent* claimed 100.

We were perhaps, a little more nervous about the second raid, at least to the extent of making sure that we were not seen on the way home, but I had used my .351 automatic again and I doubt that anyone tried to collect any of the spent shells.

As a matter of fact, a few years later I went back and found old brass and some .351 size which went through my rifle.

THE Grand Junction *Sentinel* reported that an Ed Brown and several Mex-

Carl Gilbert breaking horses on the Escalante Ranch in Mesa County. His father, Bill Gilbert, watches.



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ican herders had made a stand against the attackers and had shot a horse from under its rider. The herders purportedly were guarding the horse and saddle until officers could arrive and the horse could be identified for ownership.

The story was later retracted in the Delta *Independent*, but we figured it was a trap to get someone to claim inadvertently that the story wasn't true. Either that or Ed Brown was so scared that he didn't recognize his own horse after the shooting was over. In a way, I couldn't have blamed him.

To this day I'm not sure whether the shootings occurred in Delta or Mesa County. We had a home in Delta where my mother and sister, Blanche, lived during the winter (Zoe and I also stayed there when we were in school) and we traded and did business there.

I suppose that we would have expected, if there were to be an investigation, that it would have been by Delta County Sheriff Mack A. Davis, or by his deputy, Cash Sampson.

If there was any attempt to discover who killed the sheep, it was neither immediate nor obvious. But this time, Howard Lathrop understood. He moved his sheep back to the north side of the Gunnison River!

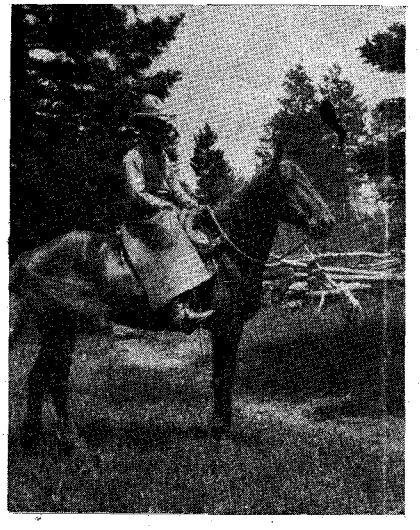
Looking back, it's possible that my father may have been more concerned about the eventual consequences of the raids than I appreciated at the time. Almost immediately, in April 1916, I got a job over in Utah with the Pace Company, breaking horses and punching cows in Castle Valley and on the north slopes of the LaSal Mountains.

At about the same time, Zoe went to Arizona and rode for a year or two on a ranch near Tucson. Maybe, with or without design, Dad was happy to have his boys away from and out of it.

In later years Blanche remarked about a time when Dad strapped on and wore a holstered gun. He'd always carried a pistol in his chaps but I never saw him with a gun belt around his waist. Blanche also remembers Mother telling Dad, "Bill, if there's going to be this kind of trouble, let's go somewhere else."

I can only speculate that this may have been while I was working in Utah.

J. D. Dillard of Bakersfield, California was working in the Escalante area during the Delta County troubles, and rode with many of the participants at one time or another, though never directly engaging in any of the action against the sheepmen. Below, Dillard in the summer of 1916.



NOTHING DIRECT happened concerning the raids so far as any rancher ever knew. But, in the late summer of 1916 Cash Sampson bought the Hilkey ranch. In his eventual obituary, Cash was identified as a prominent cattleman.

He was certainly well known, but as a lawman, sheriff, brands and livestock inspector, and a deputy United States marshal. His brother-in-law, Jeff Dillard, was a cattleman but as far as I knew this was Sampson's first attempt at ranching.

I'd surmise that the ranchers in the Escalante were suspicious that he had been sent by the sheepmen to spy to get evidence about the sheep killings. To my knowledge, he never questioned or accused anyone, but I might not have known because I was in Utah during the time Cash lived in the canyon.

The gun battle on June 9, 1917 when Cash Sampson and Ben Lowe killed each other has been publicized widely and was best described, probably, by Rockwell in his book *Uncompahgre Country*, in the chapter entitled "Delta."

In newspaper articles at that time there was speculation that Sampson and Lowe had been feuding over the "mysterious disappearance" of cattle and that Sampson had charged Lowe with cattle rustling, time and again. Knowing Lowe, I doubt that he would have taken such an accusation, even from Sampson.

Another suggestion was made that Sampson, as an expert, had substantiated a claim by the Hilkeys that Lowe had imposed his brand over theirs on a colt and had caused the animal to be replevined. Others believed that it was simply a case of personal enmity, that Sampson and Lowe just naturally hated each other.

No one will ever know what really happened between Lowe and Sampson, but it is curious that no lawman or reporter ever got close enough to the situation to raise an obvious possibility, the thought that was in the mind of every cattleman in the Escalante—that Sampson was close to being able to prove who killed the sheep.

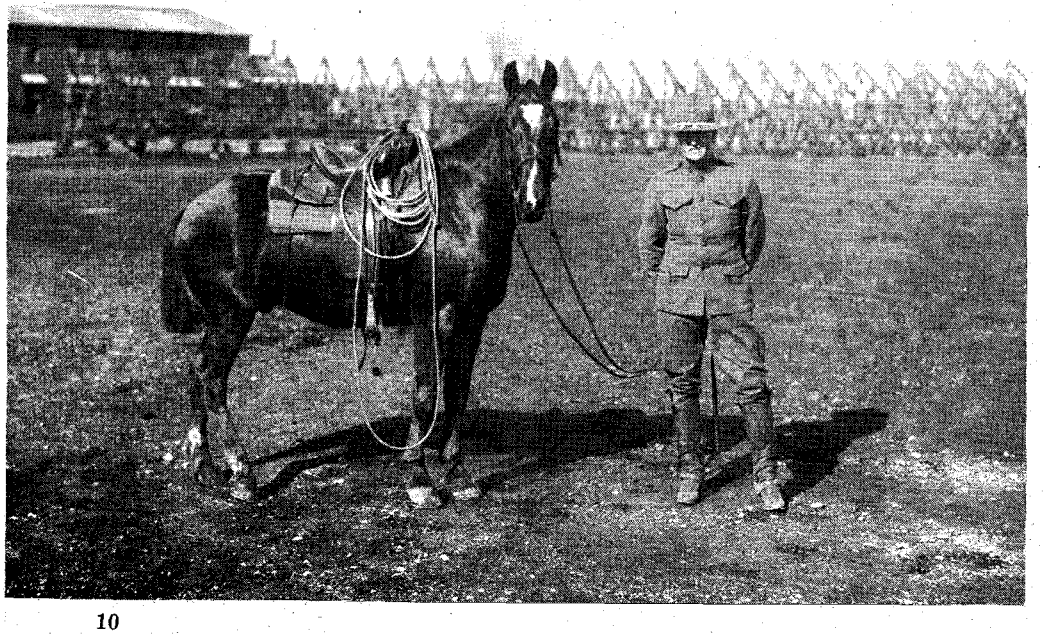
ALMOST a year passed before anyone made any association, at least publicly, of the sheep episodes with the Lowe-Sampson shoot-out. Rockwell did: "While Cash Sampson's sympathies were with the cattlemen, as an officer of the law it was his duty to oppose the forceful measures occasionally taken by his hard-riding, quick-triggered friends. Sheep had been run over high bluffs, sheepherders shot at, and some of their mules killed by unidentified cowboys, who became known as the Night Riders.

"Troublemakers told Ben Lowe that Cash had taken sides with the sheepmen and was out to arrest him as a ringleader of the cattle interest. . . .

"No one will ever know the momentous subject about which the two men were

(Continued on page 67)

Below, for nearly two years during WW I, Carl Gilbert served in a remount station at Camp Lewis, Washington breaking horses.



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CONCORDS IN AFRICA ?

By NICHOLAS DUDLEY
Photo Courtesy Author

They worked in the American West — but did you know they helped open up the jungle too?

FOR tomahawk read *assegai*, for Comanche read *Matabele* . . . but for Concord read Concord. It was not the Platte River but the crocodile infested Limpopo—not the prairie but the open unmapped veld of Africa—but the passengers were the same, gold miners flush with success or down on their luck, administrators going to new territories, a few settlers, brave and hopeful, a bag or so of mail, money for the local bank, and the traveling salesman.

That was the stagecoach service of eighty-odd years ago between Pretoria in South Africa and Salisbury in the newly acquired British territory of Rhodesia.

The straight, well engineered road that now runs north from South Africa for over 600 miles from the industrial heart of South Africa into agricultural Rhodesia was marked out by ruts made by the hand-hewn wheels of coaches built by the Abbot Downing Company of Concord at a cost of $1,100 each. Two of them still exist—one in the National Museum at Bulawayo, another in the Johannesburg Public Library.

The story of how these coaches from America opened up Central Africa goes back to 1890 when four enterprising young men, the Zeederburg Brothers, opened up business in Pretoria to provide a regular service for Northern Transvaal where gold seekers and ivory hunters were opening up the country.

When Cecil Rhodes, in search of glory and gold, crossed the Limpopo and subdued the marauding hordes of Lobengula's Matabele warriors, a way of transport to this new land north of the Limpopo was badly needed.

The Zeederburg brothers rose to the challenge. Coaches they said, the coaches that had opened up the American West—they were the only vehicles that could open up the vastness of the Rhodesian bushlands and negotiate the rugged mountain passes.

The Boers had relied on ox-wagons. But theirs had been the slow progress of self-contained settlers. What was needed now was a regular and speedy service.

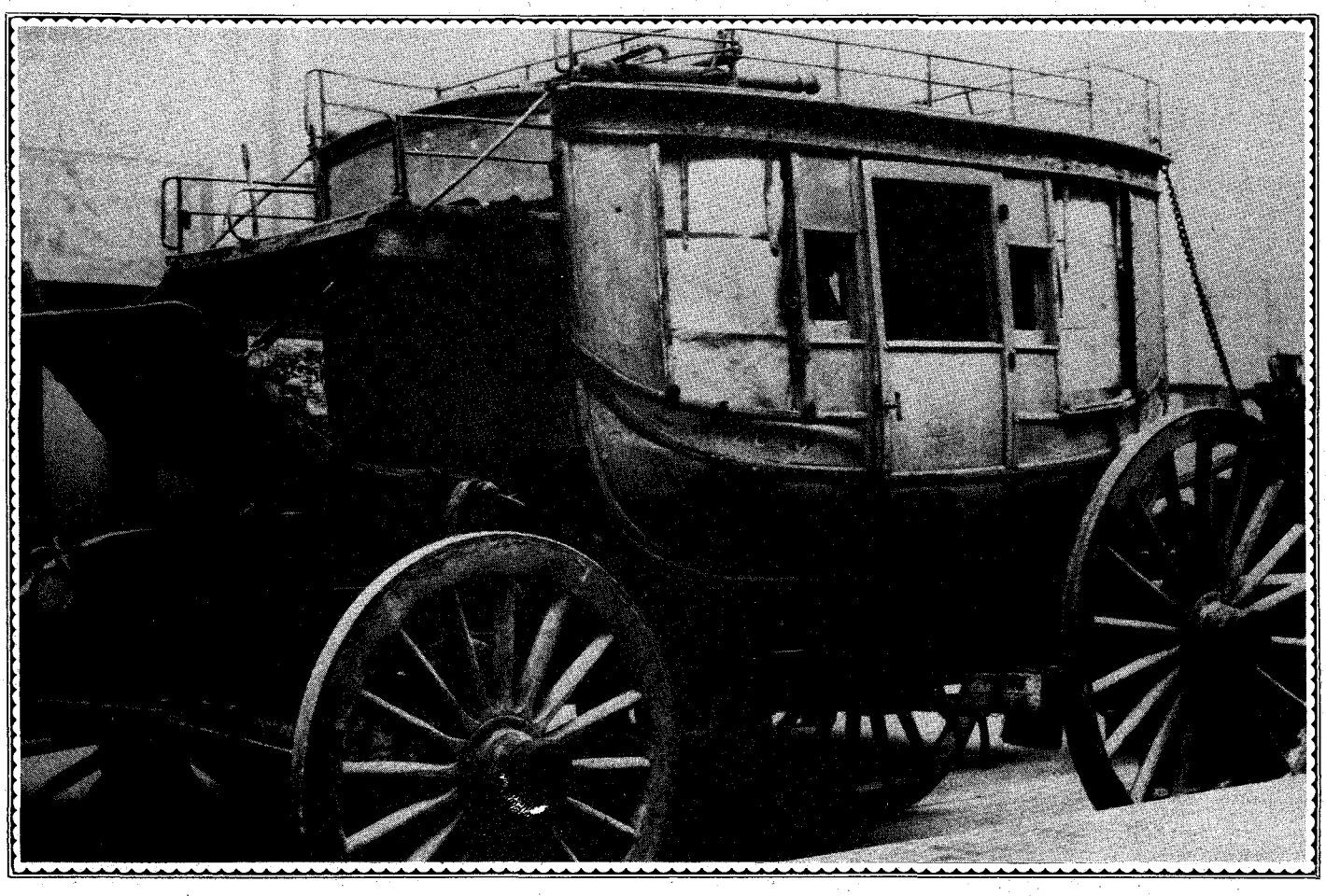
In the tradition of Wells Fargo, letters to miners and to settlers had been carried by dispatch riders. Now proper supplies were needed, shovels and dynamite, whiskey and flour to meet the growing needs of a pioneer population.

FROM Johannesburg to Salisbury the route covers the high lands of the Central African plateau, dipping to the big rivers—scorching hot in summer with temperatures topping the hundred mark, freezing cold in winter, but rarely with snow except on the mountain peaks. It was a route that crossed elephant trails and traversed lion country and that covered areas where tribesmen engaging in cattle and women raids would often fall foul of authority.

Although the route north from Preto-

(Continued on page 43)

The Zeederburg coach in the Africana Museum, Johannesburg, South Africa.



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A GOLDEN JESUS

— famed artifact of the Henry Mountains

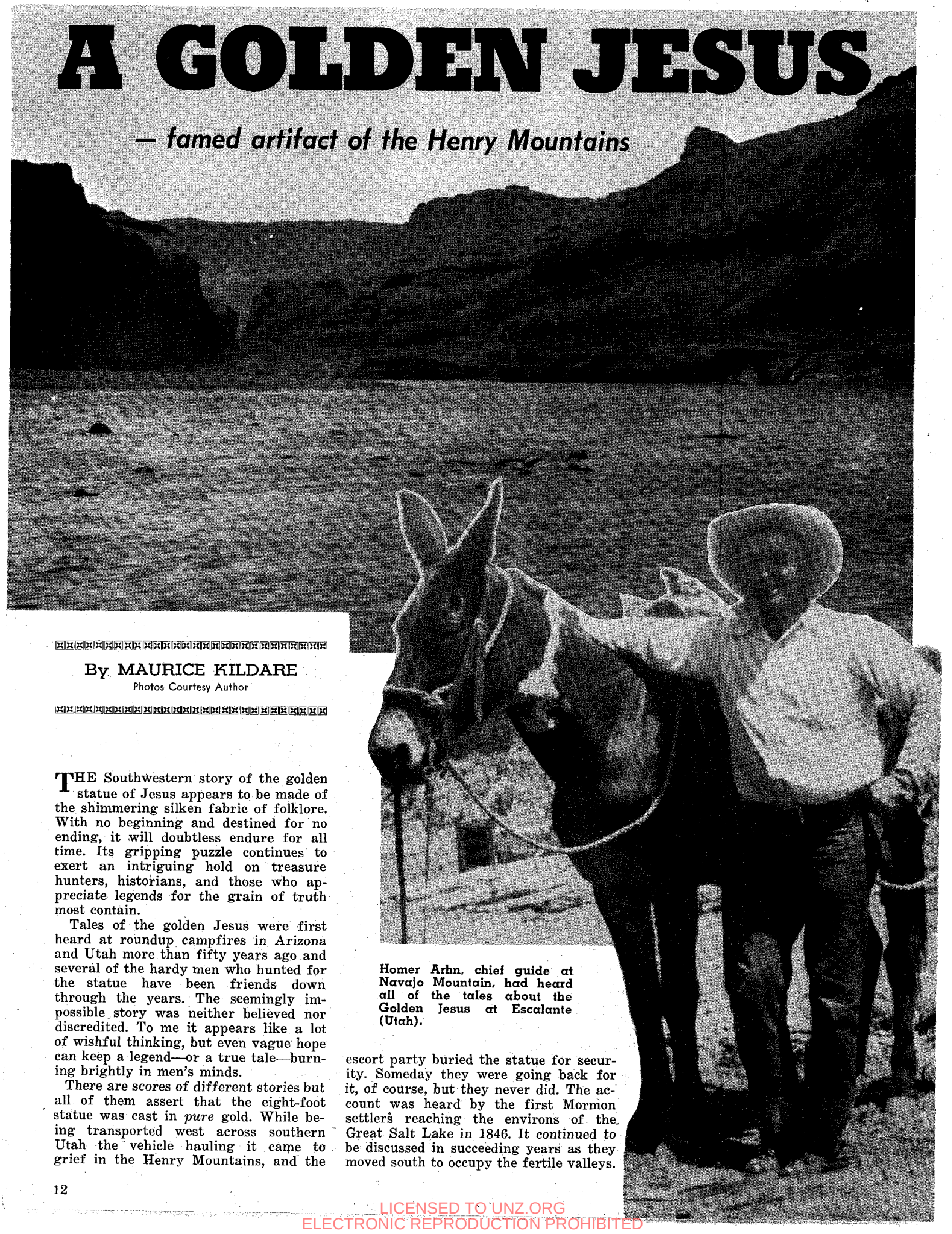
By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

THE Southwestern story of the golden statue of Jesus appears to be made of the shimmering silken fabric of folklore. With no beginning and destined for no ending, it will doubtless endure for all time. Its gripping puzzle continues to exert an intriguing hold on treasure hunters, historians, and those who appreciate legends for the grain of truth most contain.

Tales of the golden Jesus were first heard at roundup campfires in Arizona and Utah more than fifty years ago and several of the hardy men who hunted for the statue have been friends down through the years. The seemingly impossible story was neither believed nor discredited. To me it appears like a lot of wishful thinking, but even vague hope can keep a legend—or a true tale—burning brightly in men's minds.

There are scores of different stories but all of them assert that the eight-foot statue was cast in *pure* gold. While being transported west across southern Utah the vehicle hauling it came to grief in the Henry Mountains, and the escort party buried the statue for security. Someday they were going back for it, of course, but they never did. The account was heard by the first Mormon settlers reaching the environs of the Great Salt Lake in 1846. It continued to be discussed in succeeding years as they moved south to occupy the fertile valleys.



Homer Arhn, chief guide at Navajo Mountain, had heard all of the tales about the Golden Jesus at Escalante (Utah).

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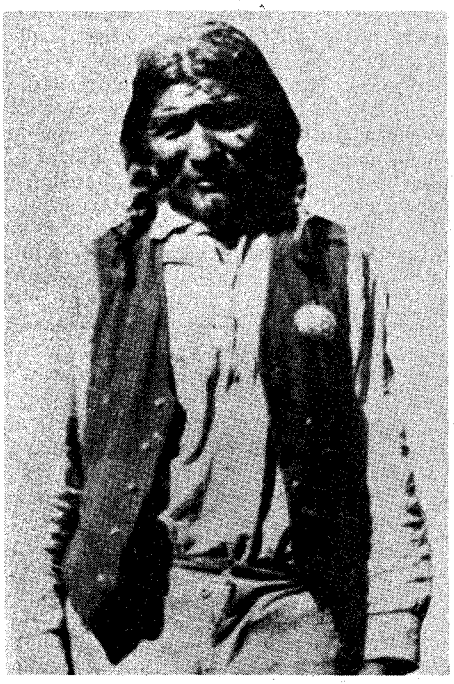


Photo Courtesy Bureau of American Ethnology

Above, William (Old) Posey and his renegade Piutes were suspected of killing numerous prospectors in the Henry Mountains. At left, the San Juan River just above the junction with the Colorado, near the spot the Spaniards were said to have crossed with the golden statue.

THE massive, rugged Henry Mountains are the highest in Garfield County and several peaks are more than 11,000 feet in elevation. The villages of Escalante and Boulder are sixty airline miles west. The Henrys, reaching south to the Colorado River, are surrounded by deserts, semi-arid lands and other mountain ranges. Although the flat lands are occupied by a few widely scattered stockmen, the entire magnificent area is practically untouched. As Utahans assert, "There could be *anything* in that area of several hundred square miles!"

While the existence of the golden Jesus cannot be documented with any known records, it fits in with another story, also without substantiation. This concerns the great treasure of Montezuma, believed to have been sent north from Mexico City, guarded by a huge army and cached in a vast network of tunnels in southern Utah. Many years ago the people of Kanab, and at Fredonia across the border of Utah, organized and set forth to locate it.

Though they failed, they did discover tunnels cut into the solid mass of white-gray cliffs a few miles east of Kanab. These sealed tunnels were explored for many thousands of feet, but if anything valuable was found the fact was never revealed. Utahans who believe the story to the fullest and the many still hunting for the treasure ask, "If Montezuma's army did not cut the tunnels, who did and for what purpose?"

There is no ready answer to that. Refutation would rest entirely on producing solid proof of someone who did. Certainly it would take thousands of laborers a long time to cut those tunnels, the steps into them and the rooms under the great cliffs, which are visible from U.S. Highway 89.

Spanish records and our own history reveal that many pack trains of valuables passed along the old trails crossing Utah west to the tip of Nevada and into California. These same trails pre-date Spanish arrival in the Southwest. They were Indian trails that the Spaniards used before Americans did, and it has been established that Indians traveled them all the way to the Pacific Coast.

What was first called the Old Spanish Trail did not cross southern Utah. Fray Silvestre Velez de Escalante mapped this route in 1776. From New Mexico it cut a corner of Colorado into Utah as far north as Utah Lake. That route had long been used by the Spaniards and was known as the Slave Trail, for not only they but the Indians followed it to raid other tribes and capture prisoners who were sold as slaves in both New Mexico and Mexico.

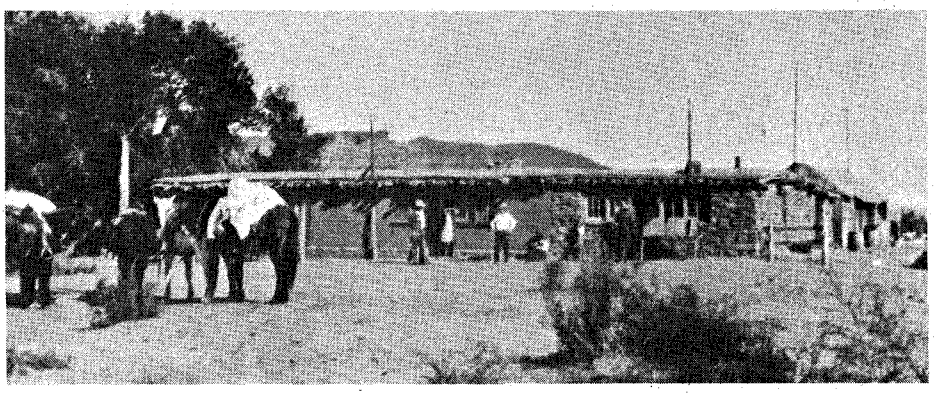
Above, William J. (Bill) Mackleprang hunted unsuccessfully for the Golden Jesus.

Heading south from Utah Lake, Escalante took his party to Ute Ford, a very ancient crossing on the Colorado River near Navajo Mountain astride the Utah-Arizona border. Going on to the Hopi Villages, and thence east to Zuni, he returned to Santa Fe. Traffic soon became fairly regular over the Escalante Trail. Among the Spaniards using it in 1805 was one Manuel Mestas. It was a route for trading expeditions into Utah, then a junction that went across Nevada into California. Mestas was the largest and most important trader of them all.

In 1822-23 William Wolfskill and Ewing Young shortened the so-called Spanish Trail by cutting off the eastward curve toward Colorado. What is truly the Old Spanish Trail, though, was pioneered by Antonio Armijo in November 1829. This route led directly to what is now the Four Corners from Abiquiu, New Mexico where the San Juan River was forded before it boxed into a canyon. There the Colorado River was crossed higher up than Ute Ford, turned into southwestern Utah to Santa Clara, went down the Virgin River to Moapa, continued to what is now Las Vegas, and then slanted generally southwest to Los Angeles. The eastern part of this route is concerned in the saga of the golden Jesus.

Oljeto Trading Post. Man standing at left is Ed Ford; Mrs. Taylor is in doorway; Johnny Taylor is man with hands on hips.

Courtesy Mrs. Karl Krippendorf



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Courtesy Mrs. S. I. Richardson

John P. Lowe, the old prospector who almost found the statue.

ALL of the stories declare that the statue was cast in New Mexico and hauled west on the running apparatus of a contrived wagon. The destination was some mission in California—just which one is another unanswerable part of the riddle.

At Cuba, on the site of the ancient pueblo of Nacimiento, at Abiquiu, and at Cebolleta, men born there with ancestry reaching back beyond 1740 tell a singular legend that has been handed down in their families the centuries since. According to this family history the golden Jesus was cast in the Nacimiento Mountains by *campaneros* (bell makers). If this is true, and it was not in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains as some treasure hunters believe, then the statue could not be *pure* gold. It would contain considerable silver and copper, as gold ores in that region had a high percentage of both. Nevertheless, the statue would be worth several hundred thousand dollars.

Bell makers were sent to Mexico City from Spain in the 1740s. By 1750 they were established in a number of camps along the west side of the Nacimientos south of Cuba, where copper ore had been found containing a high percentage of silver. This gave the cast bells a soft tone. Gold lodes were also discovered there, the quartz being crushed in arrastres.

The *campaneros* cast bells weighing two hundred pounds or more. These were sent to Mexico City for shipment to Spain. The ruins on the site of their camps in the foothills—the ancient smelters, arrastres, and rock cabins as well as some adobe that were occupied until after 1800—are still being found.

None of the accounts states the probable weight of the statue, but they do claim that the iron-reinforced wheels of two *carretas* were fastened together in order to transport it. As the legend goes, a large party, including guards, set out west with the statue over a section of the Old Spanish Trail. It was that stretch later used by Armijo and other traders. With the golden Jesus were also carried other items of gold such as altar vessels and small sacred statues.

In order to get over the Colorado with so much weight a detour was made north. After a successful crossing the party headed directly for the Henry Mountains. Obviously the plan was to pass southwest, reentering the well-marked Spanish Trail into California. Somewhere in the Henry Mountains, after the vehicle came completely apart, a large band of Navajo Indians attacked. More than half of the party were killed. It was then that all the valuables were buried in the ground.

MY experience with legends of doubtful origin leads me to the conclusion that, though the details are probably far from correct, *a golden statue of Jesus was indeed cast and was conveyed west.*

The story that such a statue lies buried in the Henrys has been handed down in southern Utah families since 1846. They believe it firmly. They have hunted for it, and so have many others from outside the state.

Around 1900 three young men arrived from California. Headquartering in Escalante, they outfitted with stock and supplies, going across the desert into the Henrys. There they found old traces of a trail into the mountains from the east side. Working deep into the rugged range, they returned to Escalante six weeks later, haggard and exhausted. They had not found the golden statue but they brought out a small statue of the Virgin Mary eight inches high, and a bowl ten inches in diameter. Both were gold.

To them (and to others) this evidence pointed to the existence of the main prize. It was certainly there somewhere. The gold objects were recovered on top of the ground near the traces cut in flat rock of another old trail coming in from the east which ended abruptly somewhere in the center of the mountains.

The young men went their way, never returning to complete the search, but they left behind them a citizenry agog with subdued excitement. Despite the good descriptions of the areas the young men had searched and where the small statue and bowl had been found, search parties following the boys' leads failed to find the ashes and charcoal of a single one of their camps.

Other parties entered the Henrys with no better success. Not only is the climate harsh and bitter but an element of danger exists from mysterious human beings. A good many prospectors entered the mountains and came out to report being spied on, and a few were shot. During the summer of 1918, somewhere near Mt. Hillers, Ezra Hawkins was shot and wounded but managed to get across the desert to Boulder on one of his burros. The other three he had used to pack supplies were never seen again. A report of the shooting was made to county authorities at Panguitch.

According to Hawkins' story he had been prospecting for about three months, as well as keeping an eye out for the golden statue. One day he discovered the tracks of two men on a back trail used a few days before. Wary, he kept on the alert but found the tracks of snoopers only once more. One afternoon, while taking samples from a ledge, two rifles opened up on him. He sustained a wound across the right shoulder and a hole made by a high powered rifle through the left thigh.

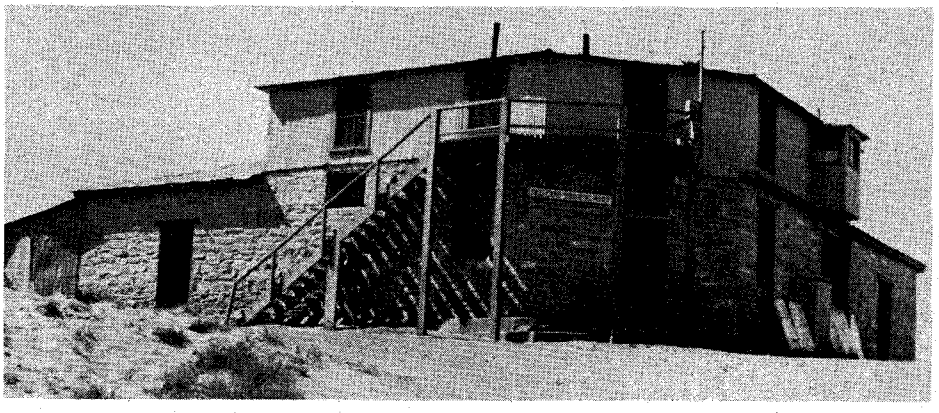
Some of William (Old) Posey's Piute Indian renegades were then committing many depredations, and it was assumed that Hawkins might have been jumped for his burros, equipment and supplies. The prospector escaped with his life, but whoever bushwhacked him got his property.

WHEN able to travel again, Hawkins went on south to Escalante and then to Kanab. After the end of World War I he interested a wanderer like himself, Jake Lee, into returning to the Henrys with him. The two men packed two mules and rode saddle horses.

Except for vaulted silences and hot, blue skies in which thunderheads often rode, they encountered no untoward cir-

(Continued on page 46)

Redlake Trading Post at Tonalea was managed by John Taylor at the time Nell's murder was discovered.



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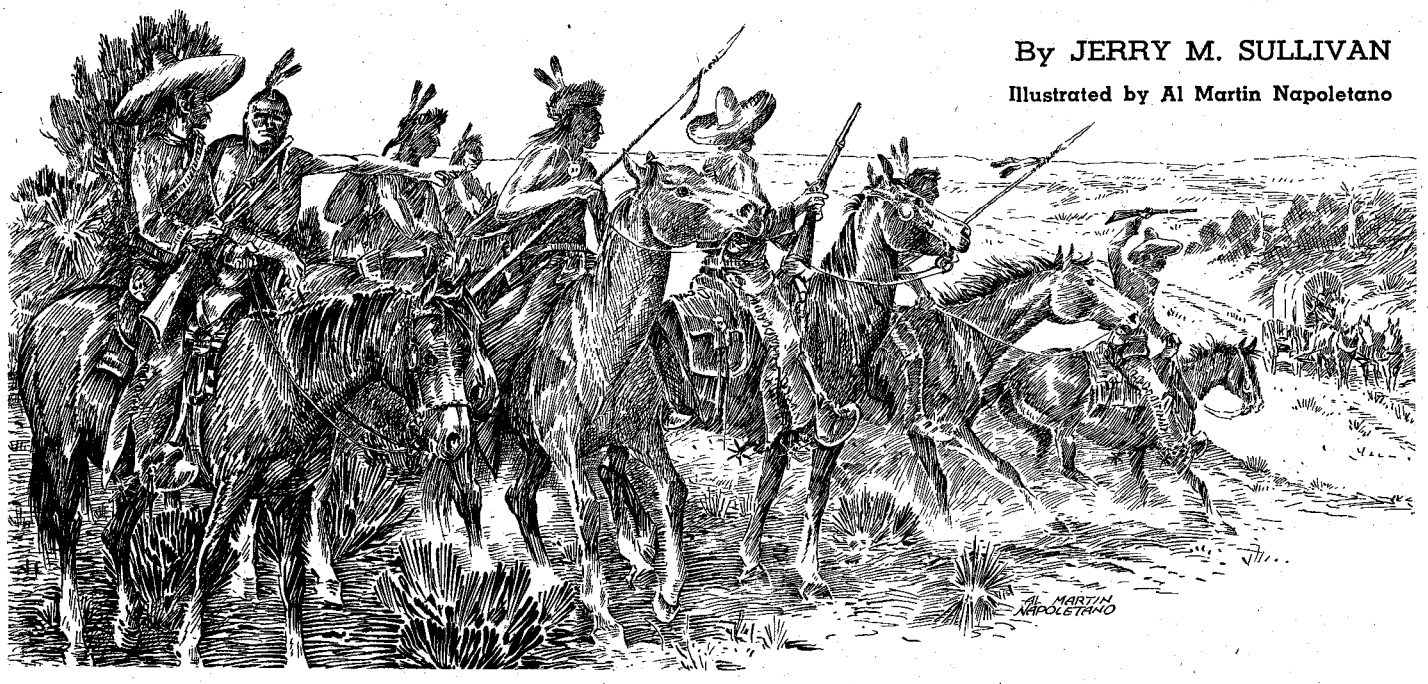
THE STRINGFIELD MASSACRE

By JERRY M. SULLIVAN

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano



A strange twist to a commonplace happening in the frontier...

IN 1870 the valleys of the Frio and Nueces Rivers in McMullen County, Texas had very few settlers. Renegade Apache, Comanche, and Kickapoo Indians raided at will into the heart of the brush country either from Mexico or from the Staked Plains and Big Bend regions to the north and northwest. Those frontiersmen who did risk their lives and fortunes in that remote area ran herds of longhorn cattle or horses on the open range.

Thomas Wesley Stringfield, a native of Illinois, came to McMullen County from Seguin, Texas, in 1861 with his bride, Sarah Jane (Mills), and his bachelor brother, Littleton. Both men joined the McMullen County Homeguards upon arrival. Littleton died during the Civil War, after the unit was commissioned into Confederate service.

The Stringfields had homesteaded in the Nueces Valley, in the southwestern part of the county, and by 1870 had built a fine herd of horses, a large herd of cattle, and had three children, eight-year-old Ida Alice, six-year-old Adolphus, and four-year-old Thomas. That fall, about thirty miles southwest of Tilden, the county seat, the family was attacked by a mixed band of Mexicans and Comanches.

The following account of the assault was written by Ida Alice Stringfield in 1925, and sworn to before a notary public in an attempt to gain remuneration for her father's estate, from which she had been awarded nothing.

"ON the morning of the 28th of September, A.D. 1870, while driving along a road in McMullen County, Texas, within fifteen miles of our home our wagon was surrounded by a band of men. We left the wagon and went to a clump of trees, where my father stood them off till they shot him in the arm. Then we tried to get to a house where we hoped to find help and protection. I saw them shoot Father again. Then they surrounded us, and Father was fighting one man when we were again surrounded.

"About that time I saw them stab my mother in the heart. I then screamed and started to my mother, but one of the men jumped between me and my mother. At that time another man picked me up before him on his horse and started to carry me away. While I was on his horse, I bit the hand he was holding me with. Then he cursed me in Spanish and told me, in Spanish, that he was going to kill me. I understood what he said in Spanish. He then threw me off his horse so that my head would strike the ground, but I caught on my hands.

"After I was thrown from that horse, another one of that band took me in his arms and started away with me. I grabbed bushes, pear, and anything else I could, to try to escape from them and avoid being taken away by them. The man who was then carrying me had a beard on his face, and talked to me in Spanish. He told me to quit pulling at the bushes and things, or he would kill me. He repeated that threat several times. the last time I caught a bush, this man told me if I did not turn the bush loose, he would kill me. I told him that I had rather die than go with them. He then said, 'All right, I will kill you then.'

"He then threw me down and they ran their horses over me. As they ran their horses over me, they lanced me seven times with long-handled spears they were carrying. The last one of the men who rode his horse over me stopped, caught hold of my hair, raised my head by my hair, and said something I could not understand; it was not in English or Spanish. That was the last I knew for some time. When I recovered myself, I was covered with blood from seven bad wounds they had inflicted upon me. I wrung the blood from my dress and walked back to my father and mother, lying dead. They were still where this band had murdered them.

(Continued on page 56)

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I make my home in what used to be called the "Skyscraper of the Plains" in Ness City, Kansas.

R. B. Christy of Scott City purchased the old bank building at a tax sale in 1938, and spent a great deal of time having it repaired and redecorated. During the period of his ownership, the bank fixtures were removed and given to Boot Hill in Dodge City.

After Mr. Christy's death in 1960, ownership passed to Mrs. Bertha M. R. Garner, a niece. Mrs. Garner died in 1967, and the building remained in her estate until 1970. To the ten children of Mrs. Garner it was evident that some disposition should be made of the "white elephant." The income from the rentals did not pay maintenance expenses, let alone make it possible to make repairs. It seemed that the only sensible alternatives were either to tear it down and sell it for salvage, or perhaps give it to the city.

This was where I entered the picture. I was recently divorced and seemed to be the only one of the children who was in a position to move to Ness City and try to do something lucrative with the building. I offered to buy the shares from my brothers and sisters, and when the offer was accepted, I moved to Ness City with my twelve-year-old son and took up residence in the building.

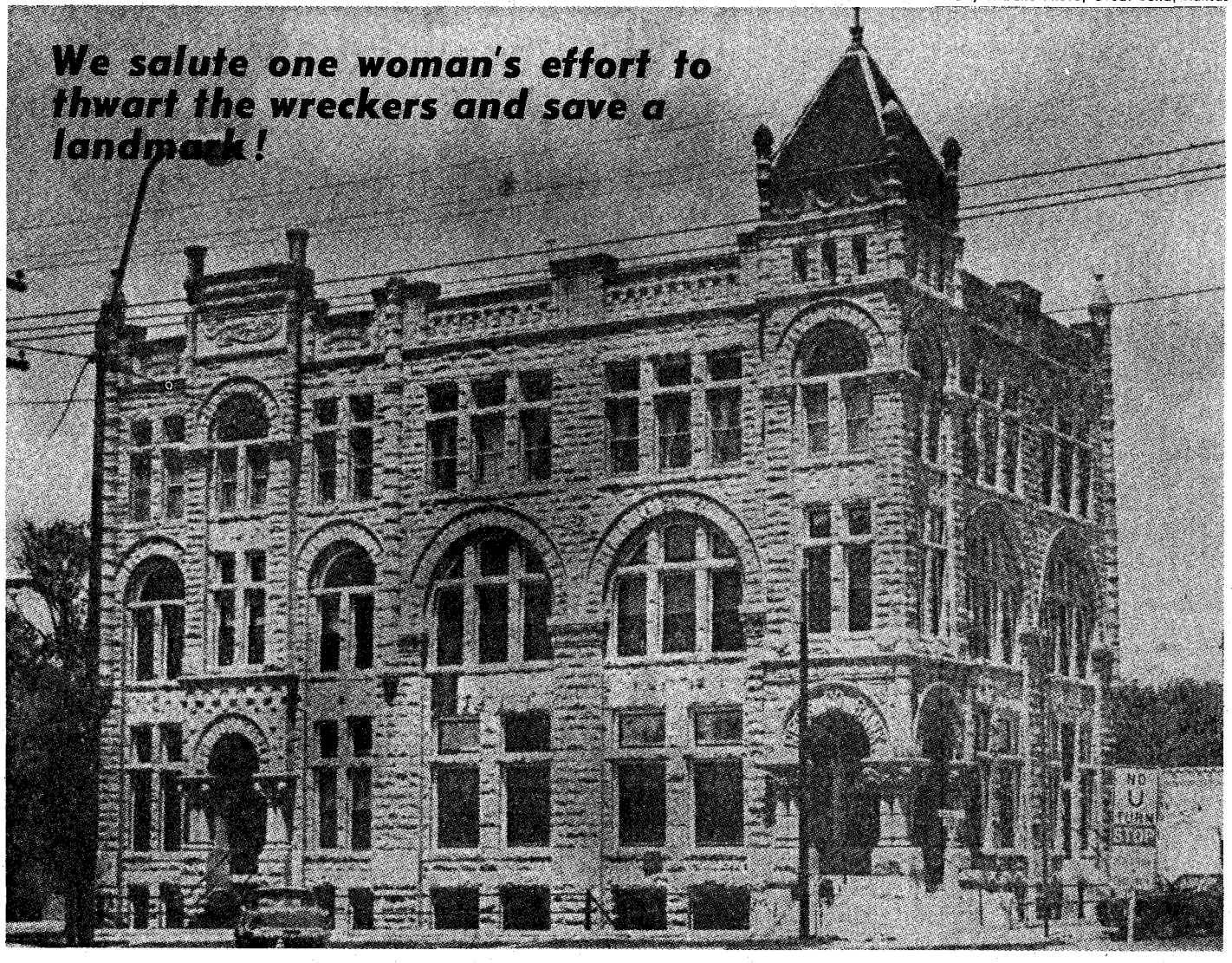
My ideas were many concerning its restoration, and I hoped to open a museum and gift shop in the lobby. But first of all, it was necessary to make the building pay for itself. So all of the tenants received a notice of a rent increase—and all stayed on.

In February 1972 the building was placed on the National Register of Historic Sites. So far as I was concerned, this was an unexpected bonus. I began to investigate federal funding for creating a museum but found that I'd probably have to do it myself. This resulted in laying the groundwork for loans from local citizens to furnish the museum. I've received many promises of delightful and lovely items and will begin to accept them as soon as I can feel assured that the wiring is once again safe. The loans must be protected and safely displayed. All this takes time and more money than I have, therefore it must progress slowly. I hope to have it in operation in less than another year.

MY PLANS still include the gift shop for selling local handmade items on consignment. But I also have hopes of

HOW ABOUT LIVING IN A

Daily Tribune Photo, Great Bend, Kansas



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being the center for a local Junior Achievement program. I donated two rooms in the basement to the high school students for a Youth Center, and would like to help them with this program. We suffer a high rate of loss with our youth because there is so little for them to do in Ness City, and they go to the metropolitan areas once their education is completed. I'd like to give them some incentive to return.

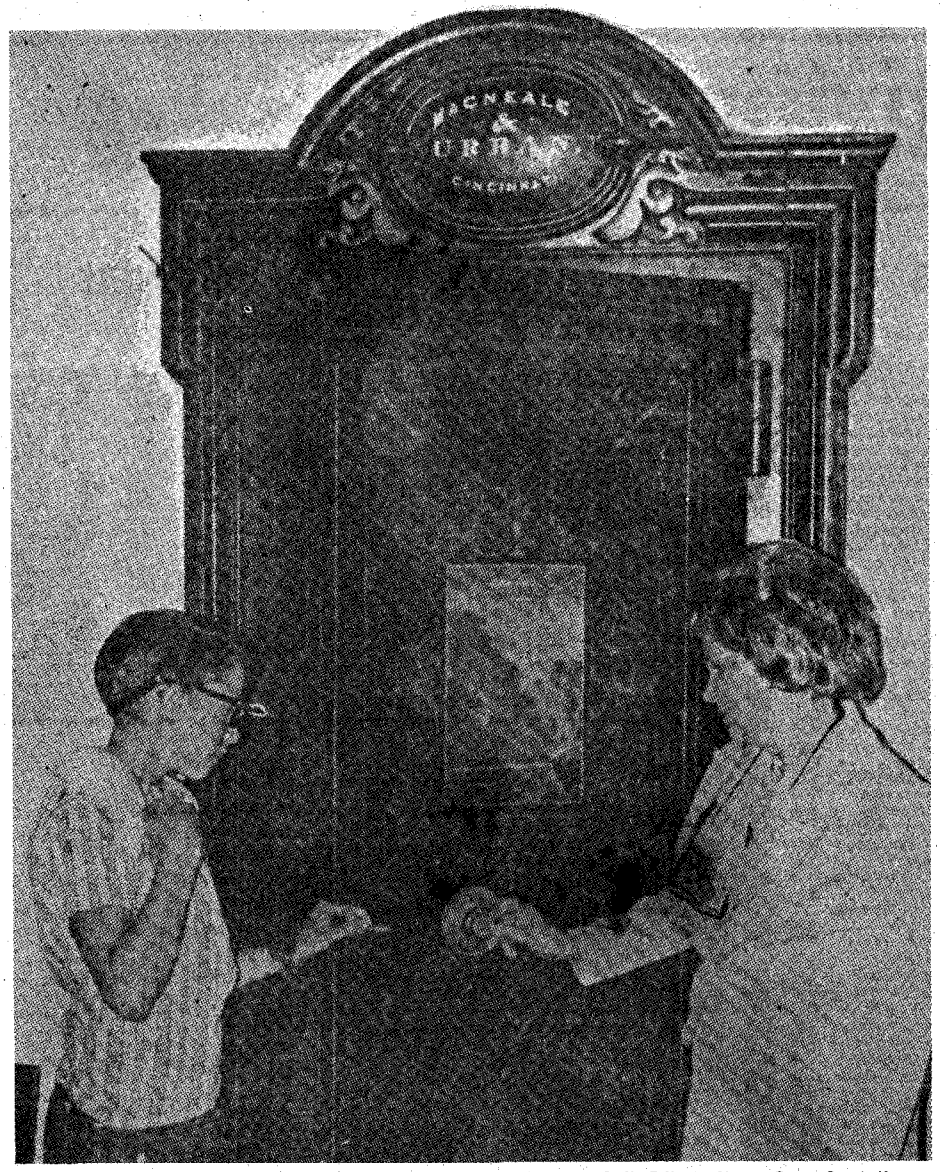
If my projects never reach the completed stage, I still will have had the time of my life. Ness City is a friendly community, populated by farmers for the most part. I am sure that the experiences I have had are unique. My tenants are varied in their occupations. I rent an office to the mayor, and a tax accountant; the top floor is rented by the Masonic

(Continued on page 44)

BANK?

By EFFIE G. HERRICK

Photos Courtesy Author

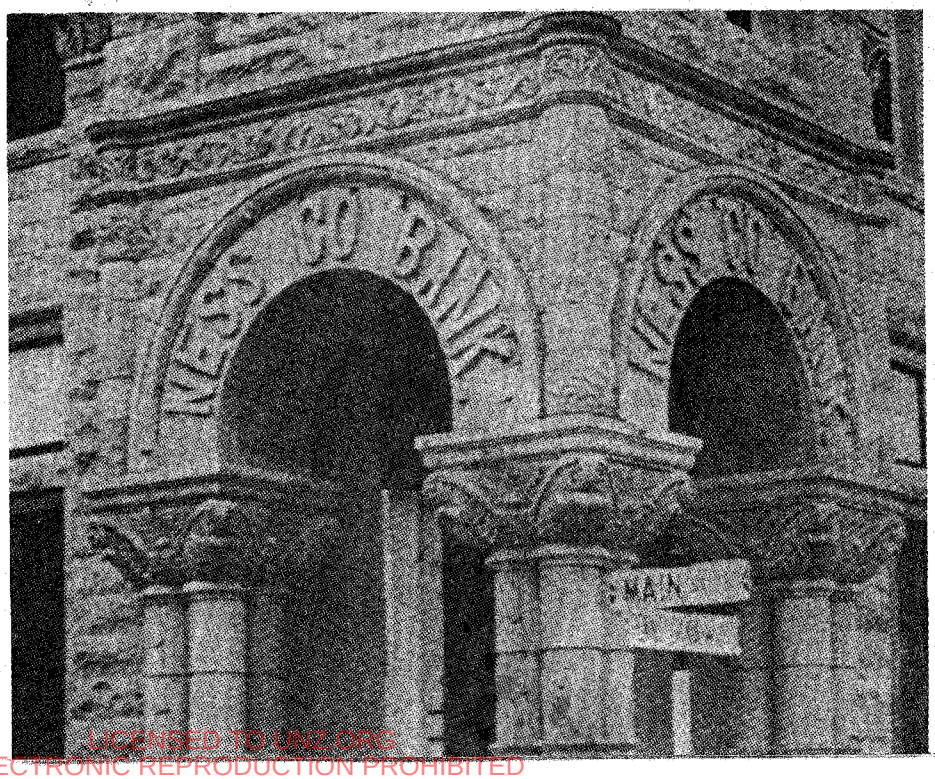


Daily Tribune Photo, Great Bend, Kansas

At left, the Christy building, formerly the Ness County Bank building, was bought at a tax sale in the 1930s by R. B. Christy of Scott City, Kansas. It is now owned by one of his heirs, Mrs. Effie Herrick, who is fighting to make the grand old structure useful to her community. Below, Mrs. Herrick.

Dodge City Daily Globe Photo

Above, Mark, Mrs. Herrick's son, examines one of the three walk-in vaults located in various parts of the building. Below, the fine stone work is a tribute to the artisans who worked on the construction of the building.



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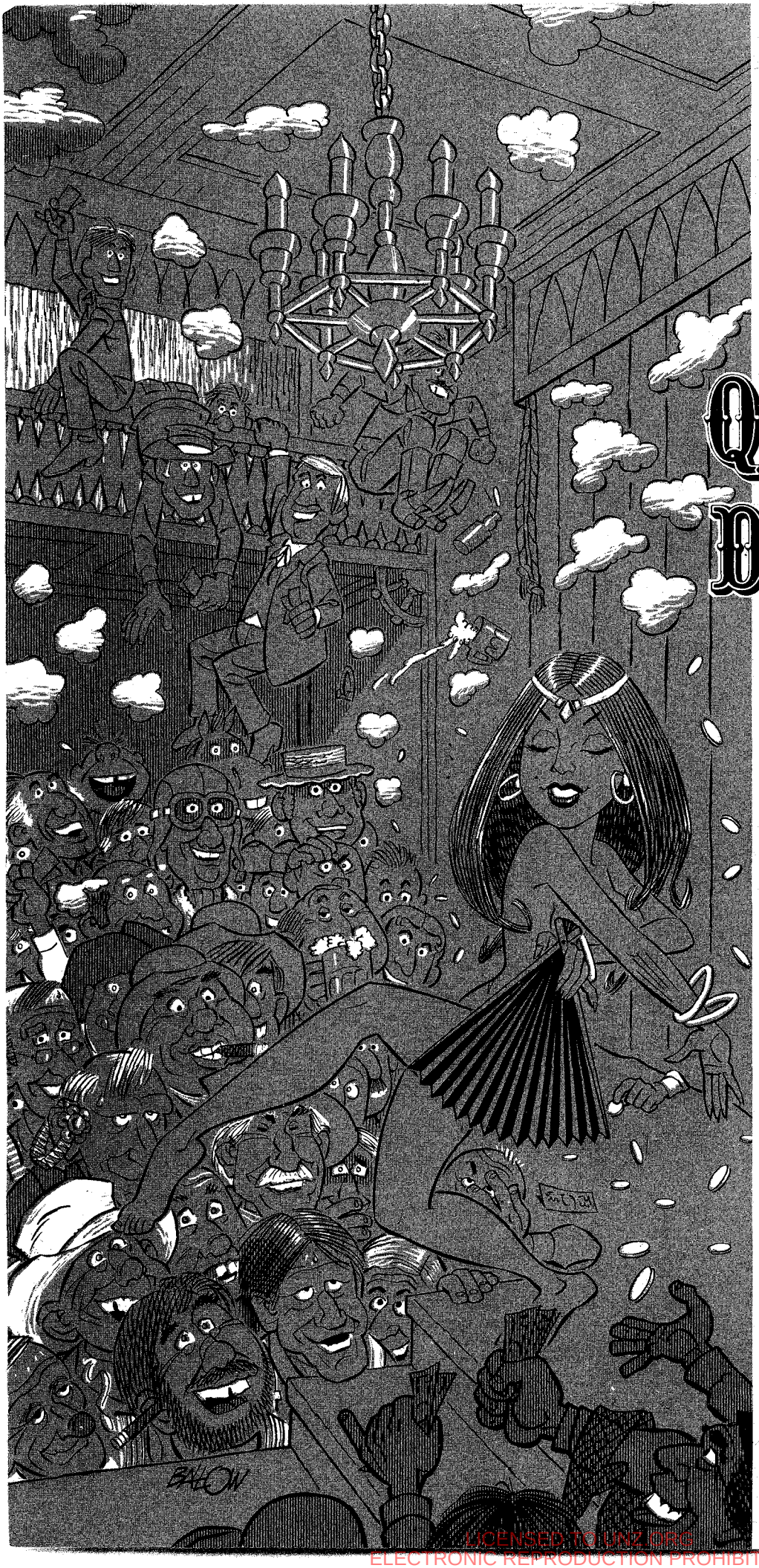

AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST — QUEENIE DANCED!

Queenie looked so great in nothing at all that the happy, innocent cattlemen threw enough paper money to make her a coat with silver dollar buttons as trim!

By ALBERT S. GILLES, SR.

Photos Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Willard Ballow

AYE! She danced two dances and then went gleaning. Currency won't sail through the air like silver dollars, and many in her appreciative audience were holding bills of various denominations aloft, loudly calling for her to come for their gratuity. It happened at a smoker, the final entertainment at the annual Convention of the Panhandle and South-

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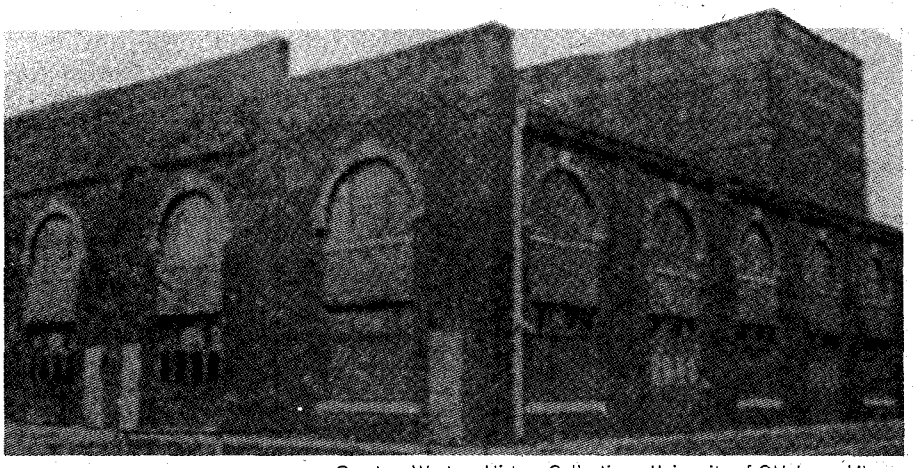

Courtesy Western History Collections: University of Oklahoma Library

Above, the old Oklahoma City auditorium on the corner of South Walker and California Street was the site chosen for the convention. At right, Queenie's dance caused such a furor that the City Hall administration responsible for it was promptly defeated on election day. Edward Overholser (shown) became the new mayor. Below, W. C. "Cab" Binion was the sheriff of Oklahoma County during the Cattlemen's Convention. He tried his best to locate and capture the refrigerator cars of beer shipped from St. Louis for the gala event, but was up against too many clever cattlemen!

western Stockmen's Association held in March 1914 in Oklahoma City.

This event is recorded in a book, *And Satan Came Also,* written by an old school friend, Albert McRill. Bert was handicapped—he wrote his book in '55, forty-one years after the smoker took place. He had to depend on hearsay, newspaper reports, and a few court records. But I was there, a minor member of the entertainment committee.

I had been recruited by W. B. Nichols, soon to be appointed chief of police by a new mayor, Ed Overholser. My badge and ribbon said "Information," and I was supposed to mix and mingle with the crowds attending the various affairs. I was given a book of tickets, like those given to the delegates, to whatever was going on, and the last ticket in the book entitled me to attend the smoker.

Anyone remembering the period, or reading Albert McRill's book, knows of the running feud between the city's law enforcement officers and the county sheriff's office. It came to the fore during the preparations for the Cattlemen's Convention. Oklahoma had state-wide prohibition but "hole in the wall" bootlegging joints were well distributed throughout the downtown area and south part of Oklahoma City.

M. S. "Cab" Binion was sheriff. When it became noised around that beer by the refrigerator cars full was to be shipped in by the entertainment committee, and winked at by the city administration, apparently Cab felt himself both evaded and ignored. A flock of his deputies were released from other duties to scan and comb the railroad's marshaling yards for the beer cars.

But there were four railroad yards and the marshaling yard of the Oklahoma Street Railway's belt line to the Stockyards. It became a game, the switching crews on one hand, trying to save the beer, and Binion's deputies trying to seize the cars and confiscate their contents. The beer cars were shunted hither and yon. From one railroad to another the cars were rerouted. One afternoon when the hounds-of-the-law were sniffing closely, the Katy switching crew ran the cars up to the little town of Witcher—near where the west gates of the Turner Turnpike are now—and they sat on a siding there most of the afternoon and well into the night.

The only "must" was an appointment with an icing dock every 24 hours. Bert's report indicates there were 10,000 bottles. But that many bottles divided among 5,000 thirsty plainsmen is only two bottles per person. Granting some in the audience didn't drink, still that is too few bottles. I suggest there were twice as many, at least.

Packed 104 pint bottles ber barrel, the beer was moved from the cars after dark, the night of the smoker, by furniture vans to the auditorium (northwest corner of California and Walker). Not a bottle was lost to the lawmen. The barrels with heads removed, were set along the walls, both on the main floor and the balcony. My task was finished, so I selected a seat early— about midway of the west balcony, a bit to the front of the stage and to the left.

VIEWED from this distance, the one saving grace of an affair that should never have been held was that Queenie was an artist. No one seeing her perform would ever be attracted to a carnival or circus kooch-show. Her opening number was a Middle East solo dance. Old show

(Continued on page 70)

Below, W. B. (Bill) Nichols. Photo taken a year after the Cattlemen's Convention of 1914. Nichols was appointed Chief of Police by the newly elected Mayor Overholser. It was Nichols who asked Mr. Gilles to serve on the Information Committee.

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A roving photographer took this photo (and the one at bottom of page) in 1906. View is a meadow in the Sierra Nevada, where Sam Cuddeback was moving cattle from the desert to summer pasture in the mountains. Cuddeback had just started working for Landers, the cattle king of the Mojave Desert of Southern California.

By ROBERTA M. STARRY

Photos Courtesy Author

DESERT COWBOY

Cuddeback may have been the last of the Mojave's early-day riders . . .

Author's note: This was to have been "as told by Sam Cuddeback," but Sam passed away shortly after one of our talks. Gone was one of the last of the California Mojave Desert's early-day cowboys.

SAM CUDDEBACK, one of a family of eight children, was destined to be a cowboy from the day he was born in 1887. His grandfather and father before him were cattlemen, buying or controlling thousands of Southern California's desert acres. Nutritious grass and free flowing springs dotted their holdings around Tehachapi, Fremont Valley and south toward San Bernardino.

One of Sam's favorite memories was when he was considered capable of becoming part of the cattle operation. "It was my first roundup. I was about eight when my father decided I was old enough

Sam Cuddeback and another of Landers' cowboys made camp on the edge of a grazing area while moving the herd to the mountains for summer pasture.

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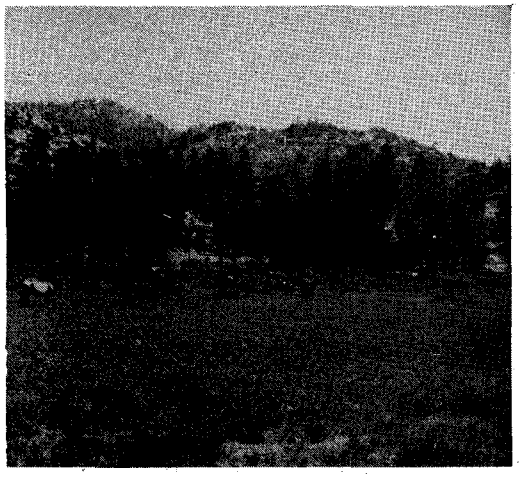
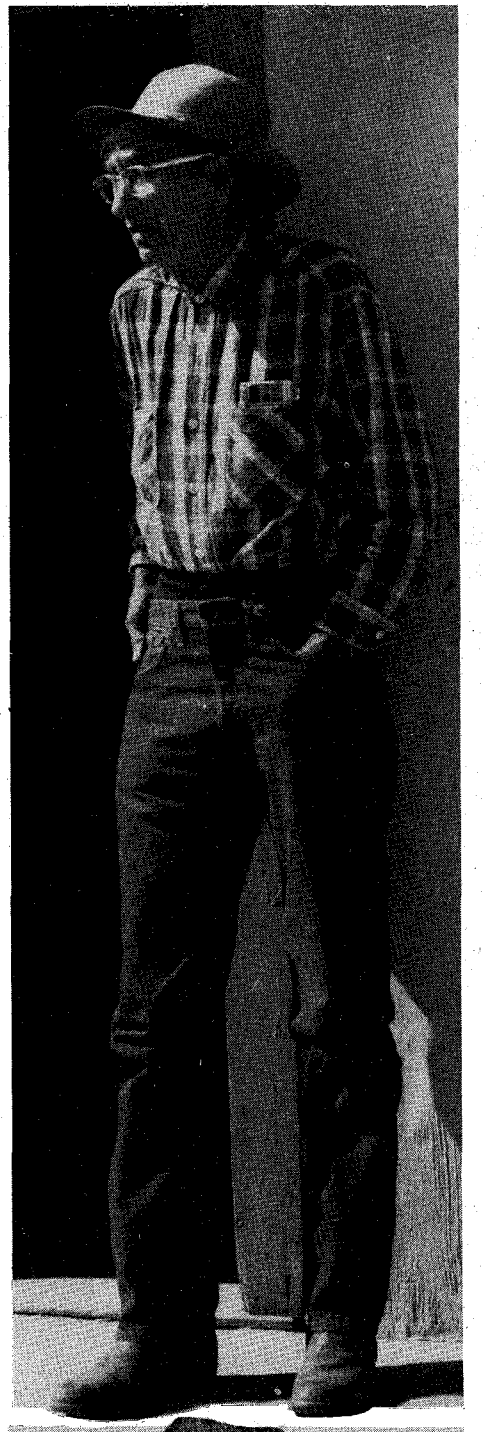


to manage the outfit hauling food, water and bedrolls. He started out on the wagon with me, but each day spent less time with me and more with the men who kept the extra horses headed for the range that reached the eastern part of Fremont Valley. We moved ten, sometimes twenty, miles in a day and usually managed to camp at a spring at night."

It was as they neared the roundup range that the elder Cuddeback decided to leave the usual valley route and camp on a mountainside where there was supposed to be a new, exciting gold discovery. Young Sam wasn't greatly impressed. "I couldn't see anything to get excited over; there were a few men digging and the hole they had was no bigger than a small room with not a bit of gold showing. That detour seemed a waste of time to me and I was anxious to get back on the trail to the roundup." Sam laughed as he added, "That little hole turned into a real bonanza. The Yellow Aster mine produced $25 million to $35 million in gold before it closed down, and started the town of Randsburg."



About twenty miles from the budding young mine diggings, on the east side of Cuddeback Dry Lake, the train halted and set up a semi-permanent camp for the roundup. Water was plentiful for men and animals though every drop had to be pulled up by hand. The Cuddebacks had dug wells in 1894 with a hand auger and cased them with redwood. Sam recalled that this particular roundup was at Blackwater Well where a long wooden trough watered horses and cattle; a smaller, movable trough served the men for quick, early morning wash-ups and after-dark baths. "A bath sure did feel good after a hot day but most of the men were too tired to draw water for themselves. The livestock had to be satisfied first and pulling bucket after bucket of water up forty to fifty feet was a real chore, especially after having put in a day in the saddle or roping and branding a bunch of wild cattle."

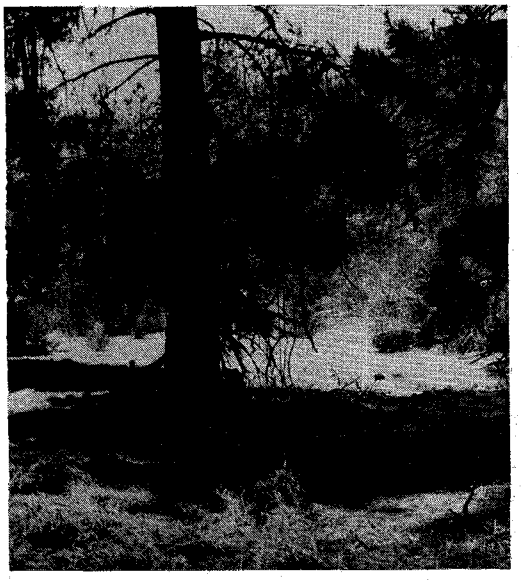
BLACKWATER and Granite Wells, within a few miles of each other, became important watering and camping spots along the stage and freight route to the Panamint and Death Valley mines. Sam explained that part of the time one or more cowboys stayed in the cabins at the wells and in their spare moments built rock-walled corrals and windbreaks, some of which are still standing.

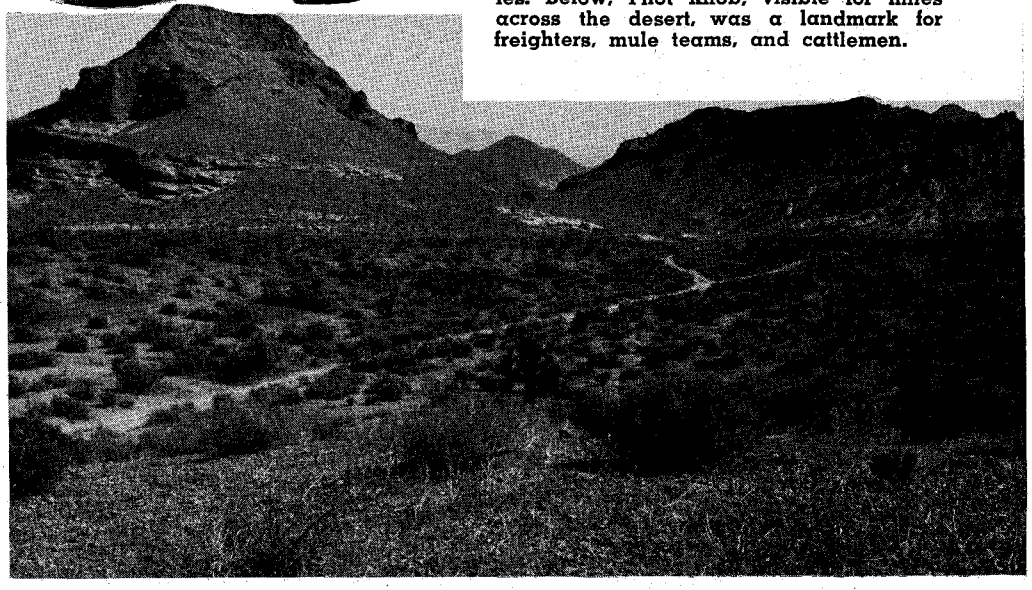
Though the name Blackwater Well sounds less than inviting, there was nothing wrong with the water. Sam had forgotten how it got the name but was sure that it was not the present popular legend that the water turned a kettle black.

"I never saw any kind of kettle turn black no matter how long the water stood in it; the name probably came from a man that helped dig the well. Just south of our spread was Black Ranch, Black Valley and Black Spring. Too bad the well had that name as stage passengers were afraid to drink the water."

Modernization was slow in coming to

At left, Sam Cuddeback at 81. Sam spent a lifetime on the Mojave Desert and in the adjoining Sierra working the range with his own herds or for large cattle companies. Below, Pilot Knob, visible for miles across the desert, was a landmark for freighters, mule teams, and cattlemen.





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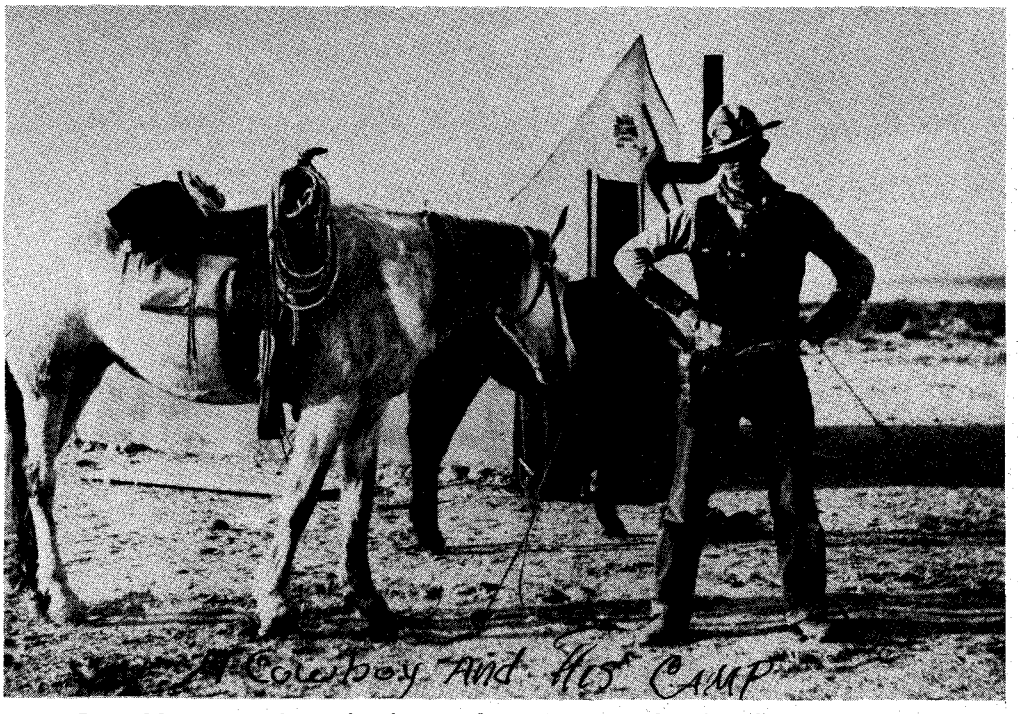


A good horse was the pride of every desert cowboy, who often depended on the animal for his life. This photo taken in the early '20s near Cuddeback Dry Lake, part of an extensive spread owned by Sam's father.

Blackwater Well. A government survey of 1921 states: "The only means to obtain water from Blackwater Well is by rope and bucket. A pipeline leads to a trough in a corral several hundred feet north of the well. Water is good."

In the early 1900s the Cuddebacks leased out the land, then sold. Through the ensuing years various ranches owned the spread, and windmills replaced the bucket and rope. Today the well still provides water for herds of cattle, mostly wild Mexican cattle brought in to fatten. Wind, plus gas engines, provide the well's lift power.

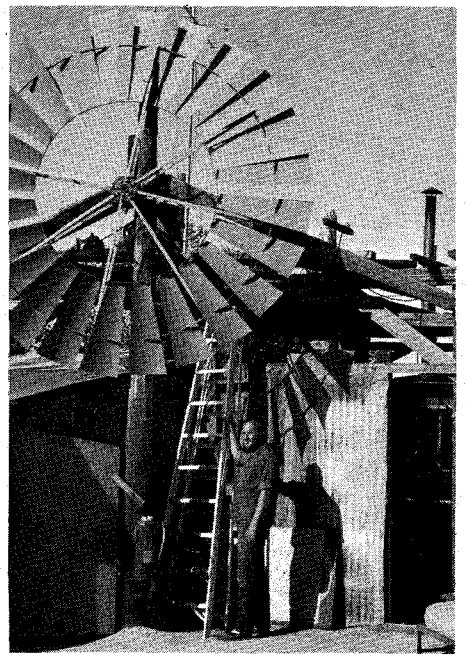
Sam recalled that on his first roundup in 1895 he started each morning anxious for the excitement offered by a new day. He also recalled that by night he was bone-tired, coated with dust, and longing to crawl into his bedroll! "But I fought off sleep and sat by the campfire with the men. It was the first time I'd been allowed to stay up and listen to man talk just as if I was a man, too. Most of the conversations were far from interesting for a kid, but just being there was the greatest feeling I'd ever had."

That roundup branded the young stock that were to stay on the range and moved over 1,500 head to the home ranch at Tehachapi and then on to market at Bakersfield. Each succeeding roundup brought Sam increased responsibility and by the time he was fourteen, he was riding herd, trailing strays, and doing the full job of an adult.

THE 1901-1902 drought tested Sam's maturity as nothing else had. Most of the time he rode alone, searching the desert miles for small clusters of cattle. Too often he found only scattered carcasses or animals too lean to move. Every bit of vegetation was gone. There was still water but the cattle became too weak to pull themselves out of the marshes around waterholes. Sam added it got so bad that when he saw buzzards or ravens wheeling over an area, he just turned and rode in another direction. "The sight and smell of starving, dying cattle, the dry hot dust that rose to choke me as the horse traveled, and the sun that was never shut out by even a small cloud, was an experience I never forgot."

Sam philosophized that a desert cattleman was nothing but a gambler who knew someone else had already marked the cards. "The day I rode miles without seeing a bird, rabbit, or chipmunk, and the wind-smoothed sand didn't have even a kangaroo rat's track, I knew that if I ever had a herd of my own I'd never depend solely on the desert for range land."

Frank Curtis, electrician and television expert turned desert cowboy. Mr. Curtis uses parts of old windmills to generate power for radio and television reception on the isolated Blackwater Wells Ranch.



During the lean years following the drought, Sam went to work for W. W. Landers, a growing cattle king who had range land encompassing both desert and mountains radiating out from a home ranch in the Kern River country at the foot of the Sierra Nevada.

"All the young guys wanted to ride for Landers. It was a fine outfit and you were considered really good if you were one of his men. He was especially fond of fine horses and saw to it that his riders were well mounted." Sam's eyes took on new life as he talked of his years with Landers and I got the impression that they were some of the happiest of his cowboy life.

Landers was one of the finest men I've ever known; he was as smart as they come and as kind as anyone could be. He had no use for rustlers but if someone needed meat he was welcome to a steer. Sometimes a rider would report having seen the remains of an animal and say that it might have been a mountain lion or a bear. Landers would always nod and add that it was probably a little brown bear in overalls; but that was as far as the matter would go."

Indians of the area worked for Landers and he was well aware that some among them were near starvation when their natural food sources became scarce. If they asked him for an animal he would tell them to take what they needed, saying that there were more cattle than markets anyway.

Knowing desert trails and waterholes, Sam was frequently sent to work the hot, more arid regions of Landers' domain. Spring roundups to bring cattle in off the desert range usually involved ten to thirty men and a remuda of seventy to a hundred horses plus a supply wagon, chuckwagon, and in some areas a water wagon. Older animals were moved to market, young ones branded and left on the desert range where there was adequate feed and water in normal years, or up into mountain pasture if the desert could not support them.

IN 1907 the desert had little rain and the feed dried up early. Landers sent his men to bring in all the stock, and it just happened that en route to the roundup the desert detail stopped off in Mojave to celebrate the Fourth of July.

Ben Roberts, range boss at the time, was agreeable to their celebrating but made it clear that he expected them to be on the job early on July 5. Regardless of their physical condition every man was on the job as expected; they knew Roberts meant what he said.

As the men, horses and wagons moved out of Mojave, Roberts ordered the cook wagon to go on ahead and set up a noon camp at a spring near the trail. Sam related: "Everyone was mighty thirsty that day after all the drinking of the night before. Canteens were empty fairly early but there was no reason to conserve water as at the noon stop there would

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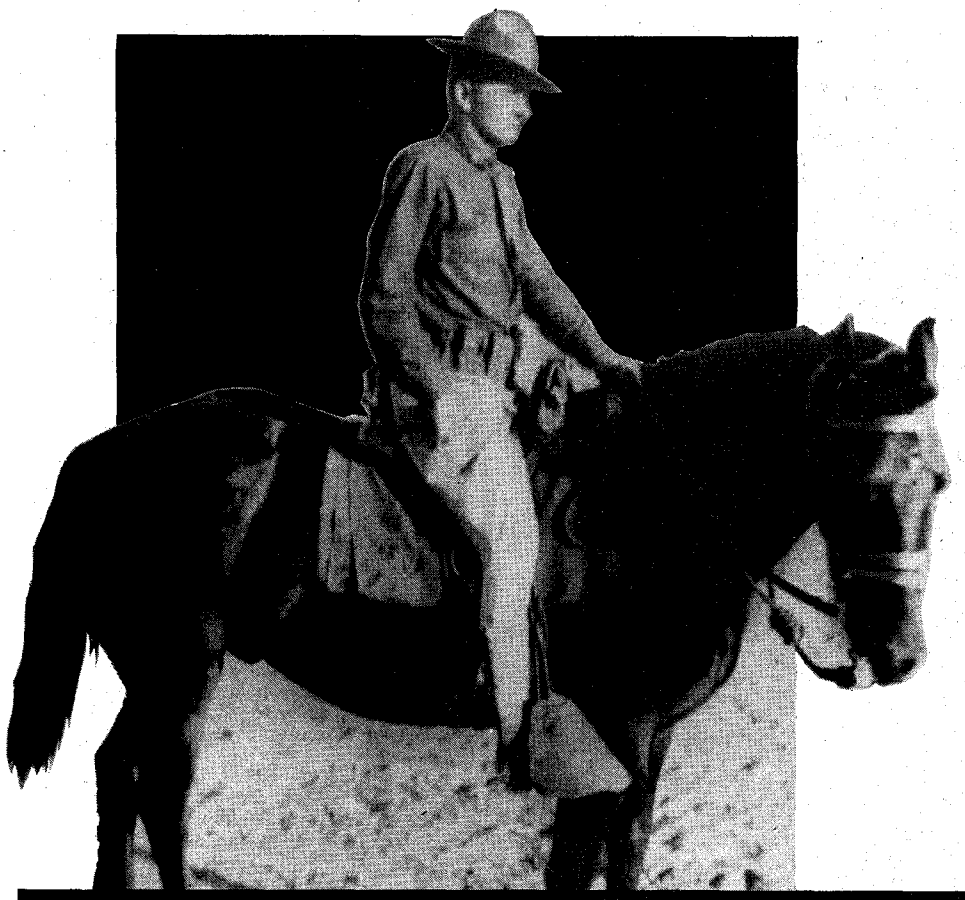

MORAL:

It's risky to care too much for a horse unless you've got his bill of sale

By RANDOLPH AUCLAIR
Photo Courtesy Author

At left, Mr. Auclair back in his army days. The mount shown is not old No. 9.

WAR HORSE No. 9

HIS NAME was Montcalm. On one front hoof was branded M9; on the other, 11 Cav. All the M Troop horses had names that started with M—Monte, Max and Madero to name a few. The Polish fellow who rode Madero called him "My Dearo." All were chestnuts.

When the 11th left Fort Oglethorpe in March 1916 for Columbus, New Mexico they took what remounts were available —regardless of color. Then, they had no stalls to hang nameplates over, so the M names were discontinued also. So this is a story of No. 9. He was known as No. 9, never Montcalm. He was no horse for women and kids to ride around the yard with; he was a living thunderbolt.

He was the kind of horse that Marshal Ney would have wanted to lead a charge at Waterloo with; that sergeant Butler of the 7th would have chosen to ride through the Sioux lines with—and he might have made it.

He was a warhorse, but he had a hard trot; one soldier said he'd shake the buttons off your clothes. So when I asked the stable sergeant if I could have him he asked me if I could ride him with a blanket and surcingle and I said, "Yes." On Sunday afternoons I'd get a mounted pass and ride him to some out of the way place and let him out. I knew he could go. (I was careful not to get caught running him for nothing or there would have been no more mounted passes for me.)

On the plains north of Fort Bliss, Texas were camped the 5th, 7th, 11th, 13th, and 17th Cavalries, comprising the 1st Cavalry Division. The first three regiments, just back from the Punitive Expedition into Mexico, were in the process of condemning and replacing the older horses or horses unfit for service. They were working on the 5th Cavalry horses and every afternoon about stable call time I'd hear the pistol shots. A crew of Mexicans worked a couple of rigs on a swivel platform that would tip forward when two dead horses were pulled forward with a winch. The two rigs were pulled by a pair of condemned Artillery horses. They had started on Troop A of the 11th and were working their way toward M and the machine gun troop.

One day I went to the supply sergeant and asked him for a pair of the old issue brass spurs with a rowel in them. He asked what I wanted another pair for, as I already had a pair. I said I wanted a pair with a rowel that tinkled. They wore that kind in the Cavalry before I was born, and that's what I wanted. He pointed to a box and said, "Take what you want and tell the saddler to make you a pair of spur straps."

I found what I wanted and oiled the rowel so it would spin. I told the supply sergeant, "I am going to El Paso tonight, and the first doughboy I meet there I'm going to walk up to him and knock him down."

The supply sergeant said I was a damfool and that a doughboy was going to take those spurs off me and give me a damn good trimming. The sergeant then turned to another soldier and remarked, "Some of these recruits are regular wampus cats, ain't they?"

THE pistol shots were getting closer every day and I went down to the picket line and there was an I.C. brand

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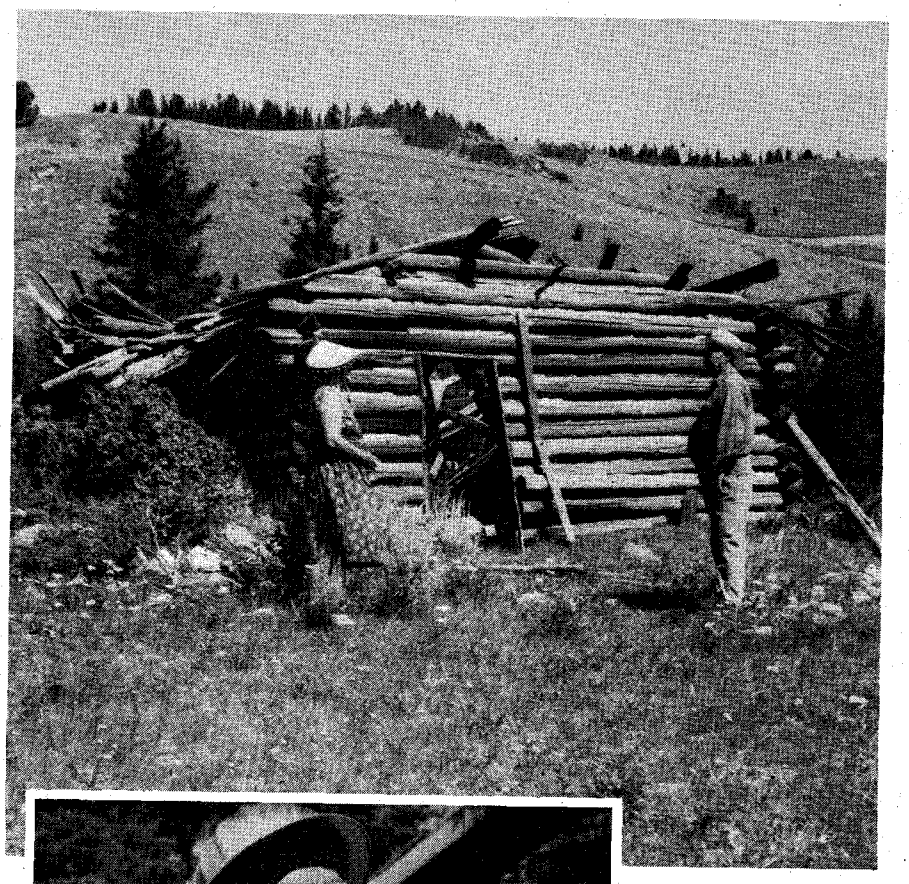

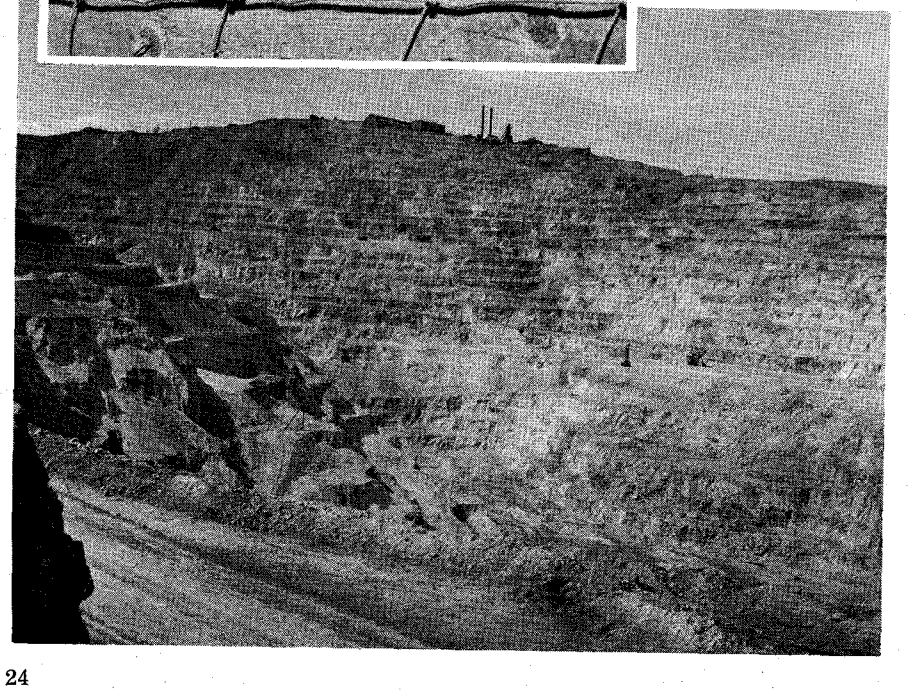

IN THE HEART of the Rocky Mountains in the Big Sky Country of Montana there is a peak that dwarfs all others for a radius of fifty miles, and because of its colorful clay it is called Red Mountain. To its north some twenty miles is the richest hill on earth, Butte, the city above a city, thus described since beneath the town is an underground world of tunnels and stopes where copper, zinc, gold, silver and manganese are mined.

It was not by chance that Butte is called a "hill." Southward Red Mountain can be seen towering into the blue and is much more impressive, yet it and its ghostly Red Mountain City are almost forgotten. Red Mountain City even lost its name to become Highland City—and even it is no more.

So glamorous and exciting was Butte's history that few historians have bothered to dwell on the history of the Highlands and the fact that thousands upon thousands of dollars were taken from the many gulches and tributaries of mountain

Top left—Mr. & Mrs. Earl Larson of Whitehall, Montana often visit Red Mountain City for its scenic beauty. Building shown is all that remains of the Red Mountain brewery.

Middle photo—Mr. Howard Stratton with a gold nugget that he has named "Venus" because of its resemblance to a woman's figure.

Bottom—An open pit mining area in Butte, Montana. Butte is 20 miles north of the Highlands.

OLD RED MOUNTAIN CITY

springs which radiate from Red Mountain. Miners are still working them and hoping for another big strike.

Graves with wooden markers, and a few sagging buildings such as an old brewery, are all that remain of Red Mountain-Highland City. No one could guess by its present appearance that at one time it abounded in saloons, barber shops, dance halls, mercantile and grocery stores, a post office, three hotels, restaurants, blacksmith shops, several butcher shops, and a Masonic Lodge. Besides an itinerant crowd of miners, honkytonk girls, and gamblers, there were over 1,000 citizens who established permanent residences in the area.

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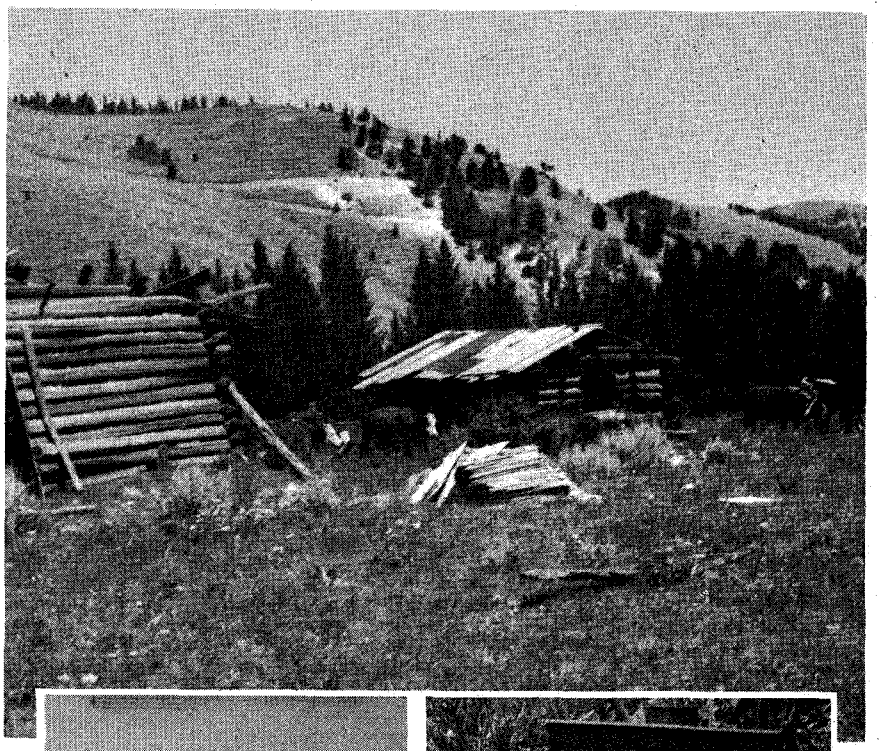
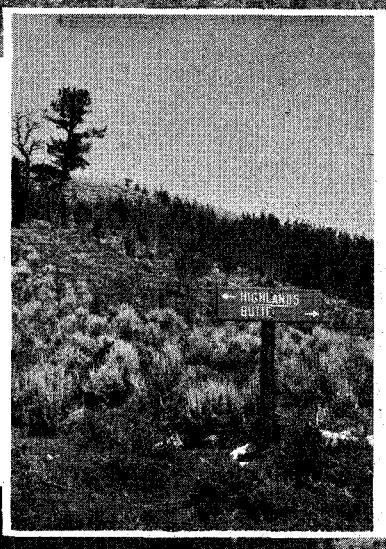
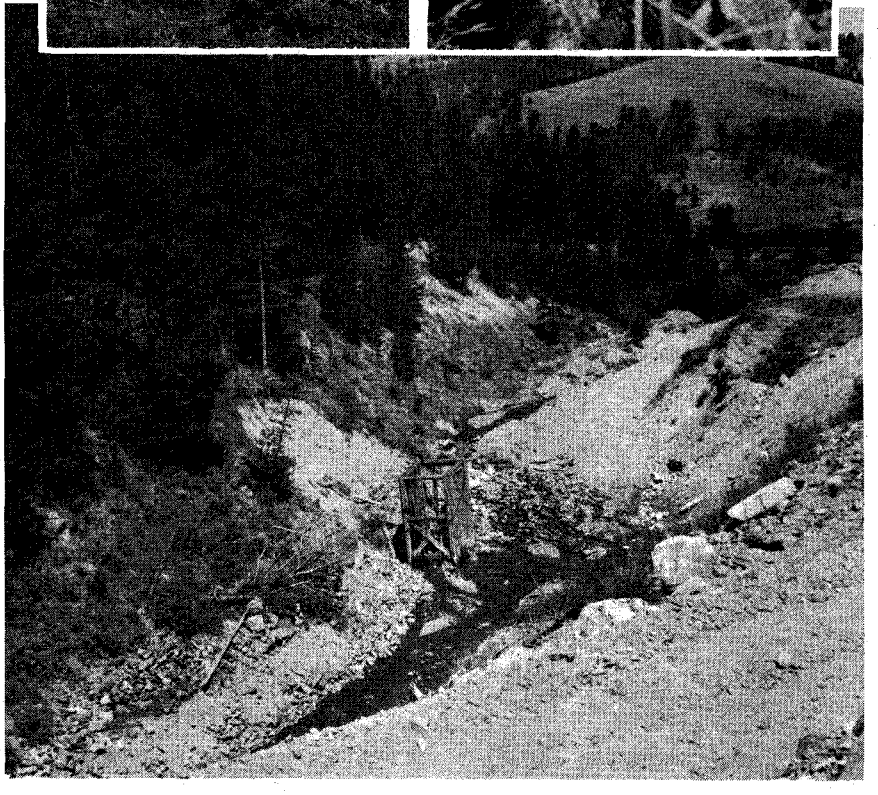
WITH the passage of time, the terrain surrounding Red Mountain became known as "The Highlands." Gold was first discovered in the vicinity on July 25, 1866. That the strike was made in summer is not surprising to those knowing the area's deep snows of winter, when drifts pile over fifteen feet deep in this country whose altitude is over 6,000 feet above sea level. The mining season is of short duration in the Highlands. The first major strike was made by Thomas Rutter, a member of a party which included two Coleman brothers, E. D. Parker, Bill Crawford, Thomas Hall and J. B. Dunlap.

The best account of the strike is given by Rutter in his own words. He related how, after he had first struck gold, Egbert Coleman went to Butte to get a whipsaw, and let the secret of the strike leak out, much to the dismay of the others, including the other Coleman brother, Sol.

Hundreds of people immediately came flocking to the area. Upon arrival, the Butte citizenry, not seeing much gold, thought at first it was a hoax and decided to string up Tom Rutter for salting the claim.







Top right—more remains. Middle photos—signs guide the curious; the grave of Oliver Lackey, buried at Highland City in October 1932. Bottom—Old flumes and evidence of mining activity still exist around Fish Creek.

In Red Mountain City The girls are so pretty I'd give my last poke To be back with them folk!

By HELEN CLARK

Photos Courtesy Author

In the meantime, John Heffner, whose diggings was nearby, heard of what the people were planning to do to Tom, so he went to them and showed them gold taken from his own mine. The generous gesture saved Rutter's life. To compensate for their outrageous behavior, the people then made Tom their chief recorder, a position he held for the four years he remained in the Highlands.

"The fee for recording was $2.50. All leads were recorded in Deer Lodge City," Tom explained. "That was the county seat at that time and we had to go the distance of 45 miles to record all leads.

"John Trevano kept a saloon, and one

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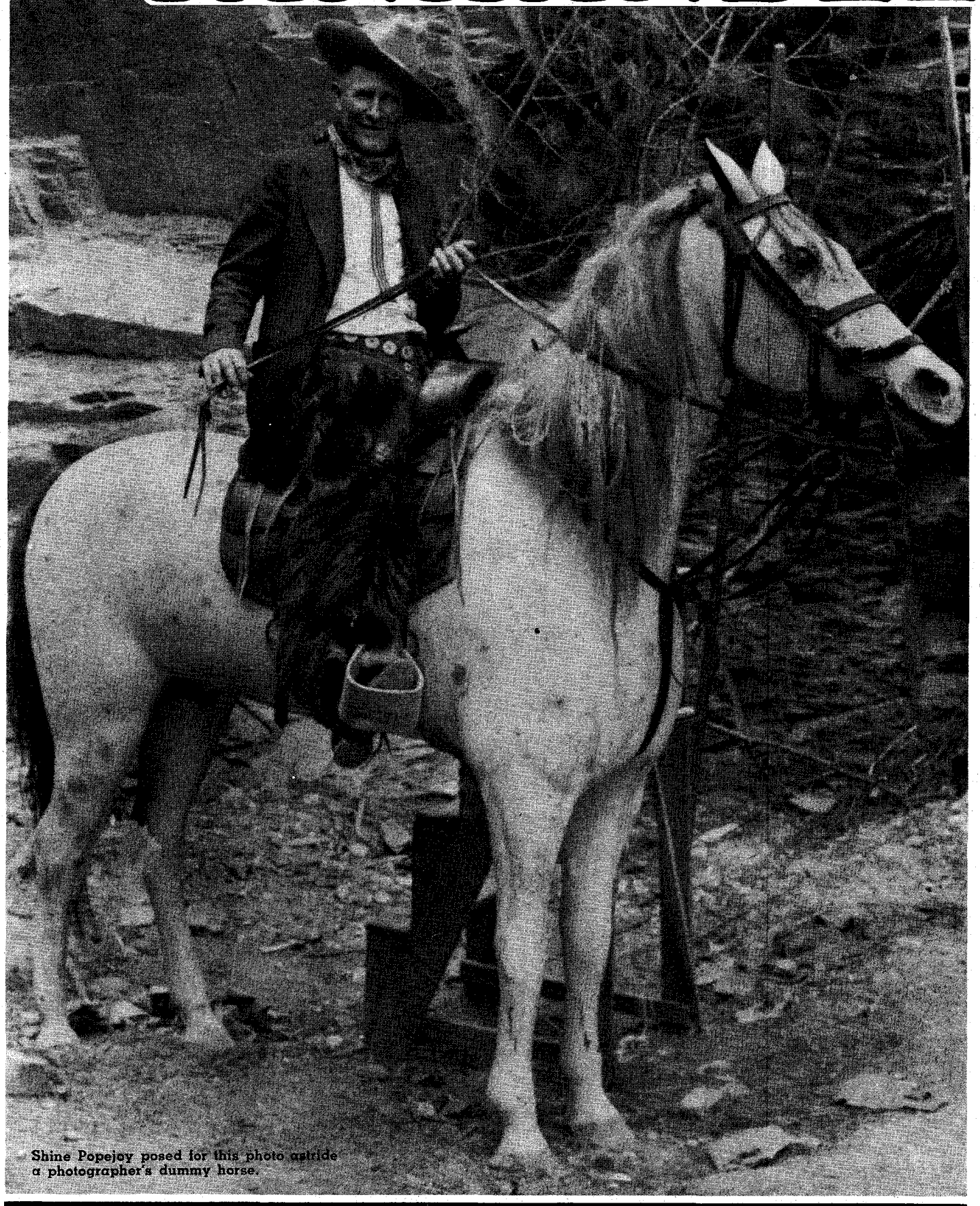
PANHANDLE



Shine Popejoy posed for this photo astride a photographer's dummy horse.

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OUTLAW

Shine Popejoy helped make a Texas town worthy of being the last in a fearsome trilogy — Dodge City, Tombstone, and Borger!

By JOHN R. ERICKSON

Photo Courtesy Author

THE citizens of the Texas Panhandle didn't realize it at the time, but in 1926 their sleepy little community had just stepped back into the American frontier, and within a few years would take its place in history as one of the roughest places in the Southwest.

The word "frontier" applies not so much to a specific time and place as to a quality of life. Since the frontier towns of the 1880s were new and unorganized, the struggle between lawmen and outlaws stands out as a major theme of the period. If these same conditions can be found at a later date, even forty years later, it is quite proper to speak of that time and place as part of the American frontier.

In 1925 Hutchinson County had been a quiet, sparsely settled area in the northern Texas Panhandle. Its population consisted mostly of cowboys who worked the big ranches that sprawled across the rugged canyons and breaks along the Canadian River. Plemons, the tiny seat of government, furnished supplies for the ranches, kept records on occasional births, deaths, and marriages, and looked toward the future with a shrug and a yawn. Hutchinson County hadn't seen much excitement since 1872 when Billy Dixon and a party of buffalo hunters had whipped Quanah Parker's warriors at the Battle of Adobe Walls.

Then in 1926 oil was discovered along the Canadian River. This event radically changed the course of history in Hutchinson County. Towns with names like Signal Hill, Electric City, Oil City, and GeWhitt bloomed like prairie flowers after a summer rain. Wooden derricks, pump jacks, and tank batteries sprang up on the mesquite hills along the river, and streams of black crude oil oozed down the sandy draws. Borger, a town which didn't even exist in 1925, swelled into a tent and sheet-iron city of fifty thousand in just six months and established itself as the center of the boom. Drillers, tool dressers, salesmen, and promoters poured in from the oil towns of East Texas and Oklahoma, and right behind them came some of the toughest men in the Southwest: Yellow Young, Ray Terrill, Spider Gibson, Wireline Yerkey, and Shine Popejoy.

JOHNNY WALTINE POPEJOY was born in Huntsville, Arkansas in 1885 and came to manhood in Henryetta, Oklahoma, a part of the world which already had spawned more than its share of outlaws. In 1905 he married Rosie Bruner, a full-blood Choctaw, and when she died at the birth of their second child Shine placed the children with relatives and began to roam.

Since he had never cared much for sweat-of-the-brow forms of work, he turned to gambling, robbing, bootlegging, and moonshining. It was from this last category that Popejoy acquired the name Shine, which he carried until the day he died.

Mozell Eslin, Shine's only daughter, first learned of her father's activities when she was very young. One day while playing in the front yard, she looked up and saw a cloud of dust coming up the road. A moment later Shine's steaming automobile slid to a stop in front of the house. Leaping out of the car, he pointed to a pile of canvas bags in the back seat and shouted, "Grab the sacks, daughter, they're after me!" He had just held up the Henryetta post office.

Mrs. Eslin recalls another story about her notorious father. It seems Shine had hired a tight-lipped old man to operate one of his stills around Henryetta. This faithful old man served his boss well until he came down with a hacking cough and grew so weak he could hardly get around. When a doctor diagnosed the malady as consumption, the old fellow went to Shine and told him about it.

"What are you going to do?" Shine asked.

The moonshiner shook his head. "I just want to die, that's all. I'm no good to you or anybody else anymore." He looked his boss straight in the eye. "Shine, I'd like for you to put me out of my misery. I've thought it over and that's what I want. Will you do it?"

Shine stood there for a moment, studying the old man's haggard face. Then he shrugged. "All right, if that's what you want. Where do you want to be put?"

Since the man had no family and no money for a cemetery plot, he said that Shine's back yard would be fine. When he had dug his own grave, Shine gave him enough money to buy a casket, and when all the arrangements had been made Shine shot him and buried him in the back yard.

In relating this story, Mrs. Eslin explains that the incident never bothered her father in later years. "He was cold-blooded. He could have shot one of his own children and not felt bad about it."

In 1926 Shine heard about the oil boom in the Texas Panhandle. Since federal Prohibition had dried up the supply of legal whiskey, he figured fifty thousand thirsty roughnecks in Hutchinson County would provide a lucrative market for his moonshine. From the Blue Moon, a bootleg joint he opened in Stinnett on the north side of the river, Shine operated his business empire, which by this time had grown to include prostitution. Here, wearing a white Stetson hat, a diamond stickpin, and a pair of pearl-handled .45 pistols, flashing his four gold teeth at the ladies, and searching the crowd with a pair of pale blue eyes, he reigned like a king in his castle.

SHINE established himself quickly in this new setting. He wasted no time getting on the good side of the law officers and he went to great lengths to cultivate them. Exactly *how* far he went in cultivating them is not clear. Perhaps he got into their good graces through friendship alone, but in light of the corruption of local officials that was exposed in 1929 (which we shall examine in greater detail later on), it would not be too far-fetched to suppose that he was paying them off on the side.

Shine also developed quite a following among the citizens of Stinnett, Signal Hill, and other little towns north of the Canadian, many of whom regarded him as a modern version of Robin Hood. No friend of Shine Popejoy ever went hungry. A man down on his luck could go to Shine at any hour of the day or night and get a loan, with no questions asked and no papers signed.

This is not to say, however, that he never had trouble with people. Occasionally at the Blue Moon a fellow would drink too much and get out of hand, in which case Shine administered his own brand of justice. The offender was taken to a little sheet-iron building behind the Blue Moon, clapped into neck irons attached to a railroad tie, and left until he sobered up.

He also made some bitter enemies, and after spending one peaceful and prosperous year in Stinnett he encountered

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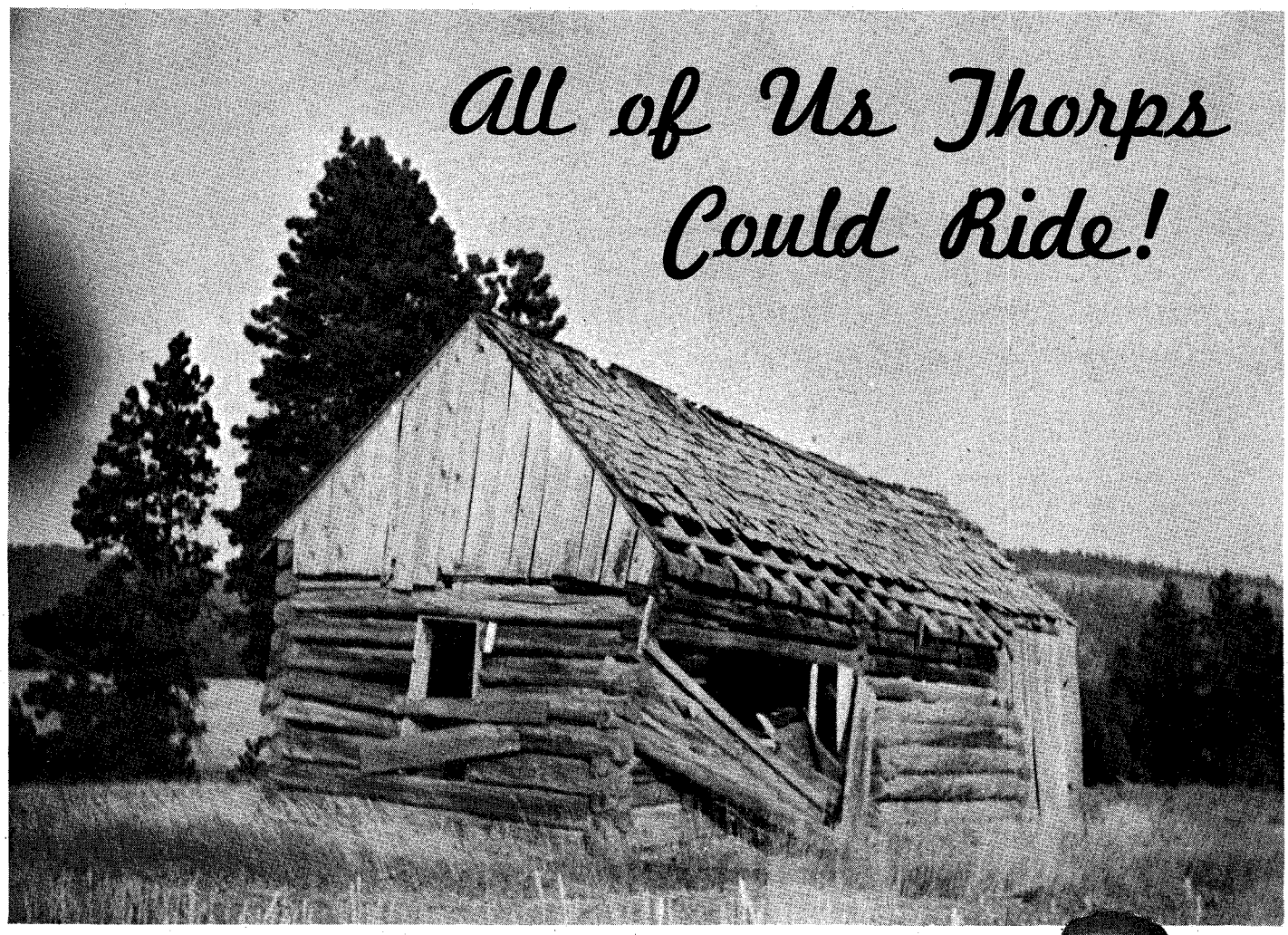
All of Us Thorps Could Ride!



"I guess I drove more cattle . . . broke more horses and ran more races than any woman I ever knew"

By THELMA KIMMEL

Photos Courtesy Author

VIVIAN THORP McCLAREY, granddaughter of the first settler in the Yakima Valley, is believed to have driven more cattle and broken more horses than any other woman in the Northwest. A lot of women helped their husbands drive cattle of their own, but Vivian did the job for a living. Life's "silver platter" was usually a tin one in some cattle or harvest camp, and often she cooked the food that went on it.

"All of us Thorps were born in the saddle—us older ones," Vivian said. "My mother, Harriet Hattin, was fourteen when she married my father, Bayliss Thorp, and she helped him drive cattle all over Washington Territory—babies and all. There were six of us and many's the time she hid out in the swamps with us when unfriendly Indians were about."

In her memoirs, Harriet Hattin Thorp wrote: "A month before our eldest child was born we were in the Palouse country. Snow was getting deep and we set out for Waitsburg. It was a horseback ride of three days. The first night we slept in a bachelor's shack, the next day we made ninety miles and stayed with a rancher. We finished the trip the next day. When the baby and I were ready to travel my husband appeared driving an old stage-coach."

"I guess I ran more races than any woman I ever knew," Vivian told me without bragging. "But do you know, when I rounded up and drove cattle for Frye and Company they wouldn't list a woman's name on the payroll? I got my wages, though.

"Cattle and horses were about all I knew except cooking in a chuckwagon if I had to. Not my choice of working for a living but I had to eat. One thing, I always had was a good horse of my own. That was something all the Thorps took the greatest pride in—their Kentucky-bred saddle mounts."

That statement may explain the drastic action of her grandfather, Fielding Mortimer Thorp, when an Indian stole his

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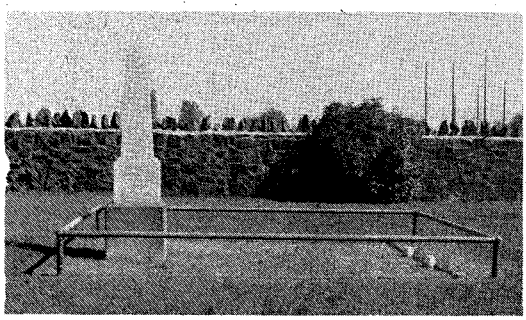
favorite saddle horse, a beautiful Kentucky grey. The affair caused no little embarrassment to his family and descendants. Mortimer tracked down the thief, tied him to a tree and beat him so unmercifully that the poor man died soon afterwards. Mortimer's anger was unholy but his honesty and courage were unquestioned. In justifying him his friends said that "he was not mean or sneaking" and that he had "a dry humor and enough wholesome human nature and original sin to give rich flavor." However this deed, to some, was a little too flavorful.

One day on the Moxee, Thorp saw a band of Indians in war paint and feathers riding down upon his cabin. He hurried to hide his wife and small children and with his son Leonard standing behind him with a long gun, and with a short gun in his own hand, he strode

Above, the oldest log cabin in the Yakima Valley. Various cattlemen lived here.

At left, an old home in the Kittitas when Vivian Thorp was a child. It is located near Mortimer Thorp's last home. Below, the grave of Blanche and Lorenzo Perkins in Old Town, near Moxie.



At left, Vivian Thorp McClarey in the '50s. She died in October 1970.

Photos Courtesy E. L. Kimmel Collection

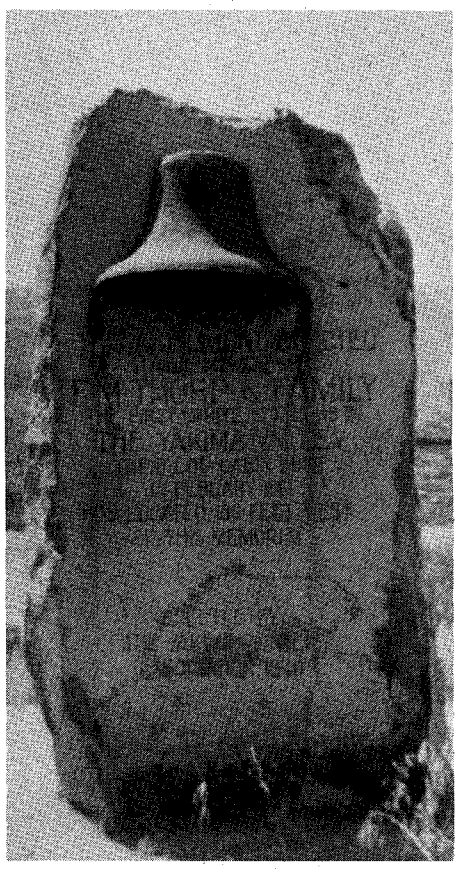
forth to meet the visitors—Smohalla of the Priest Rapids tribe and eighty armed warriors. Indian wars were supposedly over but few Indians had been gathered upon the newly formed reservation, and small bands rode through the territory marauding and sometimes, though rarely, killing. Women and children knew scarcely a day without fear.

Thorp was a heavy man—over six feet tall, and his bewhiskered face wore the "Wrath of Judgment" more often found in the faces of early-day circuit riders—a look that he could open hell so wide an aggressor would be scorched by the flames. Thorp grabbed the chief's bridle and demanded to know why he had come in so belligerent a manner.

Chief Smohalla's feathers literally wilted before such fearlessness—one man and a boy against so many warriors. The slightly cross-eyed pioneer cast a hypnotizing glare upon the chief who quickly explained that they had come only to warn him that a much larger band was rumored to be planning an attack. He said his band had come to show Thorp that he and his people were friends. Thorp knew the wily leader had come with sinister intent and was glad to have him leave. No other band appeared though the family kept on guard.

Smohalla had reasons to be cunning. He had been beaten bodily by Chief Moses, leader of the Coulee Indians, and beleaguered by white men. His huts sat along the Columbia by Priest Rapids, though cattlemen, miners and soldiers had invaded his kingdom. He never once came upon the reservation but chose to live (or starve) on fish, dogs, and the sale or trade of horses while he practiced his strange Dreamer Faith. Lewis and Clark are said to have traded with the Priest Rapids tribe and to have been treated with friendliness. After Smohalla turned his band homeward, Thorp was never bothered by him again.

Below, the monument to Mortimer Thorp and family near his home in Moxie.



"Grandfather was a pretty scary figure," Vivian said. "Put him at the head of an army and the enemy would run without firing a shot."

VIVIAN had his courage, if not his temper and vindictiveness, and the world she had to tackle wasn't too far removed from his own. Fielding Mortimer Thorp was a relentless frontiersman who sent his young sons out on man-killing cattle drives. Beating a thieving Indian was no more to him than beating a recalcitrant slave. Yet there were Indians as faithful to his family as the blacks on his Kentucky plantation had been.

Thorp was said to have been indifferent to any supposed authority of church, state or society. He was ready to move when he saw the smoke from another settler's chimney, regardless of the distance.

At the beginning of the Civil War and at the end of the Yakima Wars, Thorp, with his father Major John and their cowboys, drove a fine herd of Durham cattle into the Moxee. They built a line camp near the Gap in the hills where the Yakima joined by the Ahtanum, cuts through on its way to the Columbia. A few years before, the Indians had decoyed the cavalry to this Gap (known to them as Pohotecute) at nightfall, with the pretense of ending a running battle. The clever natives built great bonfires on the hills above where the soldiers felt assured of their capture. By daylight there was not an Indian in sight, and all tracks were blurred.

The next day the frustrated soldiers —young Phil Sheridan among them— took their wrath out on a little Catholic mission, which was in their line of march up the Ahtanum, and burned it to the ground. Friendly Indians had whisked

(Continued on page 62)

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Wild Old Days!

THE TEXAS GIANTS

By Weldon Shields

Submitted by Arthur C. Ross

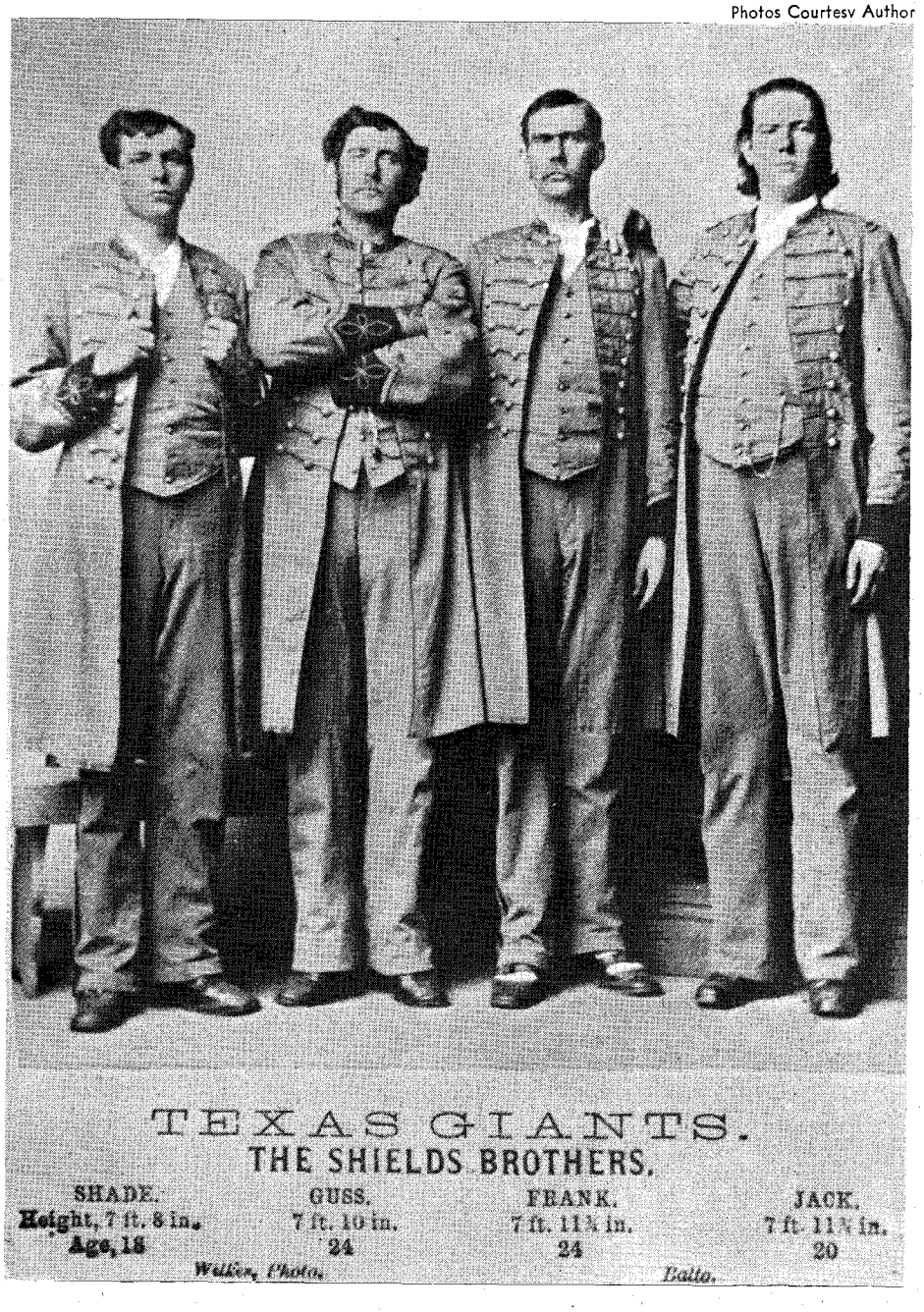
The Shields Brothers

Guss Shields 1851	**Jack Shields 1859**
Frank Shields 1853	**Shade Shields 1860**

THE four Texas Giants came to Texas from Troy, Pike County, Alabama, with their parents, John Franklin Shields and Penelope Anderson Shields in 1868, and settled near White Rock.

There were nine boys in all. One was killed in the Civil War and another died in Troy; seven came to Texas. All were pretty tall, but four grew very tall; in fact, when Jack was twenty, Shade nineteen, Frank twenty-six, and Guss twenty-eight, a man from Barnum and Bailey Circus came to see them on their parents' ranch and asked them to join the circus and be in the sideshow as the "Texas Giants." At this time Jack was planning on marriage, Frank and Guss were already married, and Shade didn't care whether he was married or not.

Photos Courtesy Author



Jack Robinson Shields with an unidentified friend. He and his three brothers were with the Barnum & Bailey Circus for 8 years (1879-1887).

Money was hard to make. Farming and ranching were not too profitable and the salary looked good, so in 1879 the Texas Giants decided to join "The Greatest Show on Earth." The Giants sold their pictures for ten cents each, plus a salary. These men were family men, and at first they had to get used to showing twice a day, then riding the rest of the night to another place. But time went on and the money continued good; each one of them sent some home—$5.00, $10.00, $20.00, $50.00 at a time.

On occasion their wives traveled with them. They wintered in New York City, or maybe came home on a visit in the winter time. Jack remained with the circus until 1887; Frank and Guss until 1888; and Shade retired in the early 1890s.

Shade Shields showed in several places after the rest of the Shield brothers had left Barnum. He went with Forepaugh Sells Circus and one place he showed was Valley City, North Dakota with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. Shade's wife, a tall woman, was with him at this time.

THE TEXAS GIANTS' BURIAL PLACES

A. O. (Guss) Shields—Kingston Cemetery north of Greenville, Texas

J. F. (Frank) Shields—Prairie Valley

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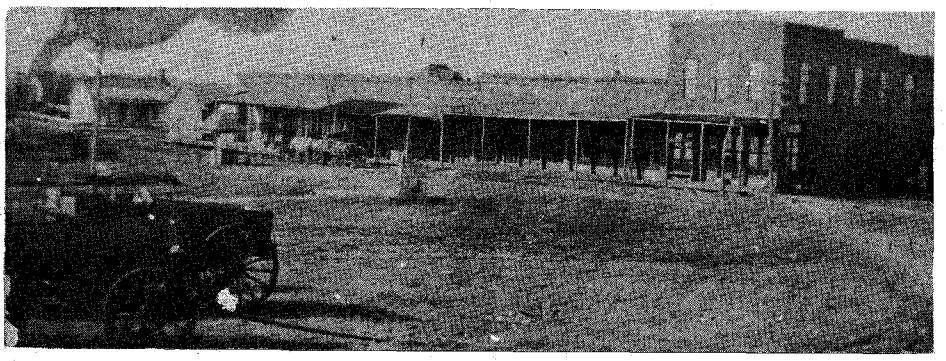
Cemetery, between Campbell and Lone Oak, Texas

J. R. (Jack) Shields—Webb Hill Cemetery, north of Greenville

Shadrack (Shade) Shields—Kennett Cemetery, near Hornersville, Missouri

THE first old Shields homeplace, two miles east of Kingston and a quarter-mile east of the old Merrick Schoolhouse, is now 104 years old.

I went to this house about the middle of 1970, sat down, and silently looked at the house. After a few moments I began to think of the years gone by, and if the house could share my mood, what would it say to me? I thought it would say, "Weldon, I am pretty well used up! I guess it's time for I have sheltered three Shields families here: John and Penelope Shields, Jack and Martha Shields, and Dora and Willie Shields. I've never been painted since I was built.



Kingston, Texas before the fire of 1908. The first Shields homeplace was two miles east of Kingston.

"Jack, Shade, Frank, Guss, and Josiah, along with their parents, built me and moved in the first part of 1869, and it was a happy family! Weldon, look around—see the old cedar tree on the southeast corner of me? Penelope put it out—and to the east and north is the land they worked. Look at the loose shingles and the loose boards on the side of me. I can't keep the wind from blowing them and making all the noise.

"Now, Weldon, this east room was not added until years later. At night I can almost hear the voices of children playing in the yard. I can remember when John and the boys built the brick chimney on the west side of the front room. They also dug the well in my front yard. Four of these boys, as you know, grew very tall and went to the Barnum and Bailey Circus.

"Now, Weldon, look west of you and toward the southwest corner of the pasture. There is where Frank and Laura Bolton Shields lived after they were married on January 24, 1874. Bob Shields was born there in 1875. Today there is only an old well, even with the ground and covered over. Frank's old pool is visible in the corner.

"If you will look to the northeast you will see the old hay meadow. This land has never been cultivated; it has always been in prairie grass. All land here used to be in prairie grass, and when John Franklin and the boys started cultivating and planting crops they left that square of about five acres for hay and it has been cut and baled twice a year since.

"Now I'm old, run-down, and falling apart. I still have some memories of the days gone by, but when I pass on I cannot go where they have gone—my time is on earth, to go back to dust."

Yes, I had heard this in my mind and it was a sad moment as I left the old house where I, too, was raised with my sisters and brothers. When I turned to leave it, it seemed to me the old house said, "Weldon, I remember when you lived here; you have also played in my front yard. Don't you remember?"

I turned to go and almost said aloud, "Yes, I remember."

Shade Shields and wife.

THE TWO-STORY DEPOT

By Mike Lowry

AS the railroads moved west, one of the first buildings constructed in a new town was the depot. Often there would be little else besides the depot—a simple structure following a basic design.

The St. Joseph and Grand Island Railroad, which later merged with the Union

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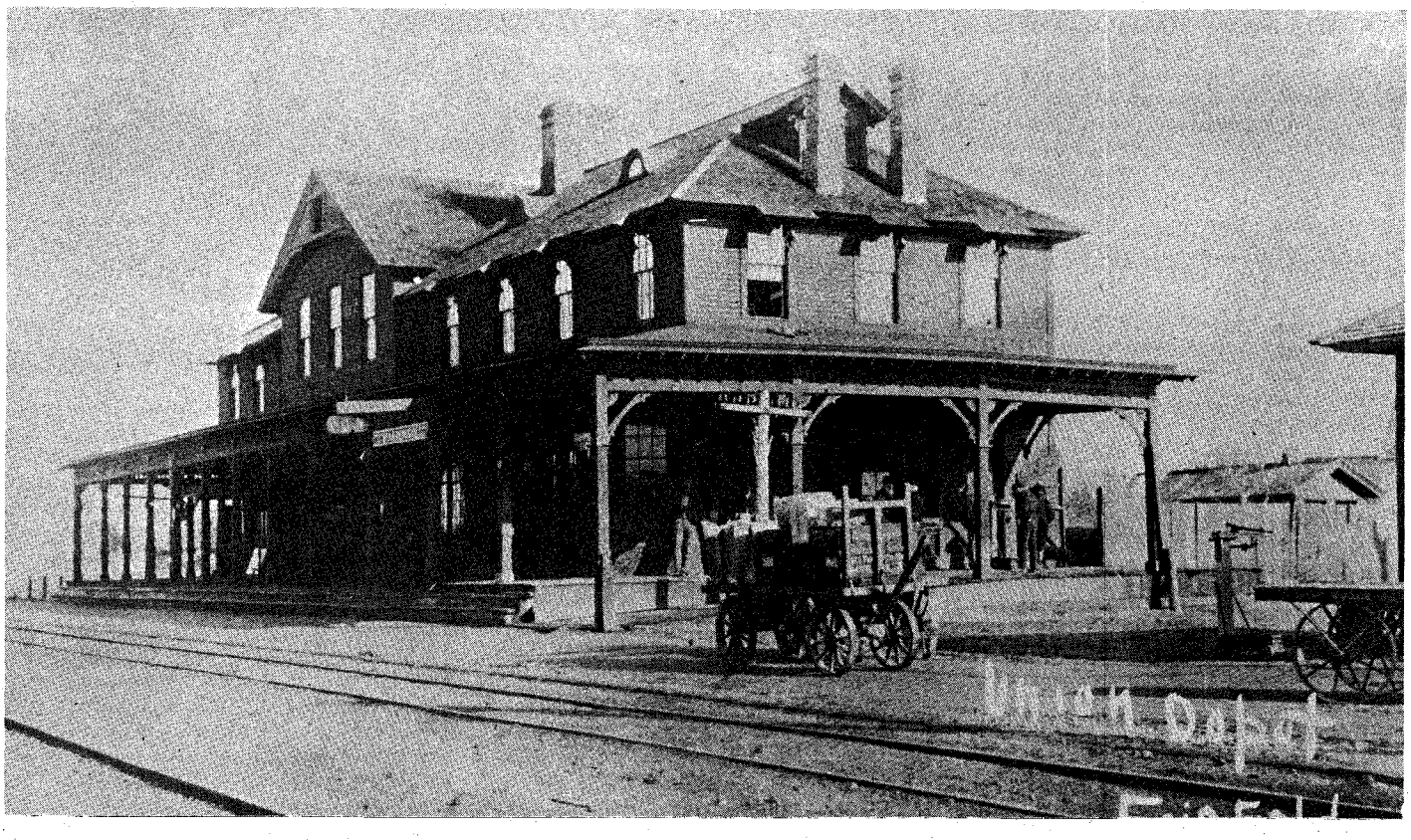


The once magnificent two-story hotel and railroad depot in the small Nebraska town of Fairfield was built in 1887. A landmark of pioneer development, it was destroyed by fire 50 years later.

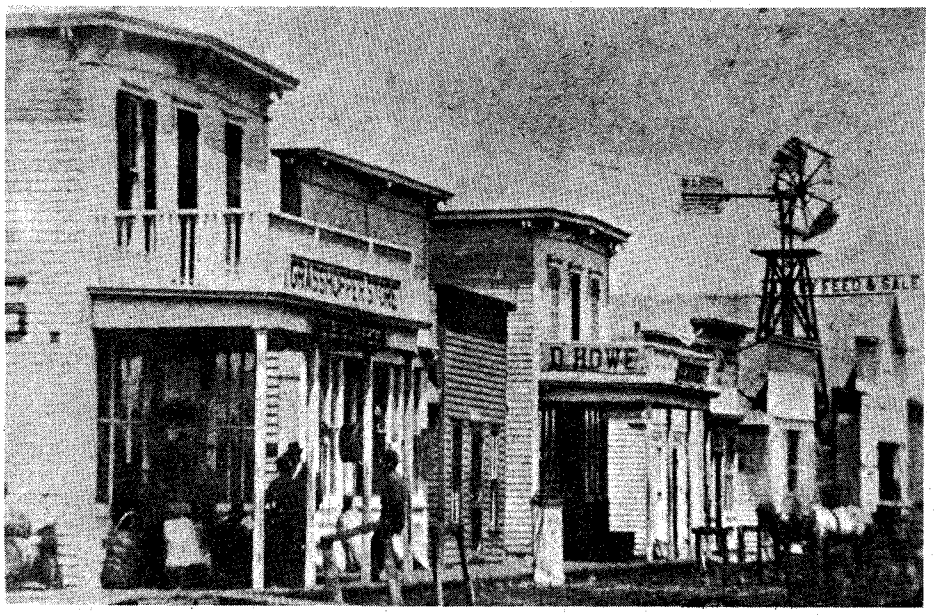
Pacific, was one of the pioneer roads in the south-central part of Nebraska.

Starting in Alexandria, the railroad moved westward, naming its towns in alphabetical order. The first was Belvidere, then Carleton, Davenport, Edgar, Fairfield, Glenvil, Hastings, Ingleside, Juniata, Kenesaw and finally the town of Lowell where the tracks merged with the Union Pacific.

THE original depot at Fairfield was a simple affair and might have remained that way except that in April 1888 a major fire destroyed it. The fire also wiped out five other buildings including the town's two general stores, a harness shop, a clothing store and a small hotel.

Morale among the citizens was so low that the railroad officials decided to encourage the rebuilding of the town by doing some building of their own. Work was begun on a large frame two-story depot and hotel combination. No expense was spared to make it one of the largest and finest inns west of Lincoln and Omaha.

The community of Fairfield was established by the St. Joseph and Grand Island Railroad.



Included in the list of famous people to stay at the hotel in those early years were Mark Twain and William Jennings Bryan. The hotel-depot succeeded in stimulating other rebuilding and for a while Fairfield seemed destined to become a major Nebraska city. Unfortunately, the depression of the 1890s stopped the rapid growth and also closed the hotel. The upper floors were used only for storage after the turn of the century.

The town retained a relatively stable population level even after highway and major roads were constructed through other towns. For two decades or so it didn't grow, but neither did it die. Then came the greatest blow. The population took a sharp decrease in the late 1920s and 1930s as drought and depression changed the economy from bad to worse.

By 1937 the once beautiful depot-hotel had fallen into a bad state of repair. One hot Sunday evening in that year, H. J. Gunderfinger, a relief operator at the depot, saw the reflection of flames in his window on the first floor. By the time he got outside to investigate, the fire had covered the south side of the depot roof. Sparks from a passing train or a defective electrical wire were blamed for the blaze.

Fire departments from three other towns were called to fight the fire but the structure was too far gone. The charred ruins of the depot required a full two days to haul away. The two-story depot-hotel would have been fifty years old that year.

Today Fairfield has less than 500

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people and is a quiet town compared to the wild old days of the frontier era. The memory of a thriving, prosperous community remains only in the minds of some of the older citizens.

TROUBLE IN JUNCTION CITY

THIS report of rowdiness by Fort Riley soldiers in Junction City, Kansas, and the resultant action by the police appeared in the Junction City *Union*, April 8, 1871:

"A number of Uncle Sam's organized body of combatants were in the city on Tuesday night, and having, as is their custom, 'unchained the wolf'—intemperance—it is not at all strange that their action has woven another laurel in the garland of infamy—that sure reward of intoxication.

"It was nearly midnight when a party of six soldiers turned down into Washington Avenue, from a saloon on Seventh Street. At Horn's barber shop one or more of the party shoved someone against the window pane, shivering the glass to atoms. Marshal McCleery, maintaining the extreme vigilance for which he is noted, happened to be on the other side of the street, nearly opposite the Hale House. He watched the motions of the men in the clear moonlight, and when they got in front of Hynes' store, walked into the crowd and told them to stop.

"A burly corporal, whom Dan had arrested before, thought now was his time to wreak vengeance on the man he hated. He drew his revolver, which flashed as he switched it in the air, walked close to the marshal and began to shout. McCleery is a man of nerve and stood like a statue of steel. The corporal's pistol was discharged so close to him that the flash scorched his arm. Quick as lightning McCleery dropped his revolver on the soldier and pulled the trigger. The faithless weapon missed fire. A scuffle ensued.

"Just at this critical moment a number of citizens coming close upon the scene, the soldiers ran around the corner into Sixth Street. The marshal pursued them, firing at the retreating party, while the malignant corporal kept shooting away at Dan. One of the blue coats fell wounded, and the remainder hid in the alleys and back yards.

"By this time a crowd had collected and hunted up the offending parties. W. W. Sargeant and J. T. Roberts succeeded in 'treeing' the corporal and brought in their prisoner, covered with blood and dust. He confessed he had made all the trouble himself and said not to hold the rest of the party responsible for his actions. Let law and justice take its course and may the innocent not suffer with the guilty."—*Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka.*

PAID KILLER

By Daisy Allen Cox

MY FATHER was a homesteader in the early 1880s; first he settled in Livermore, California but before he had proved up on his claim the railroad took it over, so he moved to another location and later the railroad went through that claim, too.

Then he moved to Lemoore in San Joaquin Valley where he started a home in the irrigation district. An epidemic of malaria attacked his family (I was not born then) and the doctor advised him to move farther west where the white sage grew. So again Father gave up his claim. He found a spot in the hills of San Luis Obispo County where white sage was plentiful. Here he settled and his family got well, drinking sage tea to cure the malaria.

To build a cabin for shelter he had to haul lumber sixty miles with a mule team. The first home was a small shelter. Soon after the family was settled in the cabin, my father was annoyed by a neighboring cattleman who kept sending threatening notes by his Mexican help, accusing Father of being on his land and warning him to leave. This finally led to a lawsuit but after a trial which my father won, the case was appealed to a higher court in San Francisco. There my father won again.

This did not end the trouble, however, as the cattleman tried other ways of getting rid of him. The law was a long way off, and many men took things into their own hands.

One day my mother discovered a Mexican with a gun dodging around in the brush back of the cabin. My father called to him in his own language, "Come out of the brush like a man and tell me why you are hiding there with a gun."

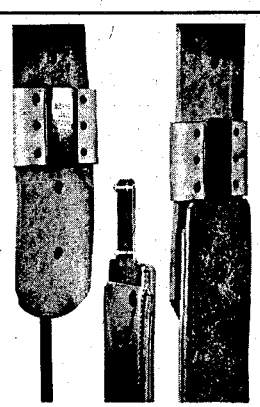
The Mexican came out crying and said, "My boss sent me to shoot you. He said he would give me twenty-five dollars to kill you. My family is poor and I need the money."

Father, who spoke Spanish with ease, talked to him of the crime of murder, and told him he should leave and not work for a man who expected him to kill. A few days afterward, the Mexican came to say goodbye and to thank my father for his advice.

The cattleman's next step was to lock the gate on the only road out to get food and supplies. Father responded to that by hiding near the gate until the old cattleman got down from his rig to open the gate, then stepping out with his Winchester rifle and saying, "Now I have you right where I want you. I could shoot you with a clear conscience after your treatment of me, but I don't want to dirty my hands. You give me a key to the gate!"

The old cattleman begged and said, "Don't shoot! I will send you a key in the morning." This he did, and our family stayed on the place for many years after I was born.

Later, coming to my father and asking him to forget the past, the old cattleman offered to shake hands and be friends. This my father, being a good man, agreed to do. By his consideration for people, he gained the respect of all the settlers who moved to the community.



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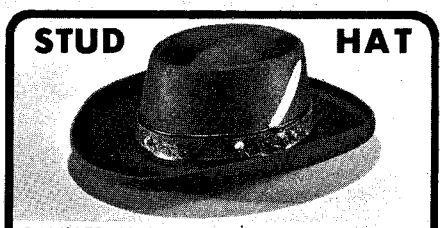

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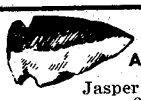

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METHODS of BOYS on the HUSTLE

— and other worry-wart doin's

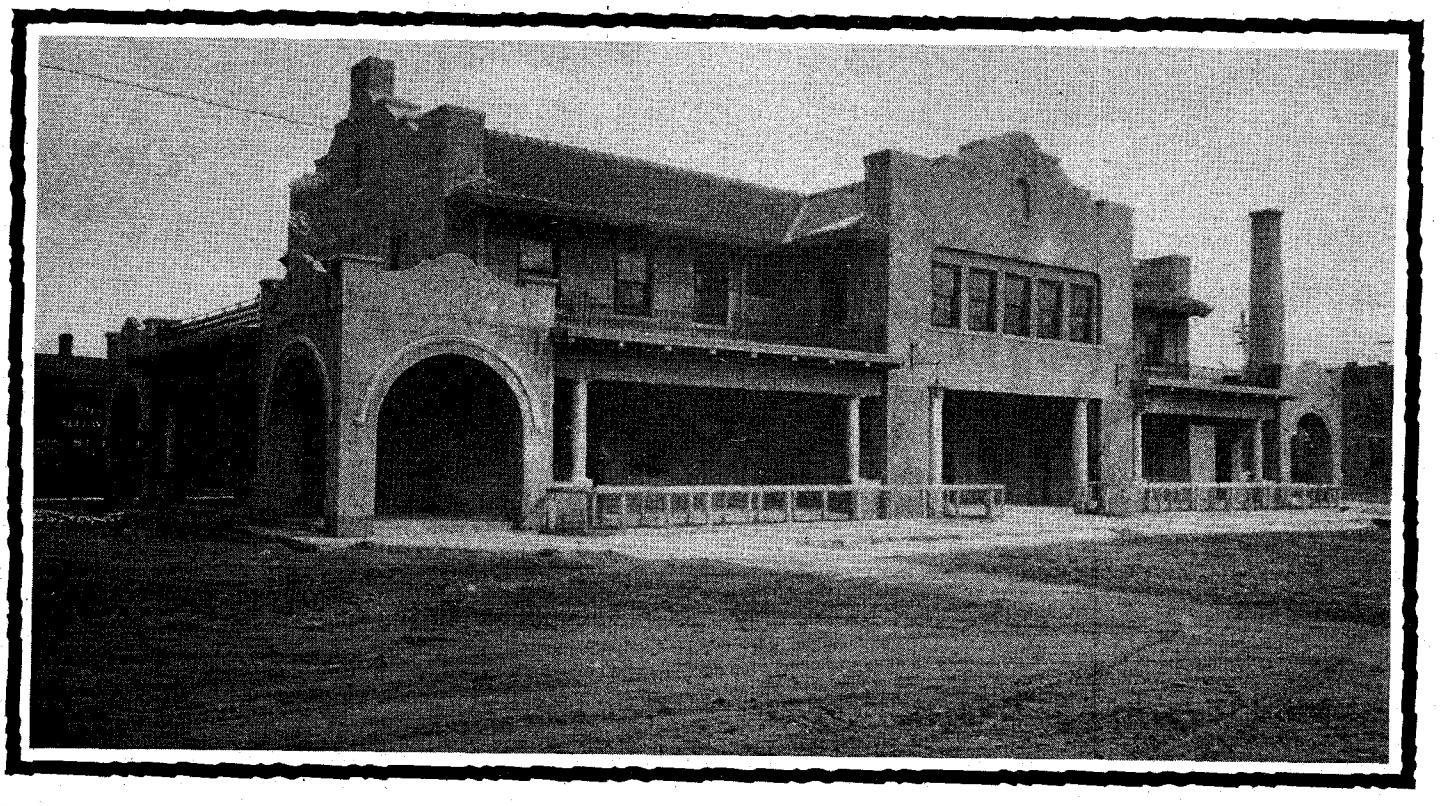
By CLARENCE FENNELL
Photos Courtesy Author

FIFTY-ODD years ago (1921) just before Christmas I stepped off the train at Prescott, Arizona. That same depot still stands with no apparent alterations. Mom, my brothers and I walked east on Sheldon Street to a small frame house perched on the side of a hill. We three boys were just recovering from smallpox which we had contracted in Fort Towson, Oklahoma. One brother still had active pox sores. Dad had preceded us and was working as a carpenter on an addition to Fort Whipple. The house on the hill was to be our home for the winter. Just beyond was open rolling country which made for good skiing when the snows came.

Inevitably the day arrived when I had to register in the fourth grade at Washington School at the foot of Pleasant Street hill. As I remember, Mrs. Griffin was our teacher. I brought sandwiches in a paper bag, for lunch. I never got to eat them. I was ringed and cornered by a group of boys. One had his fists up to fight. I did all right that day, although this pattern went on during lunch hour for two weeks. Then I was accepted in the school.

A snowstorm came and sleds were brought out of storage. Pleasant Hill was very popular and a good sledder could reach Gurley Street. There were lots of places to fool around. Granite Creek, which ran right through town, often flooded. We liked that. And in the bed of Indian Creek, west of Prescott, were some well worn pot-holes which were filled with ice cold, crystal clear water. We peeled off our clothing and dived in. That was a thrill! When I surfaced the air felt like a hot steam room. One dive was enough! Trying to dry and smooth down the goose-bumps was a chore.

The Prescott, Arizona railroad station around 1945.



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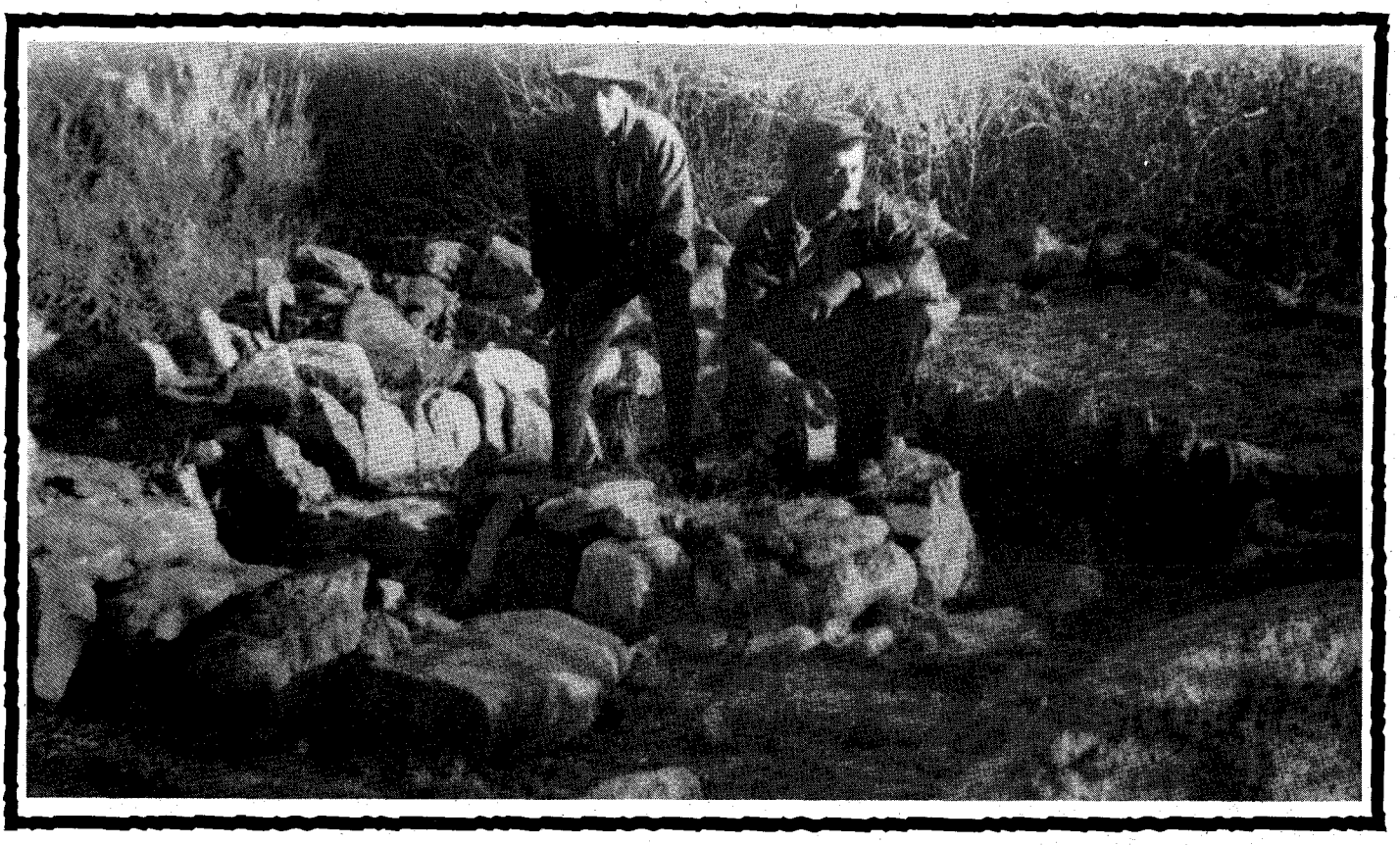

Inspecting an arrastre in Yavapai County, Arizona near the White Horse Mine are Clarence Fennell (on right) and friend.

The following spring Dad rented the Dearing place. It was located on Granite Creek just north of and adjacent to the Covered Bridge. This bridge spanned Granite Creek on the road to Peoples Valley and Skull Valley, and there was a nice swimming hole on the south side of it where we swam in the nude. If a car should come along, we simply moved into deep water. If a girl passed, we also moved into deep water.

An unusual thing occurring in the creek waters at this location was what we called "hair snakes." They looked like long horse hairs, but seemed to be alive. Somewhere in the past I have read an explanation of this phenomenon, but I can't remember the details.

Also located on the road and just south of the Covered Bridge was Newman's Orchard. It provided delicious fruit even though it was well fenced! On the other side of the coin, one day while filling my shirt with fruit, I felt a hand on my arm. I was up-ended and received a number of vigorous swats on my rear. Mr. Newman had observed and caught *boy in act!*

Less than 400 feet north of the Dearing place and along the road which meandered along Granite Creek, I lost a genuine ruby from a ring. The ruby belonged to Dad and I was taking it to a jeweler to inquire about having it set again. The ruby was about ¼ inch in diameter; it is likely in the gravel there today.

THERE was really not much for Prescott boys to do but roam. We roamed far and wide. Picking up empty whiskey bottles was a source of income as we received ten cents for each bottle from bootleggers. The "flat pint" bottles were welcomed most by the sellers of illegal whiskey because flats contained less measure. Indeed, the Prohibition agents could have located every bootlegger in town by simply tailing the kids selling bottles.

We peddled papers in the morning for the *Arizona Journal Miner*. Then one morning on the corner at the St. Michael Hotel, the thermometer read 8 degrees. I lost interest in selling the morning paper.

The standard cry used by most all of the newspaper boys was: "All about the murder!" Usually we could give a page reference to some kind of a murder, but if there weren't any, we'd leave the customer with the problem of finding the "murder."

We made better money selling the Prescott *Evening Courier*. We bought two for five cents and sold them for five cents each. While waiting for papers to come off the press, we flipped coins to a line. The boy flipping closest to the line picked up all coins, shook them up between his palms and threw them into the air. The coins that came up "heads" were his. The next closest threw up the remaining coins and so on down the line. Anyone failing to throw heads with only a single coin was considered stupid. Actually the coin was flipped so that it wobbled instead of turning over.

METHODS of boys on the hustle were really something to see in those days. One red-headed boy who lived at Stony Point Apartments could walk by a stalk of bananas and without breaking stride could remove some from the stalk. This same boy could go into a chicken roost, pick up a hen under each arm and walk out without disturbing the rest of the chickens. His family ate well.

Another boy picked up a pile of fifteen gunny sacks behind the Palace Cafe, walked around to the front and sold them back to the Chinese running the restaurant!

A delicacy to all the town was real lemon pie made by the Brinkmeyer Bakery. Three of us boys went to the back door of the bakery one night to buy a pie. The door had been locked for several minutes and what the baker didn't know was that his bootlegger had just left a three-gallon crock of whiskey at the door. We knocked three times, but no answer. We could hear cleaning up taking place inside. In our frustration at being denied a lemon pie, we decided to appropriate the crock of illegal spirits.

We carried the whiskey about a block south to a Chinese noodle joint, where we set the crock on the floor and ordered one large bowl of noodles for all of us. Three young men appearing to be in their very early twenties kept eyeballing the jug. Finally one of them couldn't stand it any longer. He came over, pulled the cork, and sniffed. With a very smug satisfied look, he offered us three dollars for the jug and contents. We accepted very quickly and ordered more noodles. Later we learned that the whiskey was worth about fifteen dollars a gallon.

We caught bullhead catfish in Tom Mix Lake, a small lake near Granite

(Continued on page 57)

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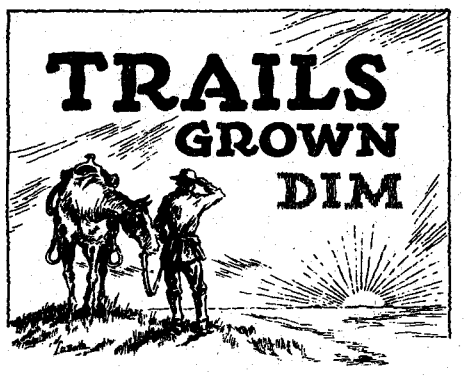

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

McJunkin-Roberds-Roberts

George McJunkin, black cowboy, was born in Texas in 1851 and there is strong reason to think he was born in Madison or Leon County to a slave couple owned by a white family named McJunkin who migrated in the 1840s to the area around Centerville (from South Carolina). George McJunkin later came to the Trinidad, Colorado area (about 1872) when mustanger Gideon O. Roberds brought his family north from the Brazos to the Purgatoire (Picketwire). The Negro cowpuncher eventually settled in the Folsom region where he became associated with various ranches—Pitchfork, Hereford Park, 101, and Crowfoot as a top broncbuster. Grateful acknowledgement will be made to anyone with information or anecdotes about him.

G. O. Roberds (also spelled Roberts) brought his bride to Texas about 1859 and settled somewhere between Comanche and Stephenville, where he was well known in horse-raising circles. In 1872, Roberds began a two-year trek with his family, chattels, and charges, including several former slaves, to southeastern Colorado. Here he settled about 16 miles east of Trinidad, near the Trinchera Pass, and became established as a cattle and horse-rancher as well as a sometime gold-prospector. Gideon Roberds was the father of the famous breeder of quarter horses, Coke Roberds. Information about him or his family will be appreciated.—Mary F. Germond, P. O. Box 8117, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87108

Loomis-Tilley (Tilly)

I wish to correspond with anyone, or any descendants, who can give me information on the Loomis family from Neosho Falls, Kansas area.

My great-grandfather (given name unknown) and his family settled there before the Civil War. He had seven sons of whom my grandfather Dighton Elisa was the youngest. I have been told that four or five of the other sons took part as deputies or marshals in the "County Seat War" in Kansas.

My grandmother, Ruanna Tilley (or Tilly), married Dighton Elisa Loomis about 1880. She came from Bethany, Missouri. They met near what is now Enid, Oklahoma, soon after the opening of the Cherokee Strip. I would like to know if there are any descendants of her brothers or sisters living and would like to learn more about her family.—Dolores Loomis Martin, Rt. 1, Box 38, Hatfield, Arkansas 71945

Morgan

My great-great-grandfather, Martin Morgan, was born in North or South Carolina about 1790. His father fought in the Revolutionary War. What was his name? Martin went to Tennessee as a young man and met and married Elizabeth McDaniel. They migrated to Chariton County, Missouri in 1816 where they lived until death. Martin was a justice of the peace there for many years.

Martin and Elizabeth had a big family but the only one I know the name of was Jackson, who was my great-grandfather. He married Salinda Payne of Chariton County in 1838 and then they moved to Sullivan County, Missouri where they made their home.

I would like to know the names of Jackson's brothers and sisters. Also, were John and Rodamon (Rhody) Payne the parents of Salanda? Anyone who can help me on these people, please write.—Mrs. W. H. Vickery, 2439 Sandy Lane, Bakersfield, California 93306

Burnett

The parents of John Burnett were born about 1783 in New Jersey and died November 16, 1862 in Cedar County, Iowa. He married Esther (Thomas?) and had the following children: Thomas (1802-1877), who married Cinderella Nixson; Daniel H. (1805-), who married Catherine (?); Wilson (1806-); Issac (1807-1889), who married Eliza Nixson Cinderella and Eliza were sisters); William (1810-1852), who married Elizabeth Hines; Mary (1815-), who married Mr. Eckard; Louise (1817-), who married Mr. Fairfield; John (1819-1861), who married Anna E. Vanness; Sarah (1820-), who married Mr. Lange; Margaret (1882-), who married Mr. Smith; Nancy (no dates), who married Mr. Smith; and Cyrus (1826-). John's wife Anna E. Vanness died in 1854 and John married Clarissa S. Howe in 1858 and had a daughter, Mary Ellin.

I have been searching for information about these people for over twelve years and all I ended up with was a square head from bumping stone walls! Sure hope that your magazine will find some help for me.—Howard G. Burnett, 2417 S. E. Ladd, Portland, Oregon 97214

Jones-Heff-Hurd-James-Peterson

I would appreciate information on the following people. Lena James was from Missouri. Her parents' name was Heff, who had six other children, Minnie, Mame, Susie, Andrew, Levi and John. Lena married a preacher named Samuel Hurd and lived in Iowa. Their children were John Russell, who married Addie Annette Shew March 1916 and moved to California; Samuel, buried in Council Bluffs, Iowa, married Ruth Vickers; Carl married Mary Whelan and lived in Port Charlotte, Florida. Floyd is buried in Council Bluffs also and was married twice. The first time to Ruby ? and the the second time to Thelma ? . Frank married Helen ? .

Does any one know about Nora and Lafe Jones or Bessie and Victor Edward Peterson? The Jones family lived in Missouri and moved to Omaha, Nebraska. Their children were Nora, Ethel, Thomas, Mark and Bessie, who was born February 6, 1884. She married Victor who was born January 16, 1877 in Gotenburg, Sweden. He was a cabin boy or stowaway on a boat at age sixteen.

My father Valdemar Peterson recalls the only relative ever mentioned was an August Johnson of Denver, Colorado. I would appreciate hearing from any relatives, friends or anyone having information on the above people.—D. D. Cheney, 7100 Stafford Avenue, Huntington Park, California 90255

Hackman

I am looking for information about my great-grandfather. His name was Francis Exavior George Hackman, (Frank). He married Phoeby Ann Sherett, daughter of William Sherett, of or near Placer County, California.

There may have been a child born to Frank and Phoeby in California named Francis Exavior George Hackman, Jr. (Frank), about 1876. He was a cook on a submarine during World War I and we have not heard from him since.

The next two children were born in Portland, Oregon. They were Charly, who died a child, and Mary Ann Ellen Teressa, born September 6, 1879. Laura Emline was born about 1882 between Fort Gordon and Burns, Oregon. Cathrine Lavina was born November 1, 1883 or 1884 at Burns, Oregon. Ida died from severe burns while still a child. The family lived in Burns about seven years. Then Frank, Sr. returned to Pennsylvania about 1891 to settle his father's estate. We never heard from him again.—Bettie Lou Barker, Box 111, Rockland, Idaho 83271

McClain-Williams

I would like to have some information on my grandfather, Harry Claude McClain, born in Indian Territory around 1893-94-95. He married Clara E. Williams. I believe he had a brother somewhere in Oklahoma. Also, information on my grandmother, Clara E. Williams, born in Tennessee would be appreciated. —Mrs. H. C. Cast, 6340 Hildreth, Tucson, Arizona 85706

Moody

My grandfather was Jefferson C. Moody, born in Birmingham, Alabama about 1861. As a young man he lived at Moody, Texas. Later we heard he was a border patrol or sheriff and game

(Continued on page 72)

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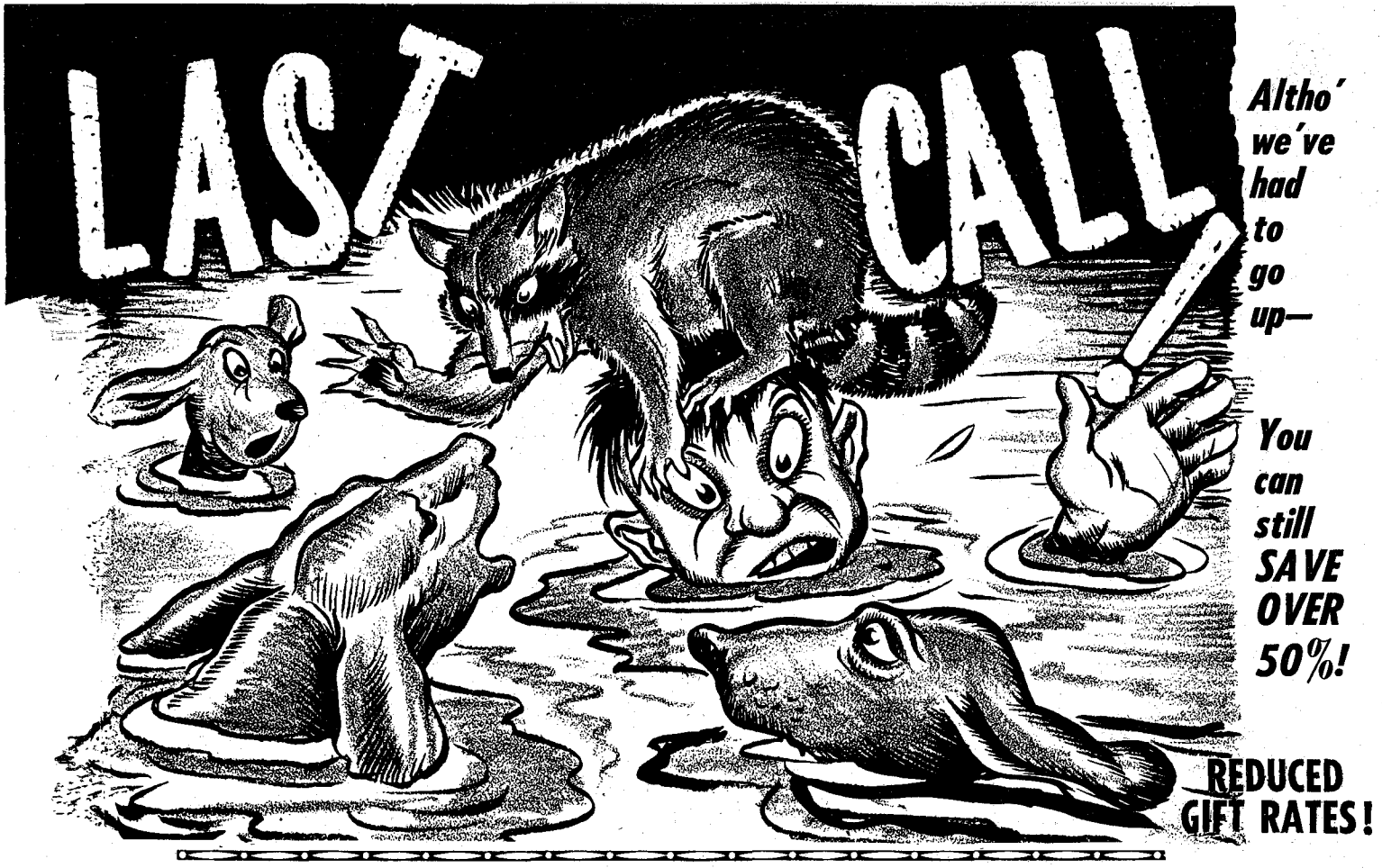

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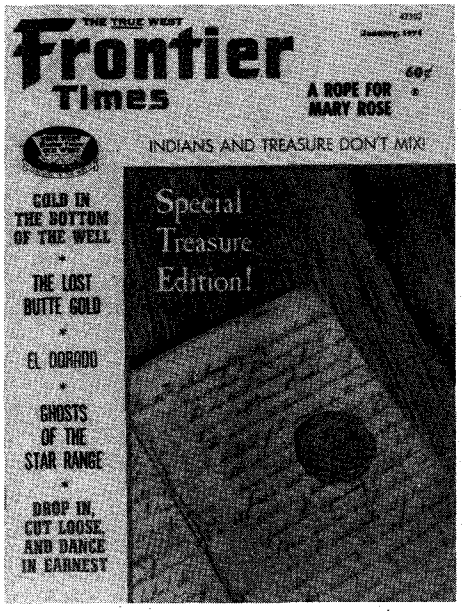

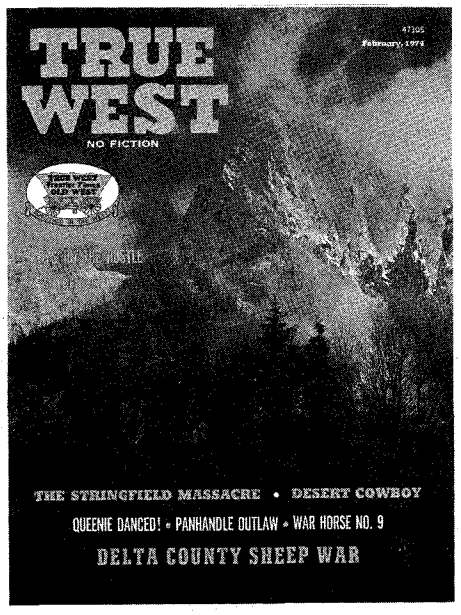

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Explanatory note: This Nevada Christmas story was first published in the Virginia City *Chronicle* in the late 1870s. It was picked up and reprinted nationwide and later appeared in pamphlet and booklet form under the title *First Piano in Camp*. The author, Samuel Post Davis, later went on to become editor of the Carson *Appeal* and published a number of books and short stories pertaining to Nevada.—Prepared by Douglas MacDonald.

A CON-MAN'S CHRISTMAS CAROL

By SAM P. DAVIS

Courtesy Nevada State Journal

IN 1858—it may have been five years earlier or later; this is not a history for the public schools—there was a little camp about ten miles from Pioche, occupied by upward of three hundred miners, every one of whom might have packed his prospecting implements and left for more inviting fields any time before sunset.

When the day was over these men did not rest from their labors like honest New England agriculturists, but sang, danced, gambled, and shot one another, as the mood seized them.

One evening the report spread along the main street (which was the only street) that three men had been killed at Silver Reef and that the bodies were coming in. Presently a lumbering old conveyance labored up the hill, drawn by a couple of horses, well worn out with their pull. The cart contained a good-sized box, and no sooner did its outlines become visible through the glimmer of a stray light than it began to affect the idlers.

Death always enforces respect and, even though no one had caught sight of the remains, the crowd gradually became subdued, and when the horses came to a standstill the cart was immediately surrounded. The driver, however, was not in the least impressed with the solemnity of his commission.

"All there?" asked one.

"Haven't examined. Guess so." The driver filled his pipe and lit it as he continued: "Wish the bones and load had gone over the grade!"

A man who had been looking on stepped up to the man at once. "I don't know who you have in that box, but if they happen to be any friends of mine I'll lay you alongside!"

"We can mighty soon see," said the teamster, coolly. "Just burst the lid off, and if they happen to be the men you want, I'm here."

The two men looked at each other for a moment, and then the crowd gathered a little closer, anticipating trouble.

"I believe that dead men are entitled to good treatment, and when you talk about hoping to see corpses go over a bank, all I have to say is that it will be better for you if the late lamented ain't my friends."

"We'll open the box. I don't take back what I said, and if my language don't suit your ways of thinking, I guess I can stand it."

With these words the teamster began to pry up the lid. He got a board off, and then pulled out some rags. A strip of

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something dark, like rosewood, presented itself.

"Eastern coffins, by thunder," said several, and the crowd looked quite astonished.

Some more boards flew up, and the man who was ready to defend his friend's memory shifted his weapon a little. The cool manner of the teamster had so irritated him that he had made up his mind to pull his weapon at the first sight of the dead, even if the deceased was his worst and oldest enemy. Presently the whole of the box-cover was off, and the teamster, clearing away the packing, revealed to the astonished group the top of something which puzzled all alike.

"Boys," said he, "this is a pianner!"

A general shout of laughter went up, and the man who had been so anxious to enforce respect for the dead muttered something about feeling dry, and the keeper of the nearest bar was several ounces better off by the time the boys had given the joke all the attention it called for.

HAD a dozen dead men been in the box, their presence in the camp could not have occasioned half the excitement that the arrival of the lovely piano caused. But the next morning it was known that the instrument was to grace a hurdy-gurdy saloon owned by Tom Goskin, the leading gambler in the place. It took nearly a week to get this wonder on its legs, and the owner was the proudest individual in the state. It rose gradually from a recumbent to an upright position amid a confusion of tongues, after the manner of the Tower of Babel.

Of course everybody knew just how such an instrument should be put up. One knew where the "off hind leg" should go, and another was posted on the "front piece." Scores of men came to the place every day to assist.

"I'll put the bones in good order."

"If you want the wires tuned up, I'm the boy."

"I've got music to feed it for a month."

Another brought a pair of blankets for a cover, and all took the liveliest interest in it for business.

"It's been showin' its teeth all week. We'd like to have it spit out something."

Alas! There wasn't a man to be found who could play upon the instrument. Goskin began to realize that he had a losing speculation on his hands. He had a fiddler, and a Mexican who thrummed a guitar. A pianist would have made his orchestra complete.

One day a three-card-monte player told a friend confidentially that he could "knock any amount of music out of the piano if he only had it alone a few hours to get his hand in." This report spread about the camp, but on being questioned he vowed that he didn't know a note of music. It was noted, however, as a suspicious circumstance that he often hung about the instrument and looked upon it longingly like a hungry man gloating over a beefsteak in a restaurant window. There was no doubt that this man had music in his soul, perhaps in his finger-ends, but did not dare to make trial of his strength after the rules of harmony had suffered so many years of neglect.

So the fiddler kept on with his jugs, and the Mexican pawed his discordant guitar, but no man had the nerve to touch the piano. There were doubtless scores of men in the camp who would have given ten ounces of gold-dust to have been half an hour alone with it, but every man's nerve shrank from the jeers which the crowd would shower upon him should his first attempt prove a failure. It got to be generally understood that the hand which first essayed to draw music from the keys must not slouch its work.

IT WAS Christmas Eve, and Goskin, according to his custom, had decorated his gambling-hall with sprigs of mountain cedar and shrub whose crimson berries did not seem a bad imitation of English holly. The piano was covered with evergreens, and all that was wanting to completely fill the cup of Goskin's contentment was a man to play the instrument.

"Christmas night, and no piano-pounder!" he said "This is a nice country for a Christian to live in!"

Getting a piece of paper, he scrawled the words:

$20 REWARD
TO A COMPETENT
PIANO-PLAYER

This he stuck up on the music rack and, though the inscription glared at the frequenters of the room until midnight, it failed to draw any musician from his shell.

So the merrymaking went on; the hilarity grew apace. Men danced and sang to the music of the squeaky fiddle and worn-out guitar as the jolly crowd within tried to drown the howl of the storm outside.

Suddenly they became aware of the presence of a whitehaired man crouching near the fireplace. His garments—such as were left—were wet with melting snow, and he had a half-starved, half-crazed expression. He held his thin, trembling hands towards the fire, and the light of the blazing wood made them almost transparent.

He looked about him once in a while as if in search of something, and his presence cast such a chill over the place that gradually the sound of the revelry was hushed, and it seemed that this waif of the storm had brought in with it all the gloom and coldness of the warring elements.

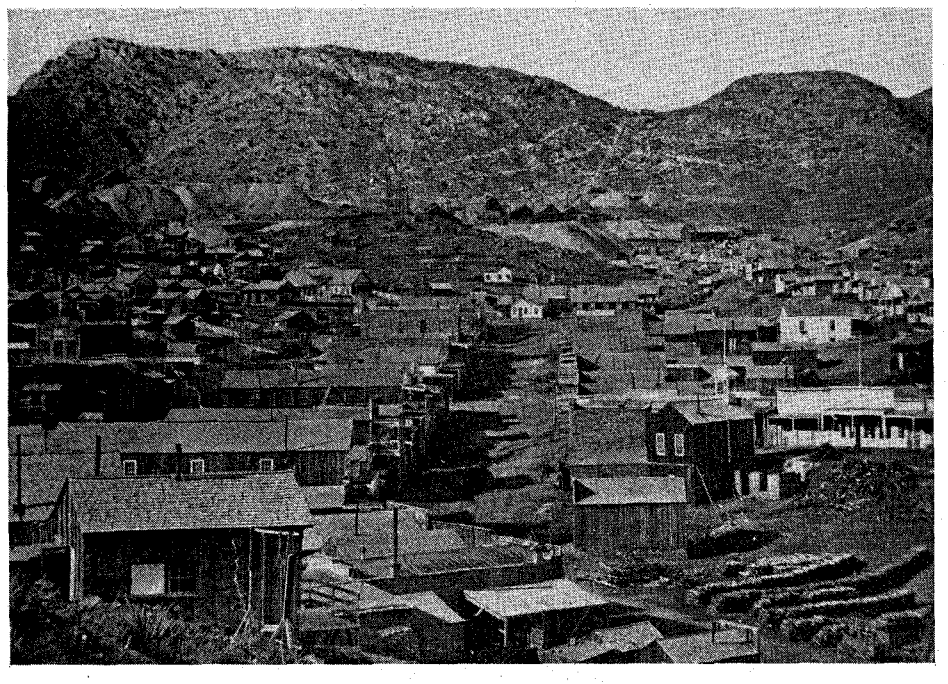
Goskin, mixing up a cup of hot egg-nog, advanced and remarked cheerily: "Here, stranger, brace up! This is the real stuff."

The man drained the cup, smacked his lips, and seemed more at home.

"Been prospecting, eh? Out in the mountains—caught in the storm? Lively

(Continued on page 58)

Pioche, Nevada, no date.



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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

HALEY ON BAILEY

John Harvey Bailey, considered to be America's most successful bank robber, was paroled on March 30, 1964 from a life sentence for his supposed participation in the conspiring to kidnap Charles F. Urschel, Oklahoma oilman in 1933. *Robbing Banks Was My Business* (Palo Duro Press, $7.50) by J. Evetts Haley is the story of John Harvey Bailey. Based on newspaper files, court records, F.B.I. files, and especially on personal interviews with the subject, Haley's account is a sharp profile of a man who survived a life of crime, paid his debt, and successfully went straight. Bailey was the only one of his crowd, including Pretty Boy Floyd, Machine Gun Kelly, and the like, to live. A desperate criminal, Bailey maintained a modus operandi and a code of ethics which gained respect by everyone. He successfully robbed banks throughout the Midwest and Texas. Haley's interpretation of Bailey's character sometimes seems too favorably biased. Yet, in comparison to many thugs operating during the '20s and '30s, John Harvey Bailey was a gentleman.

PURPOSEFUL HIKING

80 Northern Colorado Hiking Trails (The Touchstone Press, P. O. Box 81, Beaverton, Oregon 97005, $4.95) by Don and Roberta Lowe. The Lowes hiked each of the trails described in the summer of 1972 and the photos they made (Don is a professional photographer) add much to the enjoyment of the book. An unusual feature is the use of topographic maps (U. S. Geologic Survey) showing elevations on which the trails have been outlined in red. Your reviewer hiked a number of the trails nearly a half century ago and it is good to revive memories of some of the nation's spectaculars that you must walk to see. Recommended.

INDIAN LEGENDS

A charming contribution to the juvenile trade is *Once More Upon a Totem* (Atheneum Publishers, $5.95) by Christie Harris, a sequel to *Once Upon a Totem.* The new book contains three long stories based upon myths and legends of North Pacific Coast Indians. The author introduces the reader to Indian life in the productive northwest wilderness as a setting for the stories. The cyclic phenomenon of salmon birth in river headwaters, their subsequent life in the ocean, and eventual return to the spawning grounds where they were born provides the basis for the legend "The Prince Who Was Taken Away by the Salmon." Indians' tendency to assign human traits to birds and animals provides the background for "Raven Traveling," the tale of the wily crow, noted for his pranks and gluttony. "Ghost Story" symbolizes Indian religious rites and beliefs in the hereafter. The book is neatly illustrated with stylized Indian drawings by Douglas Tait.

THE FAR NORTH

Alaska-Yukon Place Names, (University of Washington Press, $6.95) by James W. Phillips should be standard equipment for travelers to our northernmost state. An introduction provides a chronology of pioneer explorations from Vitus Bering to a variety of British sea captains. The meat of the book contains name sources, pronunciations, and locations of more than 2,000 place names of geographical features, rivers, towns, gold camps etc. Aleut and Eskimo names are common and Russian, Spanish, British and miners of various nationalities left cultural imprints on the Alaskan peninsula. Sourdough Gulch, Cheechako Gulch, Nome, Kodiak, Valdez and Mt. McKinley are names to lure outdoorsmen seeking unspoiled beauty, glaciers, fishing, mining and wildlife. *Alaska-Yukon Place Names* gives the reader a succinct historical review of North America's last frontier.

HIGH ADVENTURE

The classic memoirs of the western adventures of Luther S. Kelly has just been issued in paperback as Bison Book 571. *"Yellowstone Kelly"* (University of Nebraska Press, $2.75) is a first-person account as intelligently edited by M. M. Quaife to preserve the flavor of the stirring events of a century ago in which Kelly participated. After brief service in the Civil War the young New Yorker went with his company to posts in Minnesota and the Dakotas—by the time his three-year enlistment was up he was a confirmed Westerner. He explored the Yellowstone Valley, hunted in the Judith Basin, served as a scout with General Miles on his famous winter campaign and later in the Chief Joseph affair. He spent considerable time in Yellowstone Park and was in the Ute War in Colorado. He had much to remember and he tells his story of high adventure in a simple matter-of-fact way—readable, informative and entertaining. The reprint retains the Charles M. Russell drawing, three illustrations by Deming and a number of photos plus a brief foreword by General Miles. Very good and the price is right.

A CRAZY HORSE "FIRST"

Those who enjoy story telling in verse will find much about history and current events in *Miss Liberty, Meet Crazy Horse,* (The Swallow Press, $2.75) by Don Jones. The Northern Great Plains provides the setting for several poems. This is the first time we've seen the Sioux Chief Crazy Horse committed to verse. The stanzas cover Custer's last stand on the Little Bighorn, and Red Cloud and the Wounded Knee Massacre. Nebraska gets considerable notice, including a description of the making and use of alfalfa pellets. We have never thought of those working the graveyard shift as being a likely subject for poetry but this book has a poem that will ring the bell for night workers. Also in this variety of verse are poems dedicated to letter carriers and their uniforms.

CLASSIC REPRINTS

Volume 50 of the Western Frontier Library is a dandy—Gene Rhodes' tribute to the decent people of the West plus. *Paso por Aqui* (University of Oklahoma Press, $2.95) is generally conceded to be Gene's "best" and that is mighty good indeed. Gene used a couple of incidents in his own life in the narrative and pays tribute to Pat Garrett, a former foe who he thought had been maligned by other writers, as one of the decent people. The pluses include a spritely introduction by W. H. Hutchinson who has done more than any other individual to keep the fire burning bright in Gene's memory, and four double-page plates, two in color, by W. H. D. Koerner. A classic—and a bargain.

The Swallow Press Inc. has reprinted Frank Waters 1947 classic historical novel *The Yogi of Cockroach Court,* ($2.75) which exploits the cluttered lives of Indians, half-breeds, Mexicans and Chinese. These people lived half-animal lives on the Mexican-Arizona border where the muddy Colorado joins the salty Gulf of Lower California. The three main characters are the victims of a tide of illicit traffic in drugs as well as illegal transfer of Chinese, Mexican and other aliens into the United States. Barby, the bastard son of a shipwrecked sea captain and an Indian girl, is adopted by a kindly Chinese yogi and shopkeeper. Into their lives come Barby's paramour, a Mexican-Indian "percentage girl" who later turns lesbian. They live near the starvation level until a fast-talking dude embroils the yogi and Barby in an unlawful project of hiding and transfering aliens across the United States border. The men are destroyed but the lesbian continues on with a new girl friend. Characterization of these complex people is skillfully drawn by Waters, an artisan of the Southwest scene. Recommended.

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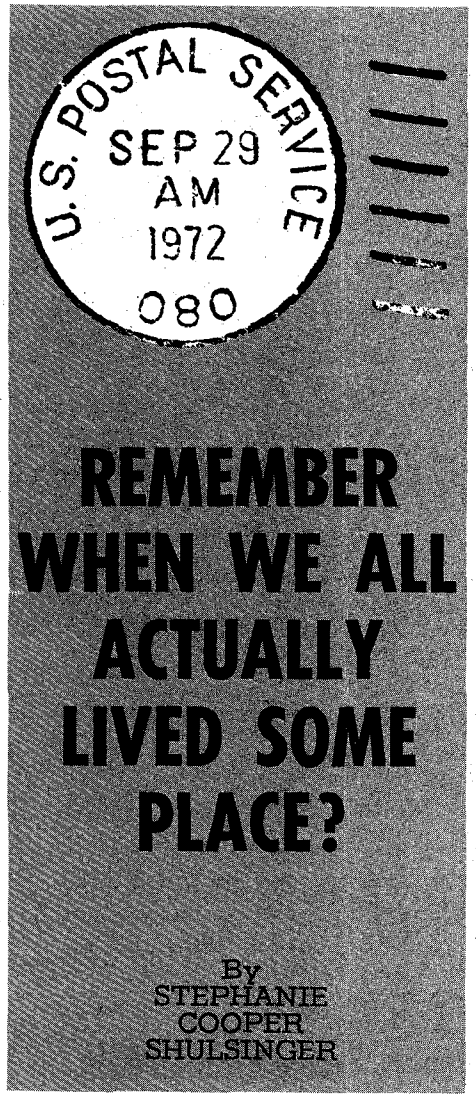

Part IV

NEW MEXICO

Belen (Valencia Co.)—Spanish for "Bethlehem."

Bell (San Miguel Co.)—from a bell-shaped brand which took its form from the shape of a nearby mountain.

Belly-Ache Mesa (Grant Co.)—named for an attack of food poisoning some cowboys suffered here because of a panful of warmed-over spoiled frijoles.

Bland (Sandoval Co.)—now a ghost town, was named for "Silver Dick" Bland of Missouri.

Cloudcroft (Otero Co.)—this town at the end of a railroad line was situated on the lofty peak of one of the Sacramento Mountains.

Clovis (Curry Co.)—named for the King of the Franks by a Santa Fe Railroad official whose daughter was studying medieval history at the time.

Cooney (Socorro Co.)—named for James Cooney, a scout who found a rich mine in the Mogollon Mountains and was killed there by Apaches led by Victorio.

Crystal (San Juan Co.)—translated from a Navajo term meaning "crystal water flows out."

Cubero (Valencia Co.)—named for Pedro Cubero, who became governor of the province in 1696.

Graveyard in the Sky (Harding Co.)—a high stone formation on which some pioneers lie buried.

Highrolls (Otero Co.)—in the high country, local jokesters say that if you started rolling at this town you wouldn't stop until you reached the next county.

House (Quay Co.)—no one is sure which "House" the town is named for, Lucie or John, but House was not named for a house.

Kinaholi (San Juan Co.)—in Navajo means "drafty dwelling."

La Union (Doña Ana Co.)—originally "La Nuevo Unión" (Spanish for "the new union"), named to commemorate improved relations between the U.S. and Mexico following the Mexican War.

Loving (Eddy Co.)—named in honor of Oliver Loving, a cattleman associate of Charles Goodnight.

Lucero (Mora Co.)—Spanish for "morning star" and the name of a pioneer family from Mexico City.

Magdalena (Socorro Co.)—named for a natural formation of rocks and brush which strongly resembles the face of a Madonna.

New Hope (Roosevelt Co.)—this name reflects the feelings of a homesteader after he finally struck water.

Pie Town (Catron Co.)—apparently this town has long been famous for its pastry.

Pojoaque (Santa Fe Co.)—from Tewa Indian word meaning "waterhole."

Pueblo Bonito (San Juan Co.)—in Spanish means "pretty town," descriptive of a large pueblo complex at Chaco National Monument.

Puye (Santa Fe Co.)—a cliff pueblo whose name in Tewa Indian signifies "rabbit hunting grounds."

Quemado (Catron Co.)—in Spanish means "burnt," so named because the town is located near an extinct volcano.

Ruidoso (Lincoln Co.)—means "noisy" in Spanish, named for a clattering creek that splashes through the town.

Separ (Grant Co.)—supposedly was first called "Separation Camp," a place where eastern and western railroad builders met, but it actually was originally "Sepas," from Spanish "cepas" meaning "tree stumps."

Shalam (Doña Ana Co.)—named for a religious cult which established a colony there before the turn of the century.

Tesuque Pueblo (Santa Fe Co.)—Tewa Indian word for "cottonwood grove."

Tierra Amarilla (Rio Arriba Co.)—in Spanish means "yellow earth," descriptive of local soil which was used to paint the rooms of ancient pueblos.

Totavi (Los Alamos Co.)—Tewa Indian word for "quail."

Wagon Mound (Mora Co.)—named for a peculiar natural formation which looks from a distance like a covered wagon.

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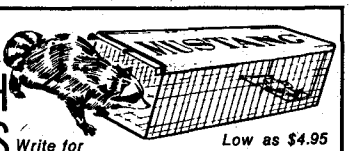

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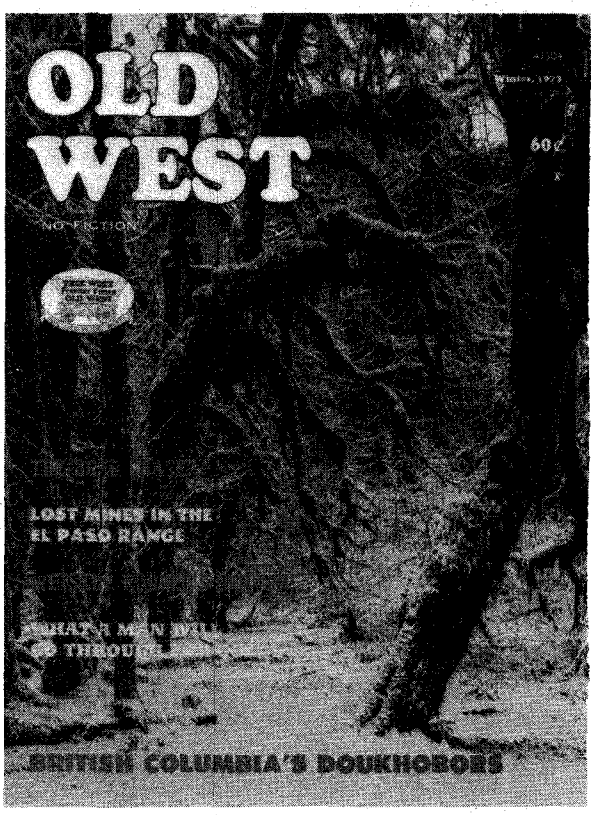

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Concords in Africa

(Continued from page 11)

ria to the town of Pietersberg was well traveled it was the stretch northward that was to exercise the ingenuity of the Zeederburg Brothers.

The main problem was crossing the Limpopo—in dry weather little more than a lazy trickle between sand bars, the home of countless crocodiles—in the wet season a raging ocean of water.

It still is. The main crossing is now at Beit Bridge. Last year when I crossed, the grey and greasy river was rolling down almost half a mile wide.

Higher up than Beit Bridge (which then, of course, didn't exist) a pontoon was built, and service was extended from Pietersberg to Fort Tuli, a garrison in the heart of Matabeleland.

From Tuli to Salisbury is 350 miles and coach service was scheduled to take fourteen days at a fare in those days equivalent to $60.

The railway was quick to follow the coaching pioneers and by 1894 the railhead had reached Mafeking. In Rhodesia Bulawayo had been established as the capital of Matabeleland following the defeat of Lobengula and the burning of his huge *kraal* (village). Bulawayo means "place of the killed" for it was here that warring factions of the tribe had slaughtered each other.

With a railhead at Mafeking a new timetable was devised. Each Monday at nine in the morning the coach, behind ten mules, began a journey that has been described by one passenger as "enjoyable in fair weather, but fraught with danger in the rainy season" when dry river beds became impassable torrents, and the road a morass of glutinous black mud. Teams were changed every ten or fifteen miles and the average speed, including stoppages, was six miles an hour.

North of Mafeking the track cut north into what is now Botswana and then ran due north along straight stretches of semi-desert through Palapye and across the border through the Mangwe Pass into the high rolling country of giant boulders to Bulawayo.

It was not cheap. Fares were up as high as a shilling (then 20 U.S. cents) a mile; and passengers, although allowed twenty-five pounds of baggage, had to pay an extra shilling for every excess pound.

The roads that these trusty Concords pioneered can still be traced. Some have been covered by modern roads, but, as in America, as mines were discovered and abandoned, Transvaal was left a heritage of ghost towns (some incidentally are being brought back to life again as lone prospectors and mining companies seek to take advantage of the new high prices for gold).

Stagecoach travel in Central Africa has many parallels with that of the Western United States. The distances covered were vast and the hazards were basically the same—weather, steep grades. But there were few, if any, holdups by armed men, and attacks by hostile natives were more rare than in America.

In 1896 during a rebellion of the conquered Matabele, one coach was attacked

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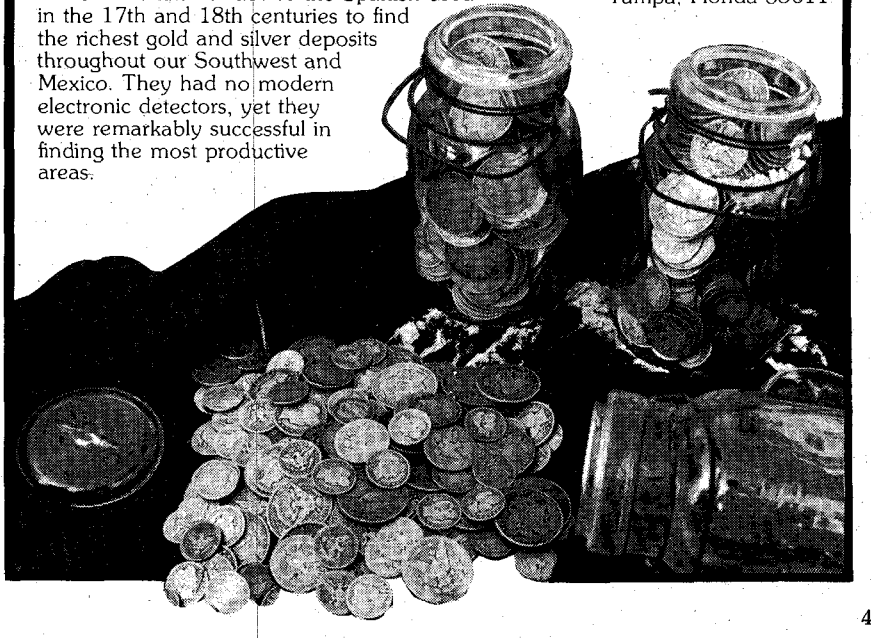

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by an *impi* (regiment) of warriors, swooping down with their *assegai* (spears).

The mules were thrashed to utmost effort as the driver attempted to outpace the warriors. But it was necessary to abandon the coach, and driver and passengers fled to take refuge and defend themselves on the top of a nearby *kopje* (rocky hill). They watched as the warriors killed the mules and set fire to the coach, but the timely arrival of a patrol of troops from the Rhodesian outpost at Gwelo put the *impi* to flight.

The route to Salisbury passed, as did so many of the routes in the West, from fort to fort—Fort Tuli, Fort Victoria, Fort Charter. When the Boer war broke out the Concord coaches were taken over by the military and some were used to move troops across Rhodesia to the relief of the British forces besieged by the Boers in Mafeking.

With the end of the Boer War and the growth of the gold and diamond mines in South Africa, railways moved ever northward and the Zeederburg coaches were used less and less. For a long while they were needed to take mail from the railways to outlying settlements, but by 1920 the last Zeederburg coach had made its final run.

The Concords that played such a big part in the opening up of Central Africa have been described as originally being modeled on the English coaches of the 18th century: "The ample body, almost egg-shaped, was a fine piece of joinery. It rested on lengthwise thoroughbraces, each of several leather strips. These helped to absorb shocks which would otherwise affect the team. Concord coaches weighed 2,500 pounds. Each wheel spoke was hand-hewn from clear super-seasoned ash. Each was fitted into the hub with a nicety that would have done honor to the finest cabinet-maker's art."

Proof of the durability of the "super-seasoned ash" was the discovery not long ago of a broken wheel from one of these veterans by a police patrol near Tuli. It had lain in the bush for many decades but most of the spokes of the wheel were still in place.

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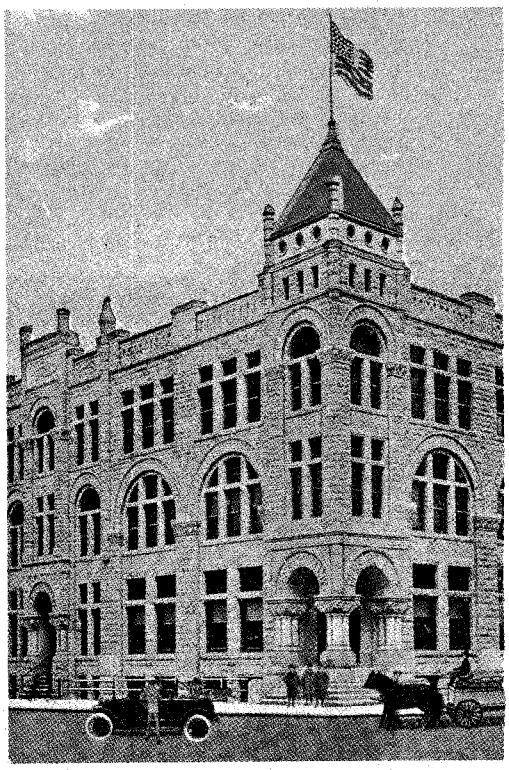
How About Living in a Bank?

(Continued from page 17)

Lodge; the basement houses a piano studio, the Christian Science Church, and the Youth Center. The lobby was rented for a time by the Happy Home, a men's club. Since I needed the lobby for the museum, they have moved to other quarters. I have also rented space to an art teacher who is conducting lessons and planning to have art exhibits and shows.

If persistence and hard work play a part in the future of my white elephant, then I shall surely be successful. At least, I have kept the building from being destroyed for the present. For that I am grateful.



The old Ness County Bank building housed several banking establishments over the years. The postcard at right shows it under the name of Citizen's National Bank. Below, three people with a common goal—to preserve one of Western Kansas' most beautiful landmarks. Left to right: Basil Marhofer, Ness City's mayor; Mrs. Effie Herrick; and Ted Bryant who, at the time of this photo, was Superintendent at Fort Larned.

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A Golden Jesus

(Continued from page 14)

cumstances. They brought out some likely ore but it proved to run low in gold and silver.

The following year Hawkins returned alone to prospect further. His jumping off point for the mountains that trip was Escalante. Staying all night with a family he knew, he departed their ranch saying that he would return around the first of September. When October blew in and he did not show, three cowboys riding range half-way between Escalante and the Henry Mountain foothills took it upon themselves to conduct a search. Knowing he had been prospecting around Mt. Hillers they proceeded there, but not a trace of Hawkins could be found.

After spending the summer and fall of 1924 in the Henrys, John P. (Johnny) Lowe came out to my father's trading post on Navajo Mountain. Johnny, who described himself as "The Old Prospector," had spent a lifetime in wandering. He remained camped near our horse corral until the threatening winter snowstorms began.

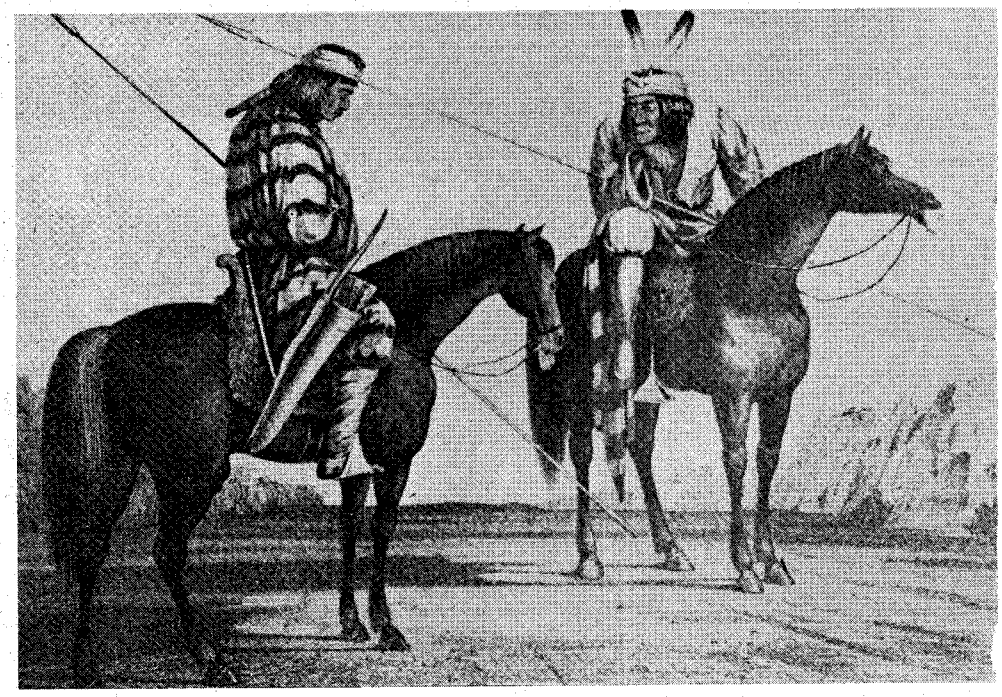
Between Mt. Hillers and Mt. Ellsworth Johnny found a man's skull with a bullet hole in the back of the head. Parts of the skeleton were scattered around by wild animals. Johnny thought the remains might be those of Hawkins.

Over a period of years Johnny had been in the Henrys eight times. Most of his prospecting elsewhere had been done in northern New Mexico and it was in the small, isolated pueblos, largely composed of Mexican-Indians, that he heard numerous tales about the golden Jesus. In Santa Fe and Albuquerque he searched ancient Spanish documents, but Johnny was a man of a type few people would dare to question and just what he ran across to convince him that the statue story was a fact, he did not reveal.

On his first trip into the Henrys, about seven years before Hawkins went there, he had found a *carreta* wheel. It was about five feet in diameter and made by crossing one layer of hard oak over another. The pieces were fastened together with malleable iron pins, through holes burned in the wood. The ends of the pins, half an inch in diameter, had been bradded hard against strips of flat iron to hold fast the several crossing parts.

The wooden wheel was still solid and Johnny found evidence that at one time iron in the form of a rim had been fastened around the operating edge. A square hole had been cut in the center about six and a half inches in width. Through this a wooden axle had once been pinned. Nothing more was found on the site, but all his searches thereafter were conducted in that one area. The ground that might have been disturbed was prodded, and several trenches dug in the most likely places.

When Johnny came out in 1924, over the Colorado River below the junction with the San Juan, he crossed by using a dug-out boat. He had made one more find, several pieces of iron so rusted it was impossible to determine for what purpose they had been used. Certain that they were from the vehicle that hauled the statue, Johnny was puzzled because they were picked up at least two miles from where the wheel was found.



An artist's portrayal of Navajo warriors similar to the ones that attacked guards on the wagontrain transporting the Golden Jesus.

JOHNNY LOWE refused to sleep in a cabin, or even the mule barn, but he did eat in the kitchen when invited. He would relax for an hour or more after eating, talking of his experiences while prospecting and hunting for lost or buried treasure. The golden Jesus fascinated him no end, but he related only what came to his mind on the spur of the moment, never completing a story. For instance, he mentioned finding parts of the old trail into the Henrys from the east, but not of following them to any particular site.

These trail sections were up steep inclines of rock, or over uneven stretches. A bar about four feet long had been cut into the stone surfaces with metal tools. The cuts were solely for footing and no mere stock trail would have been made that wide. Being familiar with the same thing in New Mexico, Johnny stated his belief that no Mormon explorers had made them. They had been cut long before Mormon settlers ventured into southern Utah.

It was Johnny's conviction that the escort with the statue mistakenly tried to cross the mountains where no passes existed. Their worst difficulty—and one important reason for turning back—was that they could not have progressed much farther. The items he found were in about the most impassable terrain in the Henrys.

He was sure that Indians spied on him for a week or ten days. They must have been Piutes hiding out following the brief war with settlers around Bluff that flared up in 1923 and during which Posey was killed. Becoming uneasy, Johnny moved his camp after dark each night. He never saw an Indian but he did hear a few rifle shots in the mountains. Johnny finally pulled out with his burro train for old haunts in New Mexico and never hunted for the statue again.

The next man to search the Henrys and who came to eternal grief, was known only as Nell. Another wanderer of isolated places, he shunned all civilization and bought his supplies at lonely trading posts. No one ever knew how long he had been roaming the Henrys. He simply appeared one day at the trading post of John Taylor on Oljeto Wash, riding a sorrel horse and leading a pack mule. A medium-sized, spindly man nearing sixty, he spoke only when necessary while buying provisions. Nor did Taylor, familiar with such wandering prospectors, ask him any questions.

This first visit must have been about 1929. Nell returned the next spring riding north, mentioning nothing about where he had spent the past winter. Certainly it had not been in the Henrys where the snow piled deep and temperatures dropped twenty to forty below zero. After buying provisions he told Taylor that a letter might come there for him, giving the name "Nell."

The following August he appeared at Oljeto, where a letter had been waiting for at least eight weeks. Taylor could never recall the initials but he had entered Nell's name in a daily journal kept during those years.

Nell extracted a check from the envelope in the amount of $1,500 from a government mint. Few trading posts kept large sums of cash so the check was left with Taylor to turn into money. Resupplying himself, Nell returned to the Colorado and went back into the Henrys. By his next trip, trading at Oljeto rather than crossing the desert west to some small town, Taylor felt he had become fairly well acquainted with the old man.

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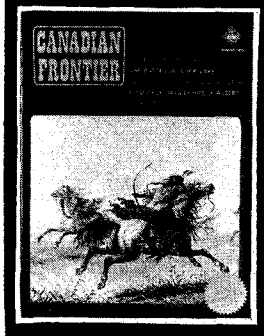

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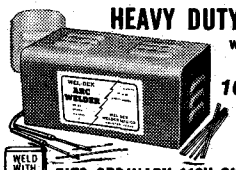

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This time Nell asked for a good strong box and some shipping tags. Returning to camp he filled the box with something heavy and addressed it to a person in California. Taylor surmised that the contents must be gold. On request he dispatched it for Nell from Kayenta, thirty-odd miles down in Arizona.

Later, while Nell carefully selected provisions, Taylor made the remark that maybe he was having a little luck on the river.

"No," Nell replied in a crusty voice. "I'm working in the Henry Mountains."

Not until hearing that statement did Taylor have any idea that Nell traveled so far to supply himself where the only whites around were members of Taylor's family.

"Never heard gold might be found in there," Taylor remarked.

"Might be," Nell returned. "I'm after gold all right, an eight-foot statue of Jesus Christ."

"Oh, that! I've heard a lot of stories of it being buried up there."

Beyond that Nell did not enlighten him further. The old man returned that September of 1933, however, and coming over after making camp in some trees on the wash, he displayed a little excitement.

"I found the gold, more than any man ever dreamed of," he declared. "The big one is bound to be in the bottom of the hole." He meant the statue was beneath a pile of other golden articles.

"Bring any of it out?"

"I've been watched. Indians trailed me all the way to near the river. Ran them off one night with my rifle. But I think they came on after me and are still snooping around. I'll get me a couple of partners and go back with a pack train to fetch it out."

SOME of Taylor's trading post customers were Piutes who dwelled in southern Utah and he found it hard to believe that they would have molested Nell. But the prospector assured him that it was a fact. He had seen them at distances and found their sign snooping around. At night he slept in hiding, ready to shoot if they entered his camp—which he moved frequently.

Beyond saying that the hole was filled with gold, at least a wagon load, Nell did not explain anything more. Sometime during the night he packed up and pulled out.

Early the next morning two renegade Navajos, the older one already wanted for murder, entered the store. They were an uncle and his nephew. After buying a few articles the uncle asked who the white man (Nell) was and what he was doing.

Shrugging his shoulders, Taylor replied that he supposed he was a prospector. When asked where Nell went, he didn't know that either. However, since they were Navajos, he did not then imagine they had been the ones molesting Nell so far north across the Colorado as the Henry Mountains.

The years went by, but Nell never came back. Sometimes Taylor speculated on what had happened to him, thinking perhaps that he had gone into the Henrys from Escalante with the help mentioned. Then in August 1941 the remains of a white man were discovered twenty-two miles west of Kayenta, Arizona. The man's head had been chopped with an ax, and the side of a wash pulled down to cover the body. Since the murder had been committed on the Navajo Reservation, Indian Service special officers and the U.S. marshal were called in to investigate.

There was nothing on the corpse to identify the slain man so officers then paid calls to several remote trading posts. One of them was Redlake (Tonalea), seventy miles south of Kayenta in Arizona where Taylor was then engaged in business. On hearing a description of the dead man his memory began to function. Getting out his journal, Taylor identified the victim as Nell, but he had not written down a surname or initials. He then named the two Navajos who had asked questions about him at Oljeto.

Both were arrested for investigation, and almost immediately confessed to the crime. They had taken up Nell's tracks and entered his first night camp. Slipping up behind him they killed the old man for his stock, supplies, a Winchester rifle, and the money he carried.

At the time of the murder that part of the reservation had not been extended to the San Juan River so the two killers were first taken to Salt Lake City to be tried. But the presiding judge refused to accept the case since it was not in his jurisdiction. The two Indians were returned to Arizona and indicted, but the jurisdictional dispute continued and charges against them were finally dismissed. Later both died under mysterious circumstances during World War II.

TAYLOR, a friend, had talked to me years before about the mysterious prospector. Often Taylor speculated about what might have happened to him. Did he actually find the gold articles and the statue? Pondering that, he decided that Nell gave him the exact truth. He would have had no reason to lie.

When the case broke I was managing Inscription House trading post, twenty-eight miles from Redlake, the nearest post office. Visiting Taylor there we discussed the situation at length. Both slayers were known to me, sometimes trading at the post. After their release and return home I talked to them. The uncle would say little but his nephew talked readily.

He said that at the time of the slaying his uncle was hiding out in the Henry Mountains. Suspected of more than one murder, he felt that officers wanted to arrest him. Besides that, both Navajo and Piute Indians had taken a few long-distance shots at him. They wanted to kill him for molesting some of their families.

The nephew knew where he hid out alone and took him some grub. The uncle was already watching Nell, wondering if he had found a pile of gold. The nephew then joined him in periodically checking on the prospector. When Nell pulled out suddenly they believed that he was packing a load of gold. Taking after him, they were driven off temporarily by

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rifle fire but followed on and killed him.

That the dead man had no gold disappointed them. He did carry nearly $600, however, which they divided between them, along with the property.

Then the nephew astounded me by saying, "I spent some of my money right here in your store."

One other man claimed to have found the hidden gold artifacts. Cass Hite spent almost his entire life at Hite's Crossing on the Colorado River east of the Henrys. Most of it was wasted looking for two things—a lost silver mine and the golden Jesus. His searching apparently began soon after he arrived on the river in the 1870s. Actually he was an old outlaw hiding out. Before his death he claimed to have found both, Indians taking him to the lost mine and the cached statue. This is doubtful for Cass never had wealth of any kind and died a poor man.

In southern Utah around Kanab, Panguitch, Escalante and other border towns men who were born and raised in southern Utah, now eighty and ninety years old, believe in the existence of the golden Jesus as they do in day and night. Most of them have searched for it.

Those I knew who thought the golden relic was worth a hunt were Jess Johnson, Bill Mackleprang, Bob Adams and George Hatch. The newcomers, only there fifty years, like George Fellowes, Ernest Dade and Ralph Smith, also have done their share of the unending search.

In recent years four-wheel drive vehicles have been taken into the Henrys. But from there on, into the right area where the old trail entered, it is all footwork or riding a horse.

Panhandle Outlaw

(Continued from page 27)

trouble from two sources—Bill Parks and the Texas Rangers.

Parks worked for Popejoy as a bootlegger. Early in 1927 Shine discovered that his man was stealing whiskey and selling it out of his own little joint in Electric City. On March 10, while Shine was hauling a load of whiskey to Borger, Parks, Bob Hannah, and two other men ran Shine's truck off the road, robbed him, and shot him in the head. The bullet struck in the middle of the forehead, but instead of penetrating Shine's skull it traveled upward, leaving a bloody wound in its path and passing through the sweatband of his Stetson hat.

Shine crumpled to the floor and played dead, listening as Parks laid his plot for disposing of the body. The men decided to take him into one of the isolated canyons along the river, cover the body with gasoline, and set it on fire. Shine waited for his chance to escape. When the men stopped in GeWhitt to fill a five-gallon can with gas, he jumped out of the car and disappeared into the night.

ON March 26, a shiny new Buick coupe pulled up in front of the Stinnett post office. A neatly dressed man in a white hat reached behind the seat, pulled out a sawed-off shotgun, and walked into the post office. The man was Shine Popejoy and he had come to make his final settlement with Bill Parks, who was buying stamps at the window. Shine raised the shotgun.

"Bill, I've been looking for you. Turn around." When Parks turned, the first blast struck him full in the chest. Dazed and bleeding, he staggered to the door where Shine gave him the second barrel and blew the top of his head into the street. Shine then stepped over the body, walked to his car, and drove away.

He was indicted for murder and the case came to trial on April 14. Because of the notoriety of the killing, the trial was moved to neighboring Roberts County on a change of venue. Arguing that Parks had deserved killing, the defense lawyers produced Shine's Stetson hat as evidence that Parks had tried to murder him. When the jury saw that the hole in the hat perfectly matched the scar on Shine's forehead, they returned a verdict of not guilty.

But by this time Shine had other problems to worry about. On April 8, 1927, while he was under indictment for Parks' murder, a squad of Texas Rangers (including Frank Hamer) raided a Popejoy still and charged him with violation of Prohibition laws. This still, located north of Stinnett, was built entirely underground and could be reached only by a narrow mule trail which led to a small

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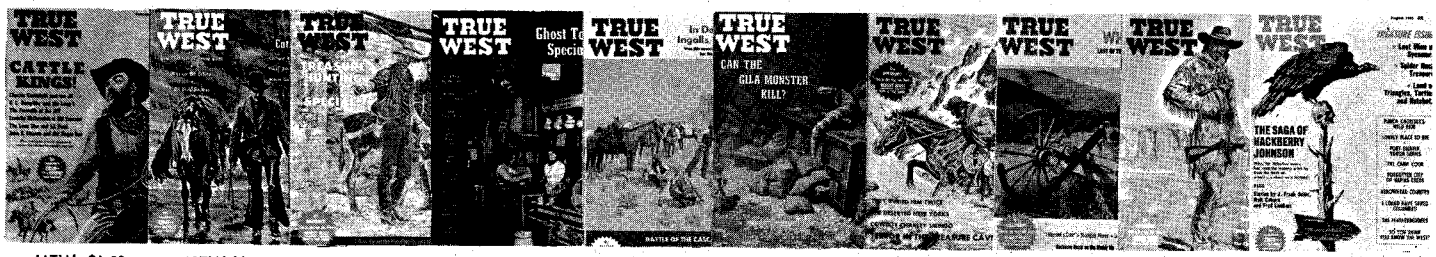

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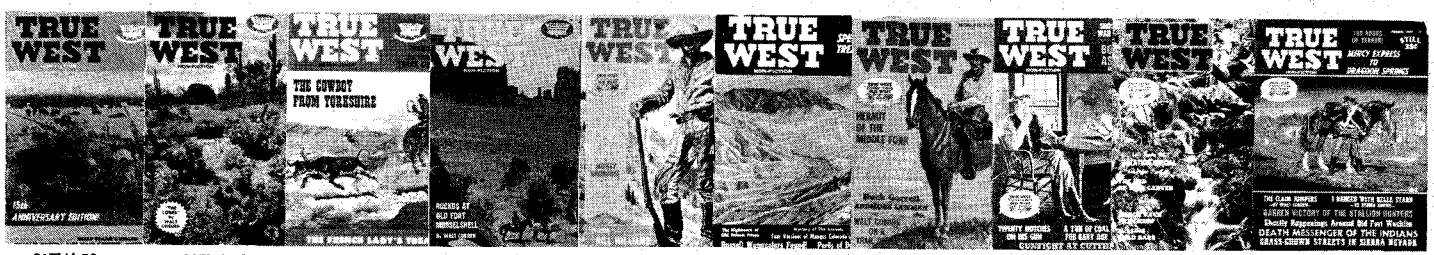

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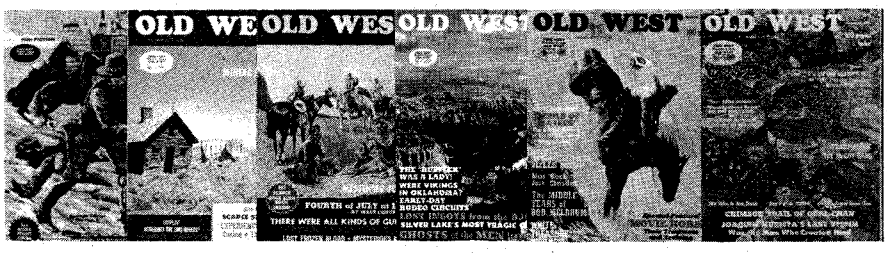

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cave-like opening. The operation was so well concealed that the Rangers found it only after an airborne spotter noticed a curl of smoke drifting up from the barren hills.

But in spite of his problems in 1927, Shine managed to stay out of jail. The Rangers moved on to other trouble spots in Texas and business returned to its normal state. Fortunes in oil were pumped out of the ground, thousands of gallons of illegal whiskey bubbled away in the canyons along the river, and the corruption of public officials continued at a brisk pace.

Two years later, 1929, the winds of change were beginning to stir. A young and vigorous district attorney, John A. Holmes, began going after the moonshiners and left everyone with the distinct impression that he intended to clean up Hutchinson County. In July, Shine Popejoy suffered his first setback when he was arrested for possessing and transporting intoxicating liquor. On September 15 John Holmes spent the day putting the finishing touches on fourteen liquor cases he intended to prosecute in federal district court. That evening he was murdered in his front yard by an assassin whose identity remains a mystery to this day.

The audacity of the killing sent a quiver through the entire State of Texas. Governor Dan Moody expressed outrage at the crime and within three days had dispatched a squad of Texas Rangers and special prosecutor Clem Calhoun to the troubled city of Borger. On September 22 Ranger Captain Frank Hamer, the same officer who had led the raid on Shine Popejoy's still two years before, brought this report to the Governor: "Hutchinson County possesses the worst organized crime ring I have observed in my twenty-three years as a Texas Ranger. Many of the officers of the law are either ex-convicts or under indictment of criminal offenses at the present time."

Three days later Governor Moody issued this statement: "There exists a conspiracy between officers and the criminal element, and there have been obtained affidavits of instances of money passing to peace officers for protection from enforcement of the law. The peace officers for some reason are failing to suppress crime and bring criminals to justice."

Those were harsh words and the Governor backed them up with actions to match.

ON September 30 one hundred and fourteen men of the Texas National Guard arrived in Borger on the morning train, and at 9 a.m. Borger and Hutchinson County were placed under martial law. Troops occupied all county and city offices, and under General Order Number 6 law violators were detained in jail without bond.

Among the first to be "detained" were Clint Millhollon, Borger police officer, and Deputy Constable Sam Jones, the latter charged with accepting bribes. By the time martial law was lifted on October 30 the county had seen the resignation of every major official, including

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Sheriff Joe Ownbey, Mayor Pace of Borger, all the city commissioners, six police officers, and a state representative.

We don't know to what extent the reforms affected Shine Popejoy, but court records suggest that for the next two years he lived in Obar, New Mexico, on two hundred acres of land. This would seem to indicate that the reform movement hit him hard, in fact probably closed down his Texas operations entirely. On his return to Texas in 1932, one detects a certain desperation in his actions as if, deprived of his "legitimate" business of moonshining, he had turned to more serious forms of crime.

On March 15, 1932, G. W. Newsom, president of the First State Bank of Stinnett, drove to Borger to pick up a shipment of money. On his return he was stopped by Shine Popejoy, who poked a gun in his face and made off with $4,657 in cash. A month later Shine was charged with armed robbery. In the meantime, he was brought to trial on the 1929 charge of possessing and transporting liquor. The jury found him guilty and assessed punishment at two years in the state penitentiary. His lawyers first sought a new trial, then vowed to appeal the decision to a higher court.

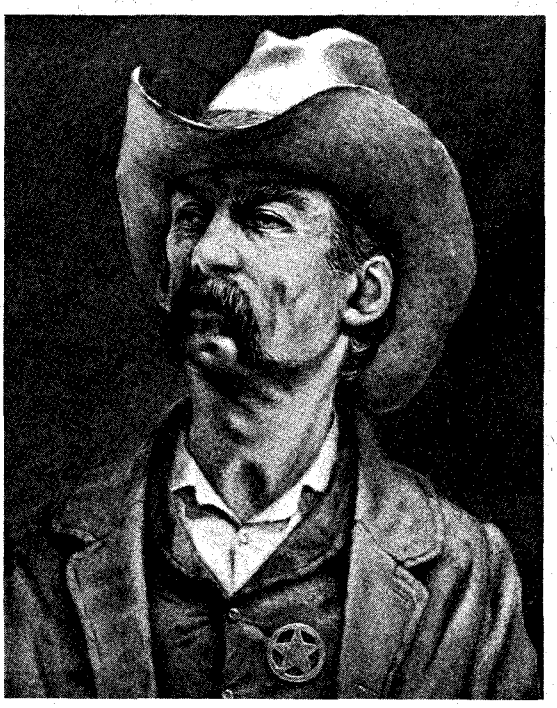
The hand of the law was closing in on Shine, but he wasn't through—yet. On November 15, while out on bail on the charge of armed robbery and awaiting the higher court's opinion on the liquor conviction, he robbed the Stinnett bank again, this time with the aid of Joe Wolfe, Jelly Stewart, and W. H. Burke. Less than a week later he was arrested in a private home in Oklahoma City. Officers found two pearl-handled .45 pistols in his lap and $216 in his pocket, which he claimed to have earned picking cotton near Carnegie, Oklahoma. So once again Shine saw the inside of the Hutchinson County jail, and this time it appeared he would be there for a long time.

On January 15, 1933, jailer Dan Cambern and his son DeWitt were in the jail picking up dishes after the prisoners had eaten their evening meal. Cambern gave this account of what happened to the Borger *Daily Herald*:

"DeWitt and I went in around 4:30. I opened the door and Henry Letterman, one of the prisoners, handed me an empty tray. I had given orders that the prisoners always were to stay out of the runway. I think Shine came out of the second cell. He came out like a flash and faced me, and as he came around the door he shot me in the fleshy part of the left leg.

"DeWitt was directly behind me and when Popejoy fired, DeWitt grabbed his right arm, caught him around the neck, and turned him around so that his side was toward me. DeWitt had no gun, and I was afraid the rest of the prisoners would come.

"While he was fighting DeWitt like a tiger, I fired the shots. He tried to turn his gun on DeWitt. They wrestled to the floor right in the doorway and I had to pick my time and place to shoot. At one time he had his gun nearly up to shoot DeWitt. Right before I fired the



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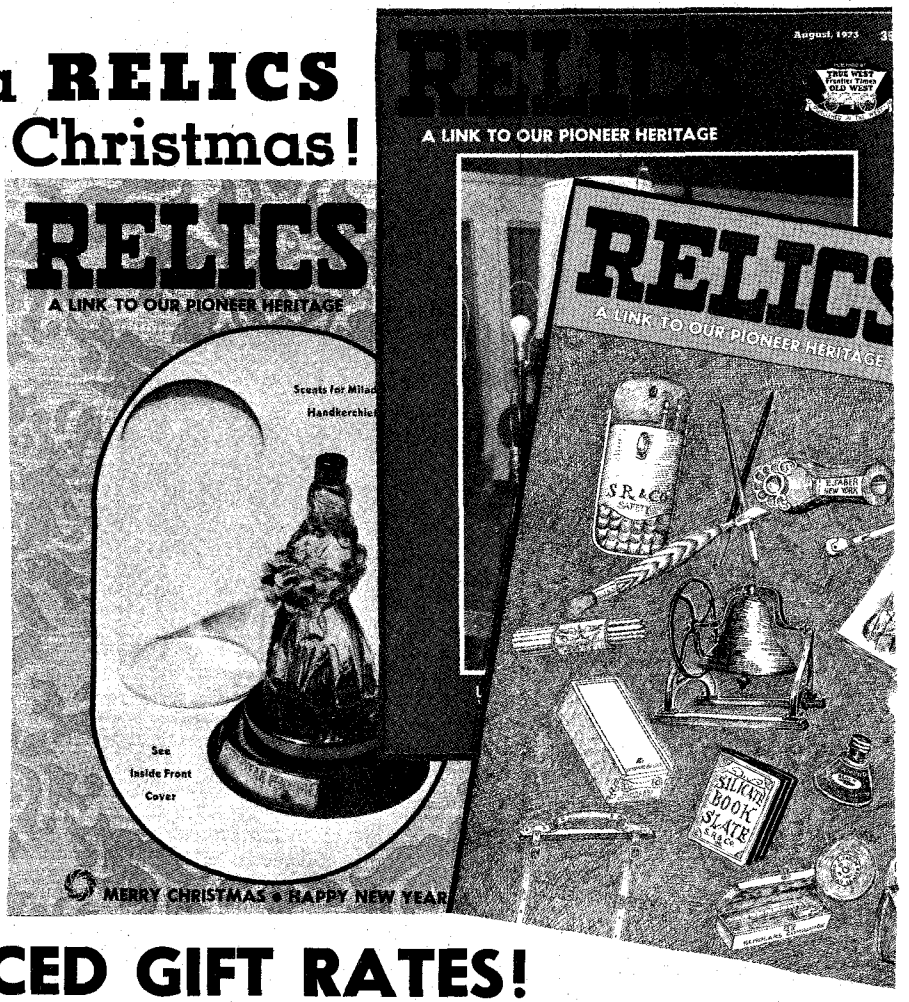

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fifth shot he looked up at me and said, 'You ----- -------!' "

Shine Popejoy died that afternoon on the floor of the county jail. According to law officers, he had lowered a rope out the window and someone on the outside had tied a .32 Derringer, a .45 pistol, and four hacksaw blades to the end of it.

Ironically, Shine and the bank he robbed twice died only two days apart. On January 13 the beleaguered G. W. Newsome had locked the door of the First State Bank of Stinnett and moved to another town.

War Horse No. 9

(Continued from page 23)

on a dozen horses' necks—"inspected and condemned." Among them was No. 9. I went to the stable sergeant and told him they had condemned the best horse in the troop.

Dutch Anderson told me he had ridden that horse clear to Parral after Villa less than a year ago. Five hundred miles each way with nothing to eat but sagebrush either.

The stable sergeant said, "Kid, that horse has shot his bolt." He said the horse was old and that he went down occasionally, and I would get hurt or killed. He said, "You encourage him to run away sometimes and bring a lot of that on yourself."

I retorted that in a Cavalry charge you weren't supposed to hold your horse back, but the sergeant said that No. 9 was in Cuba with the 11th in 1909 and before that he was chasing gugus around the Philippines. I then tried to buy that horse asking what they were going to do with him anyway? I said that they were only going to kill him and that my grandfather could use him on the farm and would come down and get him.

The stable sergeant told me to go see the first sergeant and get permission to speak to the troop commander as he was the only one who could do anything for me.

When the first sergeant asked what I wanted to see the troop commander for, I said I wanted to buy No. 9 because they were going to kill him. I said my grandfather back in Connecticut would like to have him. "Say, when my grandfather slaps the harness on that horse and drives him downtown he'll have them all looking his way, believe me."

I didn't get anywhere talking to him. He said the horse had been condemned and would be destroyed. He said that no buck private was going to change the policies of the War Department and that I couldn't see the troop commander on a foolish matter like that. Right then I knew No. 9 didn't have many more days to live.

A few days later at mounted drill I was riding him and the command was given. "Left front into line. Draw saber. Trot. Gallop. Faster! Faster!" shouted the captain.

The horses were all snorting and fighting the bit. The flashing sabers really excited the horses. They had all been through it before. Then came the command "Charge!" Everyone yelled like maniacs. We had the long straight sabers

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that we thrust and lunged with, and in less time than it takes to tell it I was abreast of the captain.

I looked over at him and yelled "Charge!" He looked at me hostile-like and I saw him rake his horse's flanks. I knew it was No. 9's last charge and I did my best. I'd stick an imaginary doughboy on the ground and meet another imaginary mounted man coming toward me with my saber stuck right straight out.

If I had met another mounted man at the speed I was going I'd have gotten a broken arm or been knocked out of the saddle or both. I was going to show the boys how to do it right. But I got no compliments. I was charging alone then and the rest of the troop had formed in columns of fours and were going back to camp. As long as the saber was flashing around No. 9's head I couldn't stop him or return the saber to the scabbard. So I dropped it and stopped him, and it took a few minutes to dismount and find the saber.

I rode back to the column and the captain asked where I had been. I said I had been looking for my saber.

"You had your saber when you rode by me," the captain said.

"I dropped it," I replied.

The captain asked if I had my saber fastened to my wrist. I said I did but I dropped it anyway. He looked at me and glanced at the IC on the horse's neck and turned away and rode to the head of the column.

A FEW DAYS later I was answering stable call and I picked up a nose bag and was going to put it on No. 9 when the stable orderly came over and said not to do it. I asked if they weren't going to let him eat first. He said no, that he didn't need to eat anymore, and that they were waiting for him. He said I could lead him out if I wanted to. I said I didn't want to.

I stood and watched the two horseshoers, stable orderly, saddler and stable sergeant each lead a couple of horses out there. I saw the veterinarians put the pistol to No. 9's head and I saw him drop. I turned away kind of sick.

Chow call was sounding and I went for supper but I couldn't swallow very easy. The stable orderly came in and stated, "Kid, he was dead before he hit the ground."

One other soldier spoke and asked, "What do they do with them horses, anyway?"

Another soldier said, "What do they do with them horses? What do you think those big cans of corned willy are that come with no label on? That's where them horses go," and to me, "you'll see No. 9 again, kid, but you won't be riding him. He's going to be loaded with saltpeter, too. Ha, ha, ha."

The stable sergeant came in and joined the discussion. He said we were getting some remounts and I would get on the remount squad. I said no, that No. 9 was good enough for me.

Now, fifty-five years later, it all comes back to me like a dream. I see the plains north of Fort Bliss and there stands a chestnut horse with a blaze face tossing his head. Here comes a boy wearing a pair of old issue brass spurs that tinkle. He grabs the pommel and reins and mounts. He's off. There is No. 39 stenciled in the corner of the saddle blanket. Why, that's my old troop number! It's me, it's that crazy kid on that crazy horse again. Captain Gaujot stands there watching. He shakes his head slowly and mutters. Not a hope. Not a hope. Goodbye No. 9.

Ah, but it was great to be seventeen years old—to wear the yellow hat cord and a pair of brass spurs that tinkled, and to ride an old warhorse with fire in his heart. I wouldn't have traded places with anybody else in the world.

Maybe someday, No. 9, you and I can get together and make that ride to Hidalgo del Parral again. We'll take it easy this time. Might meet Major Frank Tompkins that led a detachment of the 13th Cavalry in the shot at Parral—or maybe Lieutenant George S. Patton, Jr. who was on the Expedition fifty-five years ago, no commonplace company there. But you were no commonplace horse, either.

The Stringfield Massacre

(Continued from page 15)

"Some Mexican people lived in that house nearby, but I was too weak to walk to their house. They were afraid to come to where we were, till late that evening when the Mexican man came and carried me to their house. Then the Mexican woman dressed my wounds and stopped the bleeding. I stayed with them for four days before they could move me. It was two years before I could draw a full breath, on account of the wounds they inflicted upon me, and I have never entirely recovered from suffering caused by those wounds.

"My two brothers . . . were captured by the same band of men at the time I was thus assaulted and my father and mother killed. I and my relatives and friends have tried every way possible to locate the two brothers or get some trace of them, but they have never been seen or heard of since they were carried away by those men. After this happened a number of ranchmen and neighbors gathered at the house where I went, and talked to me. They then took the trail of the band which had done this. I know it was common knowledge and unquestioned, that this was a mixed band of Mexicans and Indians from Mexico; that they came from Mexico and went back into Mexico; that the ranchmen who trailed them were in close pursuit of them when they recrossed the Rio Grande into Mexico."

The pursuers did find the unidentifiable body of a boy along the trail toward the Rio Grande, and assumed it to be that of one of the Stringfield boys.

IDA ALICE STRINGFIELD recovered slowly, and lived with a relative, Talmon Hobbs, until she married William Hatfield and moved to Medina, in Bandera County. As she related, fruitless efforts were made to trace the where-

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abouts of Adolphus and Thomas. Then in 1908 an incident occurred which renewed the old hopes of learning the fate of her brothers, and which placed a great deal of stress on Mrs. Hatfield.

Author's note: Certain names have been changed from this point on to avoid embarrassing living descendants of the parties involved.

IN the fall of 1908 a San Antonio newspaper carried several stories about a traveling showman who was performing in the South Texas area in order to erect markers on the graves of his parents, Thomas and Sarah Stringfield. Calling himself "Tom Three Moons," he claimed to be Thomas Stringfield, one of the missing sons. He related a believable story about the massacre, his long period of captivity, living with the Indians who had captured him, and his final release when the band succumbed to reservation life in Indian Territory.

Tom Three Moons operated a show in which he and his daughter, Prairie Blossom, performed feats of horsemanship. Prairie Blossom would pick up coins thrown into the arena while riding full speed. In this manner the pair raised enough money to mark the graves of the Stringfields with a granite tombstone.

Ida Alice (Stringfield) Hatfield, who had always prayed that something would eventually be heard of her brothers, had a resurgence of hope when she read the newspaper stories. She went to San Antonio from nearby Bandera to see if her prayers had been answered.

Tom Three Moons greeted her with a kiss, claiming to recognize her as his sister, but Mrs. Hatfield was immediately dubious as to the truth of his claims.

Tom Three Moons had brown eyes, while she distinctly remembered Thomas as having blue eyes. However, he could have been Adolphus, whose eyes were brown, but Three Moons insisted that his sister was mistaken—that he was indeed Thomas Stringfield.

MRS. HATFIELD tried to accept Tom Three Moons as her brother, because she believed there was a chance that his story was true until flaws began to appear in his version of the massacre. He claimed to have been captured by Apaches, but evidence found along the trail by the ranchers in pursuit indicated that the Indians in the band of raiders were Comanches.

Mrs. Hatfield's uncle, Alexander Mills, visited with Three Moons, and gave his opinion that the man was neither of the Stringfield boys. And with that, the worried sister began making some inquiries in Oklahoma and Kansas. Her investigations resulted in exposing Three Moons as Ira Goodson, and his daughter as Bonnie Goodson.

Goodson had operated a medicine show in addition to his horse show, and was at the time, wanted for illegally transporting mortgaged horses from Oklahoma into Texas.

What possessed Goodson to perpetrate the hoax remains a mystery. He left Mrs. Hatfield bitterly disappointed, but she never gave up hope of finding some evidence of the fate of her brothers. No clue was ever uncovered, however, and Ida Alice Stringfield Hatfield died in Kerr County on April 3, 1937 still puzzled and dejected about the whole bizarre circumstance.

Methods of Boys on the Hustle

(Continued from page 35)

Dells. We sold them to the Home Cafe, receiving 25¢ for two. The only fish I ever saw on the menu, however, was "black bass."

Catching bullsnakes for the Smokis for their snake dance paid off to the tune of one dollar each. Pulling a bullsnake out of a gopher hole is quite a stretchy problem.

We also found that selling ice cream at the fair grounds during the rodeo was remunerative.

IN a large pile of rocks near the Pioneers Home we found a hole opening into a very small room amid the rocks. We could see a gunny sack. In seconds we had the sack on top the rocks. Inside we found a .41 revolver and a .32 pistol. We took the weapons to the sheriff's office in the south end of the courthouse and surrendered them to a deputy. A week later they were unclaimed and much

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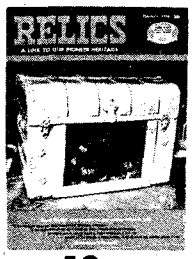
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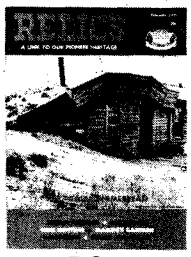
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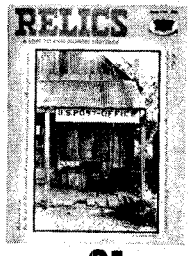
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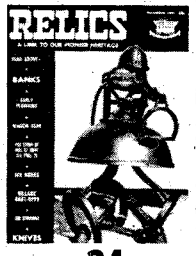
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to our amazement were given back to us. What a haul!

And then on top of the Courier Building, hidden behind a signboard, we found stashed a case of "Canadian Club." If the firemen that year had anything in their punch for their Christmas party, they had to find a new source.

All of the boys I knew were very capable with a slingshot. They could throw a stone almost a block to land on the tin roof of the Chinese laundry. However, the owner never came out to remonstrate so the boys soon tired of the fun.

There was one theatre in town, The Elks. Not having the admission fee was painful when the movie was popular. On the south side of the building was a fire escape to the balcony. As soon as the lights were dimmed and projection started, the usher would open the door for ventilation. We allowed him about one minute to get back to his station; that was our signal to enter unobtrusively and find a vacant seat. When we couldn't *make* money, we at least tried to *save* money.

Halloween night of 1924 was to bring an event which ended my participation in future Halloweens. Parked on the west side of the courthouse was one of the old-time gravel wagons. It was built for at least four mules and had a long solid tongue. Someone released the brake and six of us boys started rolling it north toward Gurley Street. The street sloped slightly to the north. The wagon started rolling faster and faster and when I saw the other boys taking off, I did too. Suddenly the big heavy carrier made a 90-degree turn to the west, crossed the street, crashed the curb, and went over the sidewalk and the tongue of the wagon punched through the plate glass window and the first two booths of the cafe. Nobody was hurt as the place had been closed for about five minutes, but I was stunned at the results of that prank and went straight home, crawled into bed and stayed there.

ONE DAY our newspaper carried a story about a robbery in which a large amount of money was taken. It seems that the bandits, being under pressure from the law, decided to bury the money rather than be captured with it.

After being caught, one of the prisoners disclosed that the money had been buried near a rock pile located in the center of three large pine trees. Supposedly the location was not too far from Indian Hill, a low rounded knoll located a short way west of Prescott.

We were off, may I say, in a "cloud of dust." Our sole equipment consisted of a shovel and a gunny sack. We had energy to burn. The search commenced as soon as we had crossed to the west side of Granite Gulch.

We searched all around the Pioneers Home first, because there were numerous piles of rocks. Luck was with us! We were sure to find the treasure! Then a rain squall came up suddenly and we waited beneath a large pine tree for a little protection it gave us.

As soon as the rain let up, we walked away from the tree——when whoosh—a crashing sound! We looked back at the tree we had just left. Bark was flying in all directions. Lightning had struck, burning a path through the bark to the ground where we had been standing less than a minute before. Lucky we were! Smoke was rising from the pine needles so we used our gunny sack to beat out the fire before returning to our search for the buried money. Even lightning could not stop our hunt for very long.

The day was wearing on when we found a spot which fit the description of the Rainbow's End. Also there was a sunken spot to feed our imagination. Zowee! The shovel was put to work immediately and we soon struck something. Digging it out, we discovered it to be a pair of bloody Levi's.

The situation had changed. Instead of treasure we wondered if there might be a body underneath. The thought was rather disconcerting. We decided to call in some help from the sheriff's department.

I had a friend in school named Donald Poulson. His father was a deputy. Their home was located nearby on the east side of Granite Creek. We scurried to tell Mr. Poulson of our find.

Deputy Sheriff Poulson accompanied us back to the scene, and digging deeper, he found more bloody clothing. Then there was nothing more than hard ground. He concluded that the clothing had probably belonged to a rustler who had killed a calf or a beef and had buried his clothes after butchering the animal.

That ended our treasure hunt and to the best of my knowledge the treasure is still intact wherever it was buried (if there really was one). Anyhow the search was exciting and we had actually found something tangible to show for our efforts.

So it was in 1924 in Prescott, Arizona. Growing up there was a real pleasure. In October 1972 I returned to Prescott with my wife. Together we drove around. Most of the familiar buildings were exactly the same as a half century ago, only the faces on the streets were different.

A Con-Man's Christmas Carol

(Continued from page 39)

night, this! . . . Must feel pretty dry?"

The man looked at his steaming clothes and laughed, as if Goskin's remark was a sarcasm.

"How long out?"

"Four days."

"Hungry?"

The man rose up and, walking over to the lunch counter, fell to work upon some roast bear, devouring it like any wild animal would have done.

As meat and drink and warmth began to permeate the stranger he seemed to expand and lighten up. His features lost their pallor and he grew more and more content with the idea that he was not in the grave. As he underwent these changes the people about him got merrier and happier, and threw off the temporary feeling of depression which he had laid upon them.

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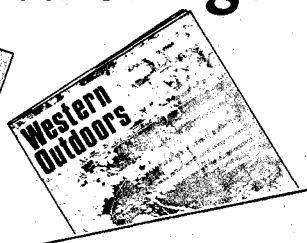

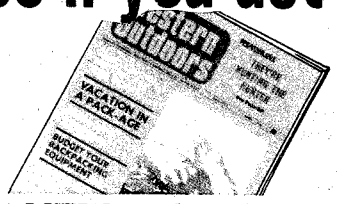

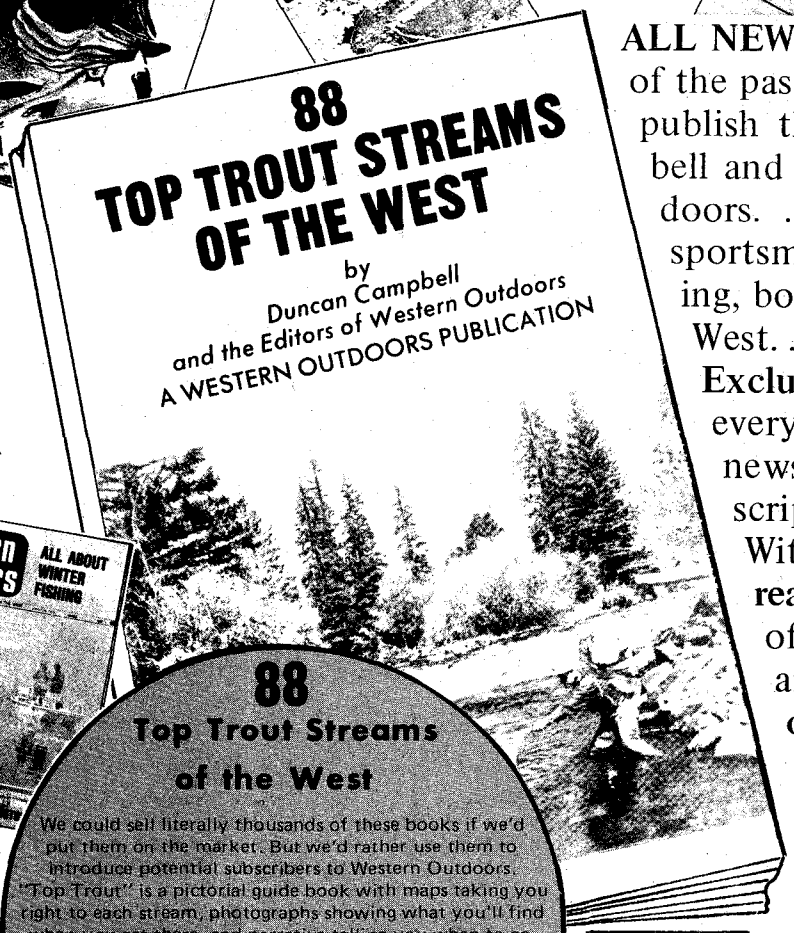

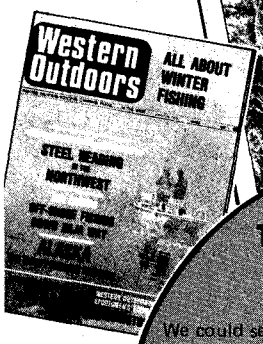

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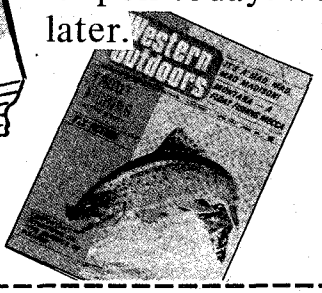

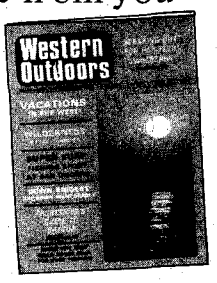

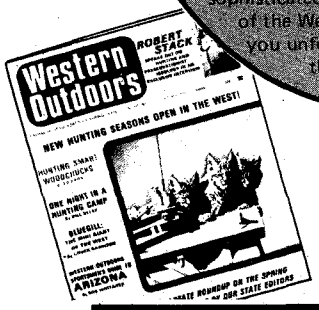

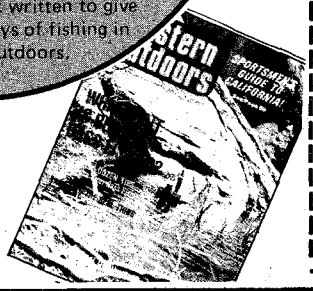

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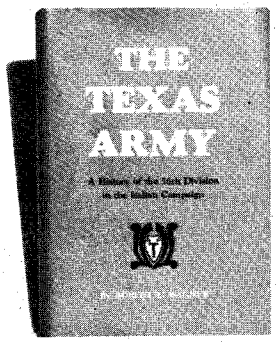

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"Do you always have your place decorated like this?" he finally asked of Goskin.

"This is Christmas Eve," was the reply.

The stranger was startled. "December 24th, sure enough."

"That's the way I put it up, pard."

"When I was in England I always kept Christmas. But I had forgotten that this was the night. I've been wandering about in the mountains until I've lost track of the feasts of the church. Where's the player?" he asked.

"Never had any," said Goskin, blushing at the expression.

"I used to play when I was young."

Goskin almost fainted at the admission. "Stranger, do tackle it and give us a tune! Nary man in this camp ever had the nerve to wrestle with that music-box." His pulse beat faster, for he feared that the man would refuse.

"I'll do the best I can," he said.

THERE was no stool but, seizing a candle-box, he drew it up and seated himself before the instrument. It only required a few seconds for a hush to come over the room.

"That old coon is going to give the thing a rattle."

The sight of a man at the piano was something so unusual that even the faro-dealer, who was about to take in a fifty-dollar bet on the trey, paused and did not reach for the money. Men stopped drinking, with the glasses at their lips. Conversation appeared to have been struck with a sort of paralysis, and cards were no longer shuffled.

The old man brushed back his long, white locks, looked up to the ceiling, half closed his eyes, and in a mystic sort of reverie passed his fingers over the keys. He touched but a single note, yet the sound thrilled the room. It was the key to his improvisation, and as he wove his chords together the music laid its spell upon every ear and heart.

He felt his way along the keys like a man treading uncertain paths, but he gained confidence as he progressed, and presently bent to his work like a master. The instrument was not in exact tune, but the ears of the audience did not detect anything radically wrong. They heard a succession of grand chords, a suggestion of paradise, melodies here and there, and it was enough.

"See him counter with his left!" said an old rough, enraptured.

"He calls the turn every time on the upper end of the board," responded a man with a stack of chips in his hand.

The player wandered off into the old ballads they had heard at home. All the sad and melancholy and touching songs, that came up like dreams of childhood, this unknown player drew from the keys. His hands kneaded their hearts like dough and squeezed out tears as from a wet sponge.

As the strains flowed one upon the other the listeners saw their homes of long ago reared again; they were playing once more where the apple-blossoms sank through the soft air to join the

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violets on the green turf of the old New England states; they saw the glories of the Wisconsin maples and the haze of the Indian summer blending their hues together; they recalled the heather of Scottish hills, the white cliffs of Britain, and heard the sullen roar of the sea as it beat upon their memories vaguely.

Then came all the old Christmas carols, such as they had sung in church thirty years before; the subtle music that brings up the glimmer of wax tapers, the solemn shrines, the evergreen, holly, mistletoe, and surpliced choirs. Then the remorseless performer planted his final stab in every heart with "Home, Sweet Home."

When the player ceased, the crowd slunk away from him. There was no more revelry and devilment left in the audience. Each man wanted to sneak off to his cabin and write the old folks a letter. The day was breaking as the last man left the place, and the player, with his head on the piano, fell asleep.

"I say, pard," said Goskin, "don't you want a little rest?"

"I feel tired," the old man said. "Perhaps you'll let me rest here for the matter of a day or so."

He walked behind the bar, where some old blankets were lying, and stretched himself upon them.

"I feel pretty sick. I guess I won't last long. I've got a brother down in the ravine—his name's Driscoll. He don't know I'm here. Can you get him before morning? I'd like to see his face once before I die."

Goskin started up at the mention of the name. He knew Driscoll well.

"He your brother? I'll have him here in half an hour."

As Goskin dashed out into the storm the musician pressed his hand to his side and groaned. Goskin heard the word "Hurry!" and sped down the ravine to Driscoll's cabin. It was quite light in the room when the two men returned. Driscoll was pale as death.

"My God! I hope he's alive! I wronged him when we lived in England, twenty years ago."

They saw the old man had drawn the blankets over his face. The two stood a moment awed by the thought that he might be dead. Goskin lifted the blanket and pulled it down, astonished. There was no one there!

"Gone!" cried Driscoll, wildly.

"Gone!" echoed Goskin, pulling out his cash-drawer. "Ten thousand dollars in the sack, and the Lord knows how much loose change in the drawer!"

The next day the boys got out, followed a horse's track through the snow, and lost it on the trail leading toward Pioche.

There was just one man missing from camp. It was the three-card-monte man, who used to deny point-blank that he could play the scale. One day they found a wig of white hair, and called to mind that the "stranger" had pushed those locks back when he looked toward the ceiling for inspiration on the night of December 24, 1858.

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All of Us Thorps Could Ride!

(Continued from page 29)

the patient priests away. Though they never talked Kamiakin out of his several wives, the missionaries were friends of the leader and his people.

Mortimer surveyed the great spread of the Central Yakima Valley through which others had herded but not stopped. Chief Kamiakin, whose home had been on the Ahtanum, fed his herd—started from Hudson's Bay stock—here before the wars. He was never captured but moved from place to place, wanting nothing to do with treaties or reservations. The rye grass was higher than the stock and the bunch grass so thick it crowded the sagebrush. Water for stock, gardens and orchards was everywhere. There was no smoke from a neighbor's chimney and Fort Simcoe, the only point of civilization in the wilderness, was over forty miles away. The Indians who built their willow dams across the river at the Gap were friendly unless upset by some white trader's firewater. They made their tent camps and fish-drying racks and the men fished while the women cleaned, smoked and dried the salmon.

Thorp decided to build a larger cabin and bring his wife and many children from the Klickitat. Four years before the Whitman massacre he had come with his wife by covered wagon and taken a donation claim of 640 acres in the Oregon wilderness. As other settlers began to intrude upon his kingdom, he moved, after a dozen or more years, to the Klickitat area of Washington Territory where Goldendale now stands. Here he made a county and became its probate judge. His stay here was brief. The North was calling; mines were opening and cattle driving had become big business. Ben Snipes, the Cattle King, was on his way to glory, but several others were well along in the field also.

Soon after the family came to the Moxee, Helen Dulcena Thorp married cattleman Charles Splawn, and Thorp's sons later would marry the daughters of cattlemen.

THE WINTERS of '61 and '62 were cattle killers. Snow was drifted to the roof tops and a freezing rain covered the snow over the grass lands. The legs of the stock were cut and bleeding. Thorp was not about to see his fancy Durhams and Kentucky Thoroughbreds die even though the cost to humans in saving them could be high. With his boys' help and his own man-killing determination he began chopping ice to open wide areas of feed. The Thorp cattle wintered through, while ninety percent of the other cattle in Washingon Territory died.

"That winter," Vivian Thorp said, "wasn't the only bad one; I've seen some pretty bitter ones myself. Ben Hutchinson, a bachelor, had a horse ranch on Crab Creek and he was the best man with a lariat between Denver and Calgary. After the winter of 1890, he had nothing but heaps of bones you could smell for miles around, and everywhere you went there were carcasses of livestock. Milk cows were fed flour and water. Hay was a hundred dollars a ton if you could get it."

Everyone had heard about Dr. Prague whose Kentucky stallion named Roderick had cost $900. He had some fine Kentucky mares, too. That winter of 1889 when Washington became a state was as bad or worse than the Sixties, and Prague put Roderick into a lean-to kitchen and fed him bits of hay, boiled potatoes and flour, and the salted flesh of other animals that had died out in the cold. Roderick survived.

"Horses were sometimes more important than people, for people were helpless without them," Vivian reflected. "Blooded stock mixed with Indian cayuses developed a pretty sturdy breed. Charlie Newell, the Horse King, raised a lot of those horses to sell to armies all over the world."

The commandant's home at Fort Simcoe, home of the Indian agent.

Mortimer Thorp prospered on the Moxee, sending his sons out with herds of cattle for the mines to Canada and even Montana. The trip to the Caribou Mines in British Columbia took forty days. There were rivers to cross, Indians and bandits to elude, weather to battle, as well as cattle to feed as they traveled so they wouldn't lose flesh. On one of these drives Leonard Thorp returned with $50,000 for old Mortimer—and frozen limbs that would cripple him for life. He had parts of both feet removed by the Indian Agency doctor at Fort Simcoe, without anesthetic.

Mortimer hired a teacher and held school for his own children in an upstairs room of his cabin. Their playmates had always been Indians, as his had been slave children in his father's home, and though Mortimer held great dislike for both races, he had never been so close to any white people.

All over Washington Territory log cabins were being built. Some washed away in the spring floods or were burned by Indians, and some were deserted when their owners lost their stock from freezing winters or summer droughts. But they were re-occupied or rebuilt again and again, and sometimes lone ranches or small trading posts became villages, or occasionally towns in time. Fielding Mortimer Thorp was not for long the only settler in the Central Yakima Valley area. Smoke began to come from chimneys in the Ahtanum, one from the home of little Harriet Hattin who in a few years would marry young Bayliss Thorp.

A small settlement called Yakima City was beginning to develop not far from Thorp's cabin, which meant that the time had come for Mortimer Thorp to move again despite his liking for the luxuriant valley. This time he chose a wilderness area several miles from Robber's Roost—that became Ellensburg. But Thorp did not move again from his big ranch. Perhaps he was tired or perhaps he realized that he couldn't get away from the onward march in the West.

VIVIAN THORP was born in Ellensburg the year the railroad cut through Washington Territory, bringing more settlers and easier methods of transporting cattle to market. By that time the country had gone through the terror of the Custer massacre, Chief Joseph's running battle, and the Paiute-Bannock war.

The Perkins murder in 1878 brought much fear and considerable action to the Yakima and Kittitas area. A cattleman and his young wife were murdered in an area east of the Moxee. Blanch Bunting Perkins had often stayed or visited in the Thorp and Hattin homes. The couple was hurrying home from their cattle camp on the Columbia to beat the stork, and they were somewhat worried by the number of canoes they had seen on the river. Seven Indians, fleeing the gunboats of the soldiers that had fired on them and killed some of their number while they were attempting a crossing, came suddenly upon Perkins and his wife eating their lunch at a place called Rattlesnake Springs. The Indians' hearts were full of revenge for all white men and here were two chances to let their feelings be known.

The trapped couple gave them their food, and quickly mounted up in vain hope of escape. Perkins was downed by a shot and Blanch was thrown from her horse in an attempt to cross a small ravine. When a searching party found them, both were buried under rocks and it was claimed that Blanch had been buried alive as one hand was reaching up pushing the stones from her tomb. Naturally the whole area from Goldendale to Ellensburg was thrown into panic.

Men from Yakima and Kittitas joined Agent Wilbur at Fort Simcoe, with his faithful Indian Police, in tracking down the murderers. Forts were built, or cabins and towns fortified. Guns were sent from Olympia and a state of emergency prevailed. The guilty who had not died elsewhere were hanged on a new scaffold in Yakima City. It is said that Blanch's brother followed one escaping member of the seven and beat him to death.

It was young Bayliss Thorp who was to move this time. Deciding to leave his father's kingdom and go it alone, Bayliss took his family into the great wasteland east of the Columbia and settled in the Crab Creek country.

"Ellensburg was a good-sized town when it burned in 1889," Vivian remembered. "That same year Spokane, the biggest inland city, burned, too, but both were rebuilt. North Yakima had gone upriver a few miles with the railroad and a lot of houses were moved from the Old Town, a name it took until it was called Union Gap. In 1889 Washington Terri-

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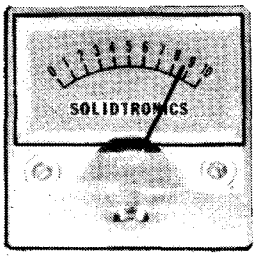

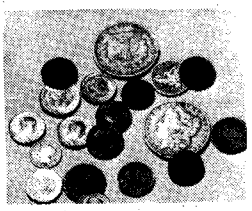

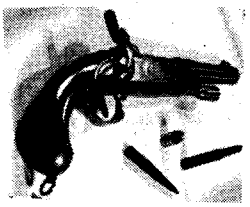

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tory became a state, but there was still plenty of pioneering to do."

Steamboats had long been on the Columbia, and the railroads made some difference in the length of cattle drives, but a lot of folks still lived in log houses miles from school, town, railroad or river.

"Colfax in Eastern Washington had been the center of cattle raising, lynch law and vigilantes," Vivian said, "but when I was growing up and the trains began to thunder through, some of the people started to raise wheat and fence in the desert.

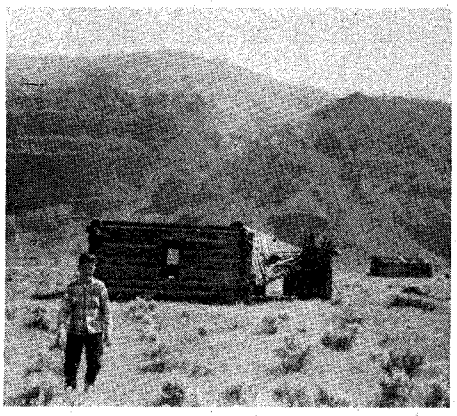
"Then they started using horses for the crops and harvest, but the cattle business never stopped. One of the biggest drives was by Lang and Ryan who moved 30,000 head of cattle with 800 horses, 120 cowboys, 40 wagons, 160 loaded rifles and 30,000 rounds of ammunition. Cattle were gathered from here to Wyoming and from there driven to Chicago and Omaha."

The year the railroad came through Yakima, 100,000 head of cattle were shipped. The coast cities were also a place of sale and much of the hard drive over Naches Pass could be eliminated.

Vivian Thorp, by the time she was in her teens, could drive cattle, break horses for riding, driving, farm work, and racing, as well as any man. "I grew up in a big, raw country," Vivian explained. "My father died young, leaving my mother with six children to raise, so we all had to go to work early. My brother Shannon went to Alaska with a boatload of cattle and was drowned. The Thorp Hotel in Skagway was named after him. I remember the Thorps and a lot of others went to Alaska and the Yukon with cattle. The Status Stock Company on the Yakima Indian Reservation sent a lot of cattle up there by boat and rail. The big boss of the company dealt in cattle and reindeer. He brought reindeer down from Alaska to raise on the headquarters ranch and tried to get his cowboys to eat reindeer meat. He even had it canned, but it was quite an insult after Yakima beef."

IN the Big Bend Country Vivian slept under the cook shacks and cooked for cattlemen and harvesters. She broke horses and raced them from Spokane to Toppenish where the rodeos were bigger than at Pendleton. She went on any cattle drive that would hire her and she cooked if she had to.

A cattleman's cabin on the Columbia.



"I felt much better on a horse than cooking. I learned to pick out racers; I've forgotten how many races I rode in—clear to Montana sometimes. I wore a big hat and boots and a riding skirt. My own saddle mount was always a Kentucky Thoroughbred. As I said, the Thorps were as proud of their horses as their family—maybe more so."

Vivian Thorp's riding life knew no fences. She went where she had to, to earn a living, but like many of the Thorps she always came back to the Yakima Valley. By the time I knew her, though, she wasn't riding horses but trying to herd a big old second-hand roadster with a stubborn motor down the road when she traveled. Neither did she wear boots or riding skirt or big hat, but sturdy shoes and rayon dresses that didn't do much for legs long curved by the saddle.

She was a tiny woman with wispy hair, suffering from arthritis, and the eyes behind her glasses were much more sympathetic than those in her Grandfather's picture. She had a contagious enthusiasm that made her—even in old age—attractive. Her husband was a big old cowboy who still rode for a local rancher, but Vivian did not live with him. She had her own neat apartment and cared for an invalid sister. She saw to it that her spouse had food and clothes and care if he needed it. Big friendly McClarey had a failing for liquor. He died as he lived—in the saddle with his boots on.

I once asked Vivian what the most exciting moment in her life had been. "I guess it was Halley's Comet—no, I think maybe it was when they chased Harry Tracy, the bandit, and caught him over near where I was working in Creston.

"Wait a minute," she stopped thoughtfully. "I know! It was when my horse beat Maude Lillie's in a race—because you just didn't beat Maude Lillie in anything. Maude was a beautiful, educated part-Indian girl whose mother owned much of the town of Toppenish. That fine, three-story mansion over there is hers and she still lives in it. She married a lawyer.

"Well, Maude used to ride with the cowboys just for the fun of it—she had fine horses. Later she got an airplane and flew from Canada to the cattle camps for the thrill. So naturally there was money put up on that race, though I don't think anyone expected me, who had to ride for a living, to come out the winner, much as Thorp horseflesh was respected. It wasn't a very joyful time for the Toppenish Queen, though she really had a heart of gold." The little old woman fairly glowed with the memory of that long ago victory.

In 1941 a marker was placed in the Moxee near Thorp's first home honoring Mortimer and his family. Another granddaughter and a great-granddaughter participated in the event.

"There ought to be a marker for Grandfather Hattin, too," Vivian said. "He built the first courthouse and hotel in Vancouver—you know, the year Ulysses Grant was there as a soldier. When he went to the Ahtanum he rebuilt the mission and built the first sawmill. He developed a beautiful place he called Hattin's Gardens after his father's home in England."

Personally, I think there ought to be a marker to Vivian Thorp McClarey, Thorp's and Hattin's granddaughter, who drove more cattle and broke more horses than any other woman in Washington State.

Desert Cowboy

(Continued from page 22)

be plenty to drink and refill the containers. There wasn't a one of us but what wanted a drink mighty bad by the time we rounded the mountain and pulled up to the spring."

Sam shook his head and gave a low laugh, "You should have heard the groans that went up. The spring was bone dry, and the chuckwagon that carried barrels of water was nowhere in sight.

"Ben Roberts, a half-breed Indian, was usually very calm and slow to anger but I think he would have killed that cook right then if he could have got his hands on the fellow. The barrels of water in the chuckwagon were just for such times as this."

Roberts apparently well understood both men and animals as he asked for a few volunteers to stay with the horses that had slowed down in the mid-day heat and needed fewer men with them. The riders who were suffering most from thirst were told to ride on to the next spring and catch up with the chuckwagon.

"As the day wore on and the heat grew worse, Roberts let one man after another ride on ahead until there was only himself, Big Johnnie Weldon, and me left." Sam paused a long time remembering or choosing his language. "It was a hellish hot day. The horses traveled slower and slower and I thought we'd all die for want of water. Once Big Johnnie cut off the trail for about a mile and went over to where the old Sixteen Mile House had been. All he could find was a rusted oyster can half full of water from the last rain—which had been in early spring. It didn't taste good but we each got to wet our mouth—it was wet!"

As it grew dark the three men became alarmed. They should have caught up with the wagon and cowboys before sundown. "There was nothing to do but prod the animals and keep going to the next spring where there was sure to be water and feed for the horses. It was two a.m. when we finally caught up with that chuckwagon!"

Sam laughed as he recalled, "That cook was sprawled out in a drunken sleep. Roberts kicked him awake and told him to head for the home ranch—or just 'get.' A few hours without water would sober him up. That cook was a good one, and good cooks were hard to find but if Roberts hadn't taken care of him, Big Jonnie and I would have. We would have probably added a couple of black eyes to help him on his way."

SAM SAID that some years there were long drives to sell the cattle when

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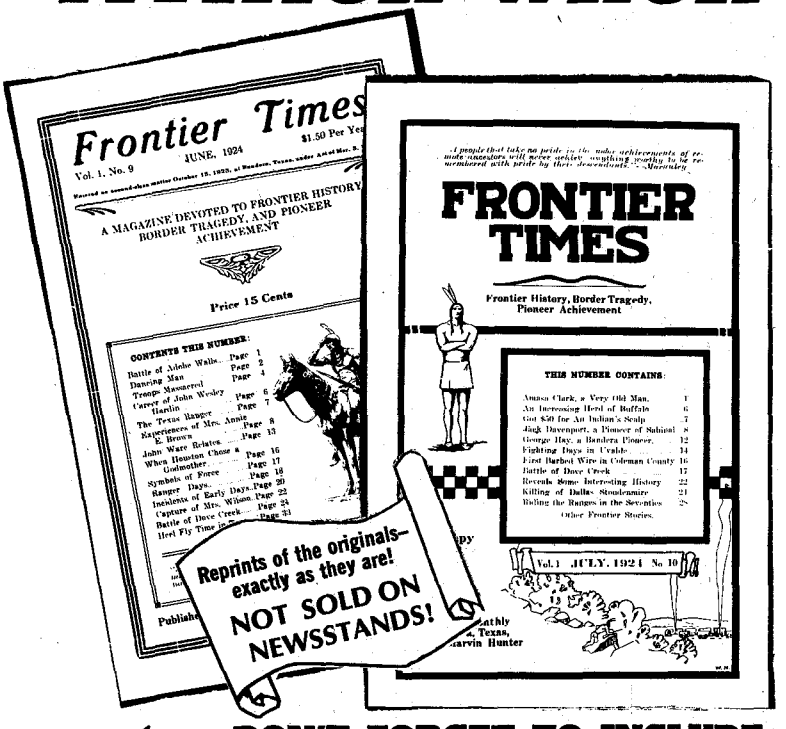

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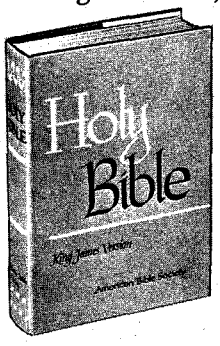

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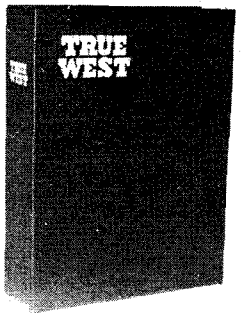

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SEE PAGE 37

The Spring **OLD WEST** goes on sale January 1.

the markets near the ranch became overloaded. "It took us a good six months to move a herd from Kern River country to Virginia City, Nevada where we got a fair price for the beef. Day after day on trail was tiring, and quarrels easily started. The trail boss had to be mighty choosy as to who he took on the trip if he was going to get by without trouble somewhere along the way.

"When we camped near a settlement some of the boys were given time off to go into town and relax; you always had your turn and if you didn't take it you waited till the next time around. A night on the town sometimes left some of the fellows in poor shape the next morning so they were loaded into a supply wagon and hauled along until they could hold their heads up and sit in the saddle again."

By the age of eighteen Sam had ten years of experience working the desert range and bit by bit had built up his own herd, feeding them on his father's land. He knew the hazards of cattle raising—from drought conditions to rustlers—and had watched the big cattlemen hunt, sometime as long as five years, for a profitable market. Sheep and goats, not to a cattleman's liking, were showing a quicker and larger profit so Sam swallowed his cowboy pride and traded his 180 head of cattle and 2 saddle horses for 1,000 goats.

He took the goats high in the Sierra and stayed away from cattle ranges when possible. Compared to raising steers, the goats multiplied fast and were ready for market in a very short time. "When the herd reached 7,500 I brought them out to the railroad and shipped to Kansas City. I had to accompany the shipment and that was an interesting experience. I cleared $3.00 a head. The only problem I had in that whole fast money-making deal was that I had to raise money for freight costs before the shipment got on its way."

In spite of the quick profit made in goats, Sam returned to the cattle world. From his father he leased a ranch near Lone Pine in the foothills of the Sierra and shipped cattle in from Arizona. "I stayed in the cattle business that time until 1919." All he would say of these years was, "I made out but nothing special."

When he sold out he returned to his boyhood home at Tehachapi and tried a number of things from operating a butcher shop, a movie house, and dance hall to promoting boxing matches. "I saw more fights and bloodshed in and out of the saloons of Tehachapi than I like to think of, but there was one good one.

"A family by the name of Chapel moved to town and it wasn't long until it became evident that they liked to pick on anyone they could lick. Farrel, one of their older boys, was always tormenting the younger kids and any young fellow half his size. He was fond of yanking a guy's rope off the saddle or untying a pack saddle just to start a quarrel—then he'd dump the little guy in the horse trough for laughs.

"There was a real quiet kid that came in from one of the ranches and Farrel started picking on him. He followed the

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kid into the saloon and kept tormenting him until everyone quieted down to watch what was going to happen. The kid put up with it a long time and then Death Valley Scotty, who was in town for the night, offered to buy drinks for everyone. I don't know if it was to break up Farrel's play or whether there was some betting on what would happen.

"Anyway, the kid whipped out an Owl Head—a Smith and Wesson .32 rim-fire and pumped five shots into Farrel. When the gun appeared, Scotty started for the door yelling, 'Run, boy, run—if you can't then, damn you, get out of the way and let a man that can!' "

Sam continued, "Every one was in sympathy with the kid and glad that Farrel had met his match. Old Doc Perry dug three of the bullets out but two were too close to the spine; Farrel never did pick on anyone else after that."

IT WAS evident that Sam preferred to talk of ranching as he switched to the subject of horses and the excitement of breaking wild ones. "There were lots of wild horses and plenty of range land for them. The ones we caught were fine animals with ancestors dating back to the Spanish times, crossbred with eighty registered Morgan mares that Landers brought in and turned loose. Those horses could survive under the most difficult conditions, were extremely sure-footed, and carried the most desirable characteristics of the Spanish and the Morgans."

Sam said that every man had his pet theory of how best to break the wild horses which usually weren't captured until they were five or six years old. "I've seen both man and horse killed in the rider's effort to conquer some spirited creature. Some animals would commit suicide rather than be penned up." He gave an example of a fine stallion that had given the cowboys the slip for a number of roundups but was finally captured. "They put him in a high-fenced corral where he couldn't possibly jump out. That beautiful horse just lowered his head and ran full force against the rails, breaking his neck. There are people who can't stand to be fenced in either, but they can usually figure a way out; the horse has less and less chance of freedom as years go by."

Sam explained that he broke most of his horses in the Kern River. "It is a wet job but neither you or the horse is worn out. He can't buck if he can't get his head down. With between two or three feet of water pulling his feet down and a man sitting on top of him, that animal is going to quiet down in a hurry."

In 1926 Sam went back to raising cattle on the Mojave Desert where there were more gold mines than cattle. "I did a little gold panning but never did find anything that would equal cattle. I bought shares in some gold and cinnabar mines but I let the other fellow do the digging."

Sam was nearing seventy when he sold out his spread, moved into a small trailer and became a self-employed fence contractor. The tall, slender, soft-spoken man in blue jeans, boots, and old felt hat was always easily talked into temporarily looking after a ranch while a friend went on vacation—fences could wait. Sam Cuddeback was a cowboy to his death at the age of eighty-two.

Delta County Sheep War

(Continued from page 10)

arguing. However, it so happened that within the near future Cash was to testify against Ben at a grand jury investigation concerning a cattle-sheep fight in which some woollies had been killed and a sheepherder's mules shot."

If Rockwell is right, none of us knew that Sampson was that close to solving the mystery.

It should be said that we didn't stampede any sheep over high bluffs and we didn't shoot at any herders. Don Musser and I did shoot the herder's horse as he was being saddled—and for the herder, I'm sure, that was the same as being shot at.

All I can say is, that if we had intended to shoot at the herder, we wouldn't have hit the horse.

We resented, a little, being called Night Riders because writers had tried for years to conjure such an organization of outlaws within the Cattlemen's Association, whose duty it was to run the sheep off the range. I doubt that there was ever any deliberate organization or planned action of this kind.

As in our case, when pushed by sheepmen, the cattlemen pushed back. At least, we forced them off and we kept them off. I didn't feel that we were outlaws then and I don't now. We simply did what had to be done in the quickest, most direct way possible.

The country was up to its ears in World War I by the time of the Lowe-Sampson fight and that, more than anything else, allayed curiosity and precluded further investigations into what had happened in the Escalante. I came home in late August 1917, and went into the Army almost immediately and, for all of us, the war intervened and put an end to it.

My father eventually lost his ranch because of heavy snows, high feed costs, depression, and mortgage, and of the original ranchers, only the Mussers are represented in the canyon. Cal Musser, Don's brother, still runs cattle in the Escalante and owns most of the old ranches.

A sequel is the story of the longevity of the Lathrop sheep. We didn't kill all of them and those that lived must have been real hardy because they endured and propagated; there are still Lathrop sheep.

Years later, when I was in the automobile business in Montrose, I sold cars and trucks to Howard Lathrop and his brothers, all sheepmen, without regard for the past.

I've been urged by a few close friends and relatives to tell this story and I've done it the best I can. In reflection, I have but one remark: From that day to this, there have been no sheep south of the Gunnison River in Escalante Country.

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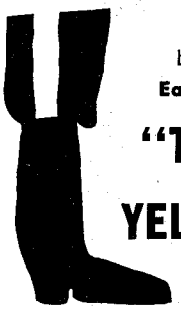

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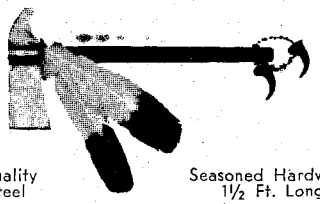

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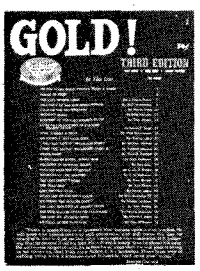

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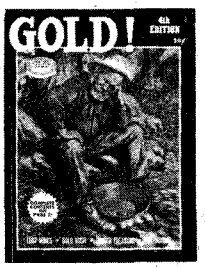

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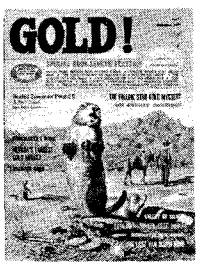

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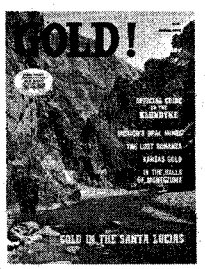

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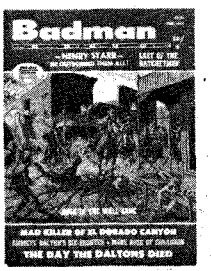

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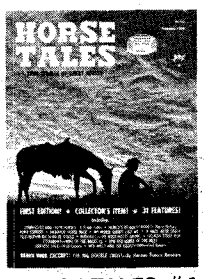

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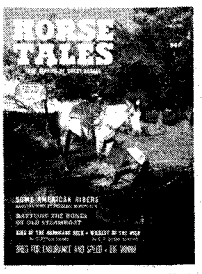

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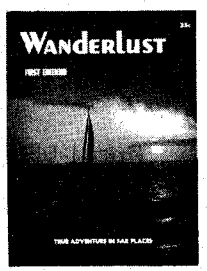

WANDERLUST #1

SPECIAL ANNUALS

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Old Red Mountain City

(Continued from page 25)

day I witnessed a remarkable case of carelessness of life. While passing the said saloon, a man rushed out to the middle of the street, whom I found to be Major Dorwin, with hair dishevelled, and immediately another man with a revolver in hand rushed to him and pointing his pistol was about to fire, when Major Dorwin, who being an old veteran and accustomed to seeing danger of that sort, coolly tore open his shirt and said, placing his hand on his heart, 'Put it there, d--- you!'

"The desperado, seeing the nerve displayed by Major Dorwin, dropped his pistol and said, 'No, you are too good a man. Come in and get a drink.' And they both did so, and afterwards were fast friends. Many such incidents occurred during the early days of Montana, and many hairbreadth escapes from death by starvation and thirst which were encountered by the old-timers that will never be seen in print, and much less talked of, as some of them are sad to contemplate while others are best let alone.

"Sickness in those days was very little. The only sickness was the dreaded mountain fever, which killed a few, till they knew that sage brush and wild tansy tea could cure it and those who were buried were mostly killed by desperadoes and a few by accident.

"Snow fell deep sometimes in Highland, and on the Fourth of July, 1867, it fell in the streets of Highland four feet deep. Mr. E. S. Stackpole of Deer Lodge measured it and called my attention to it. That year there was a great swarm of grasshoppers and sometimes the sun would be darkened with them, so great were the swarms."

MANY MINERS, like Thomas Rutter, came to the Highlands, made their fortune and then moved on, but one man did not follow this pattern. He was John Kern, who was to gain great notoriety for finding probably the biggest nugget ever taken out of the Highlands and one of the largest celebrated in the Territory. It was found in December 1908, some forty-two years after Kern's arrival in the area. The nugget was approximately half an inch thick and was in the shape of a bear with hanging head and huge hindquarters. It measured five inches in length, with the hind legs three inches long and the front part of the head two inches long, and weighed five pounds seventeen pennyweight. Valued at that time at $1,228, the nugget's present whereabouts is unknown. Possibly Kern sold it. He died March 11, 1923 in his mountain home at Highland City.

Kern was born in Minnesota in 1846. He came west with Captain Fisk's third wagontrain expedition. The train was headed for Fort Hall, but news of the gold strike at Red Mountain City reached the train, and its members joined in the stampede. They reached Red Mountain in September 1866. Twice Kern left Red Mountain City, both times returning to Minnesota, the first time with the intention of making a trip around the world, so the earth with its gold must have been good to him. But both times he was lured back, and finally decided to spend his days there. He was well loved.

There are families living in the Highlands who have been residents for several generations, and they live with the firm faith that a rich strike will one day be theirs. Such are the Stratton brothers, who have taken much gold from the area and who love the location and their way of life. Bill proudly shows all visitors a Madonna in gold which he owns. It is very beautiful, very impressive. He calls it "Venus" but visitors prefer to think it looks like a Madonna. He is an authority on the Highlands, and is respected by all who know him.

Red Mountain City's future may be even brighter than its past, or so think men like the Strattons, and they could be correct that here in western Montana an El Dorado exists.

Queenie Danced!

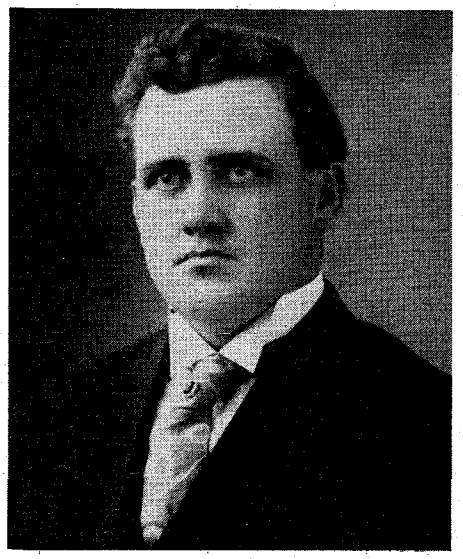
(Continued from page 19)

people claimed it Egyptian in origin—once danced for Royalty only—traditionally the dance Salome performed for Herod, for which she was awarded the head of John the Baptist.

I don't remember how many instruments were in the orchestra, but I remember the graceful, fluid movements of the dance, from the time Queenie sort of skipped from the wings to front-center of the stage where the master of ceremonies introduced her, till she was dancing "sans veils, sans beads, san everything (Albert McRill)." It was then she took her gleaning trip down into the audience—at the end of her second dance.

I have to describe her dance as two dances. Like all country boys, curiosity had taken me into the "Men Only" sideshows at various circuses and carnivals as soon as I was old enough to attend unaccompanied by an adult. Kooch shows were never strip tease. An Irish saloonkeeper, questioned as to how he judged if a customer were adult, is reported to have said, "If he can stand on the footrail and shove a dime onto the bar and say 'whiskey,' he is an adult in my opinion." Correspondingly to the Men Only sideshow ticket seller at the circus, if you were tall enough to stand on tiptoe and shove your fifty-cent piece onto the sill of the window, you were a man.

Author, Albert S. Gilles, Sr. was a young lawyer at the time of Queenie's Oklahoma City "debut."



I mentioned country boys, because we always had money to pay our admittance. We had numerous ways of making a little money—picking wild gooseberries and selling them in town, working for a neighbor, etc. Sometimes even our dads paid us for extra tasks. Town boys had to crawl under the tent if they got in. They had few opportunities to make money.

I am not sufficiently versed to give a technical description of either the music for Queenie's dances, or her interpretations, but always her dancing followed the music. A gentle, and sometimes a lilting, waltz, a stately two-step, then suddenly a ribald polka. Sometimes most of the instruments would seem to fade; as they decreased in volume, a drum emerged from the background and took a commanding position, only in turn to fade in volume and let the other instruments emerge. I'm sure the music had been arranged around Queenie's personality. I gained the impression the Artist was dominating the Dancer—the dances were merely a vehicle to display her beauty and talent.

Queenie, always moving gracefully, covered a circle of possibly twelve feet, front-center. She must have appeared many times before stag audiences, in and around her home town Chicago, but I'm sure she never appeared before an audience more appreciative or more liberal than ours. Silver dollars began showering onto the stage. Many landed in the dancing area, endangering her footing.

Queenie's act had been preceded by a man-wife act. The couple remained in the right wings to watch, and I could see them from where I sat. They came to her aid, first picking up the dollars which might have caused a fall, then the others, piling them together on the stage. The dollar shower increased in tempo, when at the end of her version of the Hootchy-Kootchy and responding to the pleas of her audience, she began to "take 'em off."

AT LAST, Queenie, following a multitude of invitations, went gleaning. She was not only an artist, a beautiful woman, but courageous as well. Completely disrobed, smiling, she stepped down into that sea of shouting, bill waving men, as unperturbed as if alone in her boudoir, and stepping into her bath. Depleted of silver dollars, the bill wavers were true to their promises and soon her hands were festoons of paper money.

Queenie worked her way down the crowded middle aisle till she was perhaps twenty or twenty-five feet from the stage and about even with my balcony seat. Some of the audience, fearing for her safety, began demanding she return to the stage, but by this time the space be-

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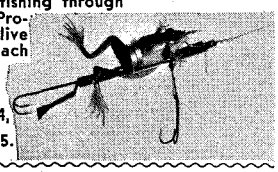

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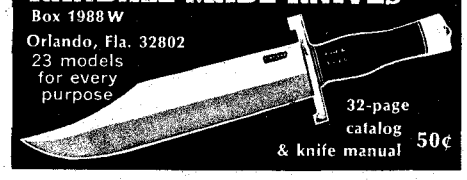

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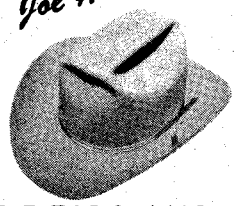

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tween her and the stage was packed so tightly with excited humanity, she could make no progress. Then someone had a bright idea. She was hoisted up over the heads of the crowd, and lying flat on her back, was passed safely back to the stage. Once on her feet, smiling still, as though she had enjoyed her experience, she gracefuly glided into the wings, bringing her unusual act to a close. The applause and curtain calls were all an entertainer could have desired.

A portion of McRill's description reads, "The attraction was Queenie, a tango dancer from Chicago, who danced before the banqueters in 'September-Morn' raiment, after a strip tease performance that threw thousands of whooping revelers into the seventh heaven of hilarity.

"As Queenie started the 'wiggle-worm' and began slowly disrobing, throwing her garments piece by piece into the roaring crowd, a 'bushel' of dollars was thrown upon the stage. A stocking circled the neck of a cowman, a garter hung from the ear of a local banker, and another unmentionable fluttered about the head of a church deacon. . . ." The delegates left town with pleasant memories.

Locally the word was mum. Reporters, editors, and owners of the local newspapers attended the smoker, but the Fourth Estate gave the affair the silent treatment. But as you might imagine, Queenie was too good to keep. A news bureau soon had it on the wires, and other Oklahoma papers gleefully published the spicy dispatches.

Two city-wide indignation meetings were held by local women. Churches voted condemnation of those who had backed the entertainment. The Women's Christian Temperance Union had its say. Federal authorities were advised to prosecute under the Mann Act—"transporting Queenie to Oklahoma City for immoral purposes."

Our dancer was gone, of course—not to be found. The story I got was that the Cadillac of a local contractor was waiting at the stage door at the end of her act, and it never stopped rolling till it crossed the state line. Under pressure, County Attorney Pope filed a Conspiracy Information against a theater manager, a factory owner, and one John Doe. Twenty-seven city businessmen and bankers signed the appearance bond. This Information gave Queenie's correct name as Theo Buchanan. The case died on the docket of the justice of the peace, where it was filed.

MANY society women, wives of chamber of commerce members, felt themselves deeply wronged. Urged by their husbands, they had arranged a party for the cattlemen's womenfolks so the delegates could attend the smoker, the final entertainment. Albert McRill reports that many well-to-do homes were closed for the summer!

I left the auditorium about midnight to catch the last street car home, though the night was still young at the smoker, hearts were gay, and cold bottles could be found in most of the barrels. I had fed too much water-soaked corn and wheat to my father's hogs, while we lived on the Kansas farm, to appreciate beer. The smell is the same.

However, just before leaving, a chap back of me was having trouble locating the bottle's cap, and when he finally succeeded in removing it I was well showered by the foaming and spewing of the agitated bottle of St. Louis's best brew.

Once on the streetcar, I went into executive session with myself. Many of my near neighbors knew I had been working with the entertainment committee but were unaware in what a minor capacity. I expected the news of the smoker's entertainment to be spread over the front page of next morning's *Oklahoman.*

We had but one little child then, and he was an early riser. I had a vision of my wife taking him out into the yard so as not to disturb me, and getting her first news from the paper or from a neighbor who had read it. I decided to wake her and tell of the disgraceful affair I had attended. Then she could "mew" back, "Yes, my husband told me about it when he got home last night."

But the news wasn't to break for home consumption for another twenty-four hours. Have you ever outsmarted yourself like that?

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

inclined to believe Truett's article in view of the fact that other records show that Jesse James was in Bowie County, Texas, camped out north of DeKalb, where his supplies were restored, necessary blacksmithing, horse replacements, and rations furnished, plus a few days rest.

Now that property belonged to my grandmother and her husband, Thomas Hamilton Lenox, who came out of Phelps County, Missouri under duress following the Civil War, having been a friend of Quantrill's, and I believe at one time, a boyhood friend maybe with Jesse James. I am not certain that they did not ride together under Quantrill at one time.

The records there in Texas should show that this Thomas Hamilton Lenox served in the Legislature about 1885 or thereabout.—Lenox D. Baker, M.D., State of North Carolina, Department of Human Resources, 112 West Lane Street, Raleigh, North Carolina 27603

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 36)

warden (I think he was a border patrol about 1924 in the Rio Grande Valley). In 1930 he built a big house on a hill at Marble Falls, Texas.

Jefferson's father was John Moody who lived at Old Perry Moody, Texas. He was buried about 1883 in the Old Perry cemetery at Moody. His wife and son Bart Moody are buried there also. We were told Bart had eight children.

John Moody's children were David, Wylie, Sally, Martha J., John (a Baptist preacher), Bart and one other whose name I do not know.

Jefferson C. was the youngest. He married Clara Jane Norton, daughter of Dr. John Norton. Dr. Norton and family and Jeff Moody, his wife and daughter lived at Victoria, Texas about 1883.

My father, James Blake Moody was born in Victoria in 1884 and raised near Moody. If anyone has heard of Jefferson or his father's family, please write.—Mrs. Lorena Robinson, 914 E. Fairmount, Phoenix, Arizona 85013

Canary

I would like information on any ancestors of my father, Curtis Hugh Canary, born in Union Star, Kentucky in 1898. He is believed to be a relative of Martha Jane Canary (Calamity Jane). Will answer all letters gratefully.—Leo J. Canary, 10501 Marion Street, Northglenn, Colorado 80233

RHOADS' WEST By FRED RHOADS

"I know you're not scared in this ghost town, Killer, but why do you always sleep in the middle?"

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48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x9½
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
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69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 16x11½
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—When the Trail Was Long Between Camps, 10½x6½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6 (Cartoon)
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—Western Warriors
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
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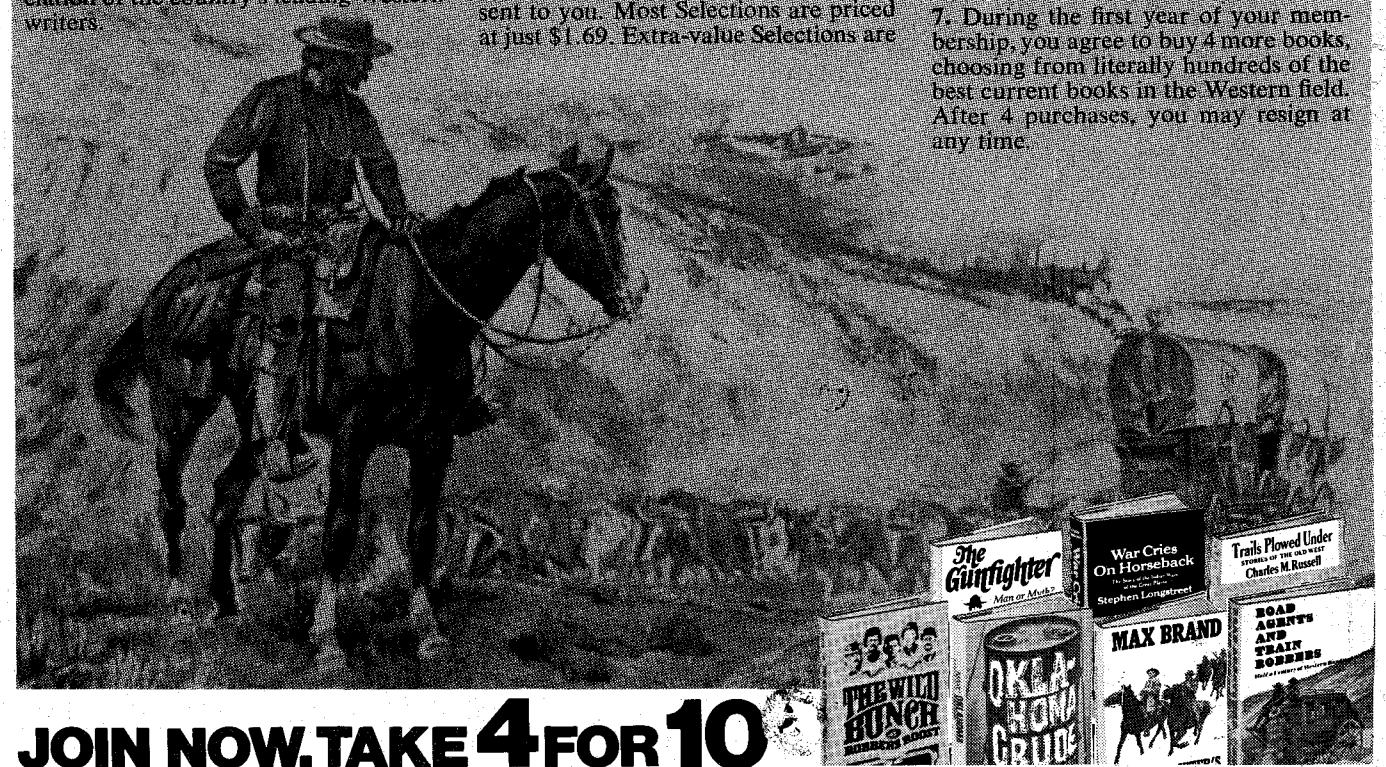

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